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**SECRETS    OF**  
**SCOTLAND   YARD**







### SIR JOHN FIELDING

*Rischitz Studios*

Blind Chief Magistrate of Bow Street. He invented, and had in use a system of 'Crime Ledgers' applicable to London's suspects and felons of those times. From this crude inception was built, improved, and perfected, Scotland Yard's modern list of 509,726 registered criminals. Known to-day as the system of Crime Index - or 'modus operandi' records.

# SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD

BY

EDWIN T. WOODHALL

Author of

“Detective and Secret Service Days”

“Spies of the Great War”

“Guardians of the Great”

*With 17 Illustrations from Photographs*

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TO

MEMORIES

**M**EMORIES I retain in life of some fine Scotland Yard men of all ranks whom I have known, worked under, and been in association with on many a difficult case.

First and foremost, that splendid gentleman the late Sir Melville Macnaughton, Assistant Commissioner of the Criminal Investigation Department.

Also my old chief, Alfred Ward, Senior Chief Inspector of Central Department; Inspector Martin Clancey; Inspector Ernest Hill; Inspector Thomas Haines; Detective-Sergeants Leo Gough, Edward Billet, and—last but not least—dear old, handsome Laurie Seal, of the Special “Political” Branch.

All were good chiefs and colleagues—the recollection of some still lingering tenderly in my memory. All were straight runners and—in their allotted span of life—first-class detectives, whom it has been my fortune and honour to know.





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# **SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD**





# SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD

## CHAPTER I

Scotland Yard. Origin of its title. Early English History and some names connected with Crime Investigation. The first "unofficial" Police Commissioner of London—his activities. The germ of the idea and an account of some of his successors. Official account of Dick Turpin's arrest, conviction and execution.

**S**COTLAND YARD! Who has not heard of it? It has figured in hundreds of stage and film plays, in thousands of novels and in hundreds of thousands of detective stories and "thrillers." It gets "splash" headlines in the newspapers and is one of the most written-about places in the world.

But Scotland Yard goes back much farther than the history of the London Criminal Investigation Department, and it seems fitting that it should, because in the history of old Whitehall and Westminster, the actual name itself has, through the passing of the ages, known many alterations.

London's detective headquarters to-day, New Scotland Yard, is situated at the Westminster end of Victoria Thames Embankment, and is recognized as the centre of modern criminal investigation, improved and perfected, but brought from the headquarters, Old Scotland Yard, by the veteran detectives of the middle eighties, who commenced it.

Therefore, in the passing of time, the site and names have altered. The old detective headquarters were removed to the present site, and its name was again

changed to Great Scotland Yard, which to-day has no police association and is situated at the Charing Cross end of Whitehall.

How many people know that it was a half-pay soldier of fortune who started the first form of "police activity" and crime detection in London? Also that it was a famous author who carried on this man's ideas, in the face of actual opposition on the part of the government. Further, that Scotland Yard to-day, with its wonderful "crime index" and "criminal registry," owes its undoubtedly improved ideas to the originator of that system—a blind man?

Yet the history of London's police, before the coming of Sir Robert Peel and Patrick Colquhoun, who formed the River Police, is solely connected with Scotland Yard and Bow Street—the latter being the first "recognized activity" in 1713.

Sir Thomas de Veil commenced "police activity" in London, Patrick Colquhoun drew up the first scheme which applied to the Thames, Henry Fielding carried it on, and his blind half-brother, Sir John Fielding, succeeded him at his death. There were others—but these three or four men appear to have been the most active, and their results the greatest. There are more records of Bow Street in connection with crime in the eighteenth century, but Scotland Yard has the unique preference in regard to seniority of actual "inception."

Scotland Yard! How did it get its name? Scotland named it and made it. In Saxon times the King of England had a palace built in Whitehall, London, for the reception of the visiting Kings and Queens of Scotland.

The Saxon King, Edgar, presented Scotland Palace

to Kenneth III of Scotland. From this period onward it remained, until about the reign of Henry VII, when it was allowed to fall into decay, probably on account of the part James of Scotland took in assisting the French religious cause against Henry.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the old palace on the present site of Scotland Yard became a complete ruin, as the political union of Scotland and England removed the necessity to entertain the Kings of the former country. Then, during the Stuart dynasty and onwards, the site went through several occupations and alterations.

Sir John Vanbrugh, who died in 1726, and was Comptroller of Royal Works and Palaces, built a mansion upon a part of the ruins, and in 1767 the actual name of Scotland Yard appeared opposite the present Admiralty buildings.

About this time another name crops up, namely "Middle Scotland Yard"—centred round the word "Scotland," and a place named "Wells' Coffee Shop" noted for its duels and meetings—and, no doubt, the spot upon which the United Service Club and Whitehall Gardens now stand.

The last monarch to occupy the Palace was Margaret, sister of Henry VIII. She sought refuge at the Royal Residence in Scotland Yard, when her husband James IV of Scotland fell at Flodden Field. This spot then goes hand in hand with the traditions of London, when Whitehall was, as it is to-day, the centre of governmental action.

Many are under the impression, due to popular accounts and legendary fiction, that crime detection took on an organized form with the creation of the famous Bow Street Runners.

Historically the idea is wrong.

As far back as Alfred the Great, crime detection, generally, was in use, although it is not until later periods that outstanding names can be definitely associated with the movement.

The reason why such a natural duty was not given prominence before the nineteenth century was due to political causes. Liberty was not known in this country until the seventeenth century.

Robert Peel, in the reign of George IV, had to impress upon his countrymen that true liberty did not exist unless life and property were duly protected, and the duty of preventing and detecting crime by the law-breaker was one in which the general public was concerned.

However, it was another Englishman, named Sir Thomas de Veil, who over a hundred years prior to Peel gave the idea to the "Father of the Police"—that in a great city reform and an organized system of paid public servants were necessary, before the protection of life and property would become assured.

But even before 1729—before Sir Thomas de Veil—there were crime investigators. Men who fitted into the Law and Order of the times, no doubt all-powerful in their way, but investigators just the same.

Possibly the first "investigator"—or, if we like to call him by a more familiar name, detective—was Francis Fleetwood, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

He was a "Recorder," and his duties or "missions" were both executive and judicial—unlike the present day Scotland Yard man—but very much on the same principle as the French Examining Magistrate.

Fleetwood was vested with the power of judiciary detection and arrest, also being deputed by the Queen's Ministry to make confidential inquiries, investigations and attend to other legal matters which concerned "Law and Order."

It was undoubtedly Fleetwood who made inquiries and secret investigations about the handsome Earl of Essex, the Queen's favourite, whose head fell at the hands of the Public Executioner. Also concerning the Babington Plot and the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots. Records also show his activities in tracing a guilty merchant and thieves who were responsible for the theft of a valuable consignment of precious gems, silks and costly foreign lace from a ship that was berthed in the Thames.

In any case, Fleetwood can be considered as possibly the first known Recorder of organized detection matters, a position tantamount to that of Commissioner of Police and Magistrate of the period.

During the reign of Charles II, there are records giving the exploits of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was assassinated during the time of the Popish Plot in 1678, his murder having been handed down to us as one of the unsolved mysteries of English history. It is probable, however, that by virtue of his position as an investigator, his secret death was due to his dangerous knowledge of the religious, political and other private matters relating to his Royal Master, King Charles II.

Records also show Sir Edmund as carrying out many cases of an unusual nature in regard to crime detection. Before leaving his name it is interesting to mention one of his "cases."

He was investigating a case of murder and had run

his man down to a house where several bodies lay dead and rotting from the Plague—in fact, he dragged the murderer from under a bed where he had sought refuge.

Sir Edmund took more chances than his prisoner—the latter, in any case being doomed to die for his crime, whereas the risk of contagion from the stench of the Pestilence in those white-hot torrid days of August, 1665, were a thousand to one—it being on record that the “dead carts” were taking from one sunset to the next 550 bodies a day for burial, 2817 being credited in eight days to have died from the Plague.

During the reign of James II the name of yet another man can be traced for his record of crime detection, Sir Francis Mitchell, a Middlesex Justice, whose bold and courageous work in “felon baiting” is outstanding.

But the greatest personality for detective work of his period is doubtless that of the man previously mentioned, namely Sir Thomas de Veil.

He was no ordinary man. He had fought in Flanders as a private soldier, under William of Orange, and later in Portugal, during the Spanish Succession.

His appearance, dash, courage and high educational attainments—a rare accomplishment in those times for a private to be educated—attracted the notice of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Galway, who on the field of battle promoted him to the rank of lieutenant.

It is possible he served under Marlborough at Blenheim, but records from “The Life and Times of Sir Thomas de Veil” only show his advent on the horizon of public affairs of the times, after the Peace of Utrecht, 1719, when he settled down to earn a living in Scotland Yard, Whitehall.



Photograph

# OLD SCOTLAND YARD

Site of London's present police headquarters, New Scotland Yard





He was about forty-two years of age when he comes under historical notice, and was eighty-two when he died, after serving under four monarchs, namely William of Orange, Queen Anne, King George I and King George II—the latter, in recognition of his public services, conferring upon him the title of Sir Thomas de Veil.

It is in connection with him that the name “Scotland Yard” is first mentioned. This soldier of fortune—this free lance—saw a chance of cleaning up the criminal underworld of the early 18th Century London, and, according to his recorded history he made a good job of it.

He began by setting himself up in an office at “Scotland Yard.” He solicited the War Office, the Treasury and other Government offices to give to him the drawing up of petitions, cases and commissions that might require strong action, tact and courage—in other words, crime inquiry, prevention and detection.

His aim was official recognition at the Royal Court and Ministry, and in due course he gained this by his energetic methods in clearing up thieves, robbers, pickpockets and other undesirables that infested the streets, highways and byways of London.

Two years of quick, decisive, smart work in capturing hundreds of criminals, brought the reward of Justice of the Peace. This post, at the period, had no official status, but it was lucrative and a position of power, for he became Chief Magistrate of Bow Street, and Police Chief of London.

The latter “germ” of office was to fertilize; for a century later Sir Richard Mayne was appointed first official Commissioner of the London Metropolitan

Police, and the post of Chief Magistrate of Bow Street was separated from it in the interests of English Criminal Constitutional Law.

De Veil took up the task of crime prevention and detection in London at a time when it was seriously needed. From "Scotland Yard" he moved to Leicester Square, thence to Soho, and finally to more pretentious offices on the Duke of Bedford's estate in Bow Street, Covent Garden.

During the first years of his career as Police Chief and Magistrate, he relied for assistance on the paid services of ex-soldiers, whom he personally selected, also the parish constables. When he required additional help in arresting some dangerous gang, he would obtain it from the various military posts or Tilt yards.

In 1733 to 1737 he became one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the counties of Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, Hertfordshire, the City and Liberty of Westminster, the Tower of London, and the Liberties thereof, and his name in London's underworld of crime began to inspire fear.

He sent to the gallows a dangerous gang of robbers, also several highwaymen, namely the "Wreathorocks," the "Maccrays" and the "Black Boy Ally Gang."

It was undoubtedly de Veil who ended the career of a certain John Palmer, alias Richard Turpin, alias Dick Turpin, the notorious highwayman, who before the Honourable Sir William Chapple, at York Assizes, on March 22nd, 1739, stood his trial for horse stealing.

Turpin was born at a public-house called "The Bell," Hampstead, Essex, in 1706. He fell into evil ways at about the age of twenty-seven, when he started highway robbery in Epping Forest.

After many depredations with another daring thief named Tom King, who was captured in Aldgate by de Veil's agents, he once again took to the Forest, where all attempts to locate him failed. His reputation for robbery on the highways of this particular quarter had, however, got abroad and one day, quite unexpectedly, the manservant of a gentleman named Thomas surprised him asleep in a thicket.

Nobody will ever know what was the truth of this meeting between the wanted outlaw and this man—but whatever it was Turpin shot him dead. Upon the scaffold he confessed to shooting the man in self-defence, as the fellow pulled on him first. However, he escaped at the time and nothing further was heard of him for some years.

In 1739 it appears that a man in Yorkshire shot a game cock belonging to a local innkeeper, and, being challenged about the wilful act by the owner, said "He was sorry he had not another bullet, or he would have served him the same." This led to a complaint before the sort of Town Clerk, a Mr. Appleby of Beverley, who had the man arrested and thrown into a "house of correction."

Upon interrogation, he gave the name of John Palmer, from a town in Lancashire, and inquiries at the place brought to light that he was wanted for stealing a black mare, blind in the left eye and lame on the off hind leg, also its foal.

He was then taken to York Castle for additional security, and upon being identified by witnesses—such as the man who purchased the animals for three guineas, and others who had seen him lead them off the common where they were grazing, he was there and then arraigned

on a charge of "horse stealing"—in those days an offence punishable by death from hanging.

John Palmer, already a doomed man, lay for some time in York Castle; then a development took place which aroused the whole of the country.

At one of the places near Dick Turpin's home there one day arrived a sealed letter from York. Some of the local busybodies recognized the handwriting as that of Dick's, and soon the news reached the ears of the village parish constable, who in turn informed the local magistrate.

The letter was demanded from its recipient and found to be from one John Palmer, alias Dick Turpin, awaiting trial in York Castle.

This important piece of evidence came before the principal Justice of the Peace for Essex, namely Sir Thomas de Veil, who, knowing that John Palmer and Richard Turpin were one and the same person, set to work to establish the chain of evidence.

He found two persons named James Smith and Edward Saward, one a man who had known Turpin from birth, the other a kind of schoolmaster, and, presumably, under the threat of all sorts of dire penalties if they refused to aid the Law, made them Crown witnesses and had them conveyed to York for the trial.

In any case, reluctantly or otherwise, these two witnesses identified Joseph Parker as Richard Turpin, and he was convicted in his real name and sentenced to death.

Records show Dick Turpin as thirty-three at the time of his death, and late that same night his body was taken from its coffin by "body-snatchers," presumably for purposes of medical autopsy and conveyed to the

residence of a prominent local doctor. However, such was his popular reputation, that a large mob got wind of the fact and, arming themselves with torches, raided the garden and found the corpse in an outhouse. It was then made the subject of a kind of triumphal procession, and in the late hours of that same night was re-interred.

To make sure that the corpse would not again be taken from its grave, the remains of the notorious highwayman was covered with quick-lime and buried about 15 feet deep in the churchyard of St. George's-without Fishergate, York.

So passed England's most written-about legendary character—Dick Turpin the Highwayman—one of the "criminal clean-ups" of the eighteenth century, sent to the scaffold at York through the instrumentality of London's first unofficial Police Commissioner—Sir Thomas de Veil.

## CHAPTER II

Bow Street up to the time of Sir Robert Peel's reform. Brief account of the magistrates, the "Robin Redbreasts" and "Runners." How the Special Branch, New Scotland Yard, was first officially contemplated. The Cato Street Conspiracy. The attempted assassination of George III. Some account of the old Bow Street Runners.

**A**T the death of Sir Thomas de Veil, the period of the Bow Street Runners can be said to commence.

This system of crime detection lasted in London until 1829, when Sir Robert Peel formed our present-day London Metropolitan Police.

Succeeding de Veil came Henry Fielding and his blind half-brother, Sir John, as well as another equally successful magistrate, Sir Richard Birnie—these three being the last Bow Street magistrates exercising investigation, arrest and judiciary powers.

In their regime, the King's Peace was also maintained by a handful of parish constables and night watchmen, nicknamed "Charlies," and chosen by the local authorities of each London parish, borough or district.

Corruption, drunkenness and crime were rampant. It was unsafe to proceed abroad even in daylight for fear of armed desperadoes, advantage having been taken by the lawless element since the death of de Veil.

The Duke of Newcastle, at that time Prime Minister, urged Fielding to try and lessen these gangs, which were terrorizing the respectable London citizens.

In 1753 the Government allowed him a "secret

service grant" of £800, mainly for the purpose of framing a scheme to combat this public menace.

Fielding formed a "vigilance force." He employed about six picked men at one guinea per week and the public there and then nicknamed this small body of men "Thief Takers"—a term always repugnant to Fielding. These first six sworn and attested men became the nucleus of the famous Bow Street Runners.

In less than a week, in Soho, Seven Dials and other notorious places, the gangs were rounded up and brought into Bow Street, sometimes in twos and threes and at another time, just a single member, until by the time he had completed his "drive" the whole gang was smashed and their ringleaders in Newgate Prison.

From this time the work of crime prevention and detection went ahead. The Government saw what could be done by a few well-organized and resolute men, with a determined Chief at their head to support and lead them.

Henry Fielding, however, was unfortunately a sick man, but this courageous Bow Street successor of Sir Thomas de Veil lived to see a body of men formed and uniformed and nicknamed by the public as "Robin Redbreasts."

On the death of Henry Fielding, his blind half-brother, Sir John Fielding, took over control of the "Thief Takers" or "Runners" at Bow Street.

At this period they wore blue coats, scarlet waistcoats, three-cornered black felt hats, and carried a baton, short cutlass, a pistol and a pair of handcuffs doubled over their belts.

Sir John recruited picked men for "vigilance agents,"



and in time, so proficient did they become in their duties that they became the terror of criminals.

They augmented the "Charlies" on night watch and patrolled the streets by day. Not only this, they became true detectives in more senses than one, inasmuch as they could trace a thief or murderer if called upon to do so, provided that too much time had not elapsed in reporting the offence.

Low public-houses, also so-called clubs, the prototypes of our present day "drinking dens," were known in those days as "flash houses," and in these places the "Redbreasts" came to seek the men they wanted in the criminal underworld.

Sir John Fielding organized the first systematic criminal records. He kept one or more Runners always on duty at Bow Street, to attend to inquiries, information, immediate arrests and charges. He also kept a register of all robberies, descriptions of suspects, persons in custody, wanted, suspected or missing. Further, a description of the methods of criminals, the goods stolen and a list of houses of ill-repute, such as receivers' dens, brothels and low-class dancing saloons. He enlarged and perfected this system of records by a regular correspondence with magistrates and justices of the peace all over the country.

He did not live to see the first official police publication, the famous historical circular named *The Hue and Cry*. That was brought into existence by his successor, Sir Sampson Wright, in 1786.

The "Redbreasts" shed their distinctive waistcoats, which had given them their name, and rapidly evolved into the famous "Bow Street Runners." They could be hired by anyone in any part of the country, at



PUBLIC OFFICE, BOW STREET

Four years prior to the formation of the London Metropolitan Police



a fee of one and a half guineas a day, plus travelling expenses, and if mounted, fodder and expenses for their horses. Their wide knowledge of highwaymen, thieves, pickpockets and other criminals often enabled them to solve many apparently undetectable crimes. Their services were sought from all parts of the country when a robbery took place. In many instances a successful Bow Street Runner was rewarded by a handsome gift or large sum of money, a fact which was winked at by the local magistrates.

While one of the last Bow Street magistrates, Sir Richard Birnie, was holding office, the Runners were at their zenith. There were about a dozen men, including Townsend, Donovan, Smithers, Ruthven, Sayer and Vickery.

Townsend is probably the best known. He was a great favourite at Court, especially with King George III and King William IV, and attended all Court functions on account of his expert knowledge of "flash" jewel thieves.

He was made famous, however, by his promptitude in saving the life of King George III. It was his custom to await the King when he returned from a drive, and in this particular instance it served him in good stead. As the King was alighting from his carriage a woman rushed at him with a dagger. Townsend flung himself in front of the King and with a quick blow knocked up her arm. She turned out to be a demented creature with a petition, but chose an unfortunate means of presenting it, although a lucky one as far as Townsend was concerned.

From this moment he became a great favourite with the King and many privileges and concessions were

granted him by the Ministry. Naturally his individual fame spread and people of all grades of society recognized and spoke to him. Some wag of a pickpocket, lying in Newgate Prison, who had cause to dislike Townsend, sneeringly remarked before a crowded court—"Oh! Mr. Townsend, the gentleman who is known among the 'boys of the town' (criminals) from town's end to town's end."

A great deal is on record about this famous Bow Street Runner, much of it detrimental to his personal reputation. His lowly birth, his ignorance, his habits and mannerisms, and his peculiarities of dress can be found in many books upon the subject, but little is said of his great intelligence and remarkable ability—in fact, the successful results rightly attributed to him in his thirty years of service as a Bow Street Runner (he was originally a hawker or costermonger) make him one of the outstanding characters in the detection and suppression of crime of the eighteenth century. It was his prompt action in saving the life of King George III that gave the Government and succeeding Governments the idea of forming a special bureau for the protection of Royalty and Cabinet Ministers.

In 1883 the Irish Branch was formed at Scotland Yard to deal with the Fenian Movement and subsequently, when the agitation died down, it took over anarchist, nihilist, revolutionary and other political matters of national importance. Thus the Special Branch of to-day evolved as an individual police branch, as apart from the Criminal Investigation Department. Shortly after this several attempts were made on the life of Queen Victoria by undoubtedly mad people and, prompted by such glaring possibilities, the Government of the time

formulated, through the Home Secretary, the duty of "protective surveillance" by Scotland Yard of all important personages of the State, an idea which Townsend had originated in the reign of George III.

The Cato Street Conspiracy in 1820 was another instance of the urgent need of such a system. A man by the name of Arthur Thistlewood, who had lived in France and had become imbued with the ideas of the French Revolution, came back to England, where he soon found many "hot-heads," and before long formed a strong society of disaffected people who became ardent supporters of this nineteenth century "fire-brand."

The plan of Thistlewood was to overthrow the Government, seize the Throne and set himself up as Dictator. The conspirators had their headquarters in a stable, the meetings taking place in a hay-loft overhead, the place in question being in a turning off Edgware Road, called Cato Street, which to-day is known as Maurice Street.

This plot was revealed to Sir Richard Birnie, the Bow Street magistrate, by a Runner who had got in touch with one of the conspirators. Their plan was to proceed with about twenty of the gang, or society, to the residence of Lord Harrowby, the Prime Minister, in Grosvenor Square, as a Cabinet dinner was taking place at 7.30 p.m. on the evening of February 23rd.

The strategy of Thistlewood was to call with a parcel for Lord Harrowby at his house, and as soon as the servant opened the door the others were to rush in behind him and put every Minister to death, the heads of Lord Harrowby, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Castlereagh and two others to be cut off and taken away in bags.

Sir Richard collected all his Runners and gave them the following orders. The conspirators were to be allowed to meet at Cato Street, as the time and all details were known. Sir Richard would then lead one group of Runners into the building, Donovan, Smithers and two of his senior men each heading another group, while the place itself was to be surrounded by a detachment of military which was to be requisitioned from Whitehall.

The only means of access to Thistlewood and his society was through the trap-door of the hay-loft, but there must have been another exit unknown to Birnie, for it would seem that about a dozen of the gang escaped.

It was either Smithers or Ruthven who led the way, but only one at a time could get into the loft by means of a ladder. At the top Thistlewood barred the way with a long cutting sabre, Smithers being killed on the spot. During the excitement of the moment somebody in the gang extinguished the lamps, and the ringleader Thistlewood and several others escaped in the darkness and confusion.

However, Ruthven and his colleagues, with the characteristic thoroughness of the Bow Street Runners' tradition for tracking, soon started rounding up those who had escaped. Some were arrested in Chelsea, Kennington, Soho and Covent Garden, while Thistlewood was hauled from a house in Moorfields. All were brought up for trial at the Old Bailey on the charge of High Treason, the extra indictment of murder being preferred against the ringleader for the killing of Smithers. Thistlewood and four of his accomplices were executed at Newgate Gaol on April 30th, 1820—six of the

remainder being transported for life—thus ending the Cato Street Conspiracy.

Sayer, Vickery and Ruthven were also famous as Bow Street Runners. All in their careers handled many great cases. To-day, of course, bank robberies are uncommon happenings in this country, but in the time of the Runners they were almost every day occurrences.

The transference of cash from one bank to another necessitated its conveyance by coach, and this only method of transport gave an excellent chance for the highwaymen to operate. In this particular phase of crime detection Vickery was an expert. He sent to the gallows the highwaymen who held up the Royal Mail on the Great North Road, the Newport Bank Coach, between Swansea and London, and the two desperadoes who held up the Mail Coach between Monmouth and Bristol. Of particular interest is the case of the thief who robbed the Hertford Bank Coach between that place and London, for there had been no “stand and deliver” or “hands up” or “your money or your life,” the money merely vanishing from the coach strong-box, in which the bank clerk had put it for consignment to the town branch of Messrs. Christie & Company, Bankers, Hertford and London.

Commencing his investigations at Hertford, he interviewed several people and found by a quick process of elimination how the theft had been carried out. A witness had seen the clerk at the Bank put the cash in the strong-box of the coach and had then noticed that another man followed and did exactly the same thing. With the exception of this one eye-witness, a simple-minded person, not another soul had seen the theft committed.



Back in town among the inhabitants of the "flash houses" and underworld, he soon got on the tracks of his man. Informants told him that on the night of the robbery the man he suspected was spending money freely, and further, he had told a "moll" (prostitute) that he had been on a little business in Hertford. This convinced the Runner that his suspicions were correct, but when he went to make the arrest the bird had flown. He traced the thief to many place along the south and east coasts of England, and eventually ran him to earth at Yarmouth.

Lodged in Newgate the man was identified by the witness from Hertford as the one he had seen follow the clerk to the coach, after that individual had gone into the bank. Furthermore, many of the notes belonging to the bank were recovered from a woman he was living with at the time of his arrest, and others were found sewn inside the lining of his great-coat. At that time the penalty for bank robbery was death, and having been found guilty he was hanged.

George Ruthven, one of the last Bow Street Runners, is in a sense as famous as Townsend. He joined the Runners at the age of seventeen and served thirty years. The Cato Street Conspiracy placed him in the front rank in Bow Street history, but apart from this case, he had many others to his credit, and his commissions for the Government were numerous.

On his retirement he was for many years the landlord of the "One Tun Tavern," Chandos Street, Covent Garden. He died a comparatively well-to-do man, as did many of his colleagues. At the time of his death, in 1844, he was in receipt of a pension from the British Government of £220, in addition to pensions from the

Russian, French and Prussian Governments for his services in discovering forgeries connected with those countries. In conjunction with Donovan and Squire, he was successful in solving one of the most interesting forgery cases in English criminal history.

On the authority of the late Major Arthur Griffiths, sometime late Governor of Old Millbank Prison, I will quote the story :—

“ A wholesale forger of banknotes, whose operations in the middle of the eighteenth century caused nothing less than consternation in the Bank of England, was the notorious Charles Price, commonly called ‘ Old Patch.’

“ His skill as an engraver was only equalled by his cleverness in putting paper into circulation. As regards manufacture, he did everything himself, made his own paper with the proper watermark, engraved his own plates and manufactured his own ink. His plans for disposing of the forged notes were laid with great astuteness, and he took extraordinary care to avoid discovery ; he had three homes and a different name and a different wife at each.

“ He was so expert in disguises that none of his agents ever saw him in his own person, that of a well-built, middle-aged and not bad-looking man, with a beaky nose, clear grey eyes, and a nut-cracker chin, who, although inclined to stoutness, was erect and active in figure. Sometimes he went with his mouth covered up in red flannel, his gouty legs swathed in bandages : at another time he was an infirm old man, wearing a long black cloak with a broad cape fastening close to his chin.

“ He victimized numbers of tradesmen, passing under

various disguises bank notes of large value, for which he would take the change. The lottery offices suffered greatly at his hands; he bought up tickets in large quantities with his forged notes, always requiring change.

“When his depredations were at their height, it was supposed by many at Bow Street that it was the work of a gang, but Donovan and Sayer had other views. They knew that Price really worked single-handed. His disguise as ‘Old Patch’ was known, and it was frequently given out by the two man-hunting Runners as such, without result. However, Donovan at last came upon him purely by accident, and it happened in the following way.

“A certain Edgware Road pawnbroker named Powell came to Bow Street, and complained, and as the two Runners, Donovan and Sayer, were on the job of forgery, a forged note was handed to them.

“He informed Donovan and Sayer that a man named Carter had passed the note to him, and as soon as the description of the ‘beak nose and grey eyes’ was forthcoming, irrespective of his disguise, the Runners knew it to be the work of ‘Old Patch.’

“The Runners, however, pricked up their ears when the pawnbroker told them he had been unable to give the man Carter sufficient change, as the note was too big, so he had given him all he could get hold of—and had agreed to give him the balance first thing in the morning.

“It was a forlorn hope, but the Runners secreted themselves in the shop first thing in the morning, on the off-chance of the forger turning up—and sure enough he did, only to fall into the handcuffs of one of the Runners.

“Price, immediately he was arrested, smuggled a

hasty note to one of his wives, with the brief words, 'destroy everything'—which she did, burning his disguises, smashing up the engraving tools and destroying the copper plates. Still the case, worked up by Donovan and Sayer, was too strong against Price. He could not deny his identity and, feeling it was all over, he hanged himself in his cell."

## CHAPTER III

### The formation of the London Metropolitan Police.

ON September 29th, 1829, a strange-looking body of 1000 men marched out to their respective beats upon the streets of London. They were men of good physique, wearing blue swallow-tailed coats and blue trousers strapped over their boots, a leather collar about 2 inches high buckled at the back, and a waist-belt on which was suspended a strongly made wooden rattle, while their helmets were polished leather top-hats. This body of men were the pioneers of the present-day London Metropolitan Police.

Its formation was met with marked suspicion and hostility from many important people, the general idea being that London was becoming militarized by some new-fangled scheme "put over" in the guise of "police-men" or "police constables" or "peace officers." In fact, demonstrations and meetings were held against the "New Police" from time to time in various parts of London, to resist the so-called "reform."

The Duke of Wellington was subjected to a great deal of criticism by the establishment of this new force, and was accused of attempting to dragoon and tyrannize the people. It was suggested that police spies, vested with all sorts of secret authority, were set to harass and dog the steps of peaceable citizens, to imprison, to enter their houses, to have the power of raiding and search ;

in fact, to do whatever they liked on any small pretence or trumped-up charge.

There was even a rumour that the Duke had designs on the Throne, and that the new police were men he was drilling as a "standing army" to help him carry out his plan. About three years' hostility was shown to the "New Police" on all sides, but sensible and reasonable people began to prevail against the open dislike of the hot-heads, and the "New Police" went their way quietly and efficiently, and quickly earned the esteem and respect of the general public.

However, the taking of a human life was necessary to force the public to make up its mind. On June 5th, 1833, a serious affray took place between the police and a mob near Calthorpe Street, at the back of the old Coldbath Fields Prison, in which a policeman named John Culley was killed and several others more or less seriously injured.

At this period crime appreciably diminished. Highway robbery with violence, burglary, house-breaking and theft estimated at about £1,000,000 annually fell to £20,000: being accompanied by a great number of convictions, and all at the hands of 1000 uniformed public servants, the once despised "New Police"—"Peel's Bloody Gang"—"The Bobbies"—"the Peelers," as they were nicknamed at that time.

From this time, the date of the first police casualty, London was won over. Its Vestries, Members of Parliament for the various Metropolitan constituencies, saw the commonsense of the thing, and when they started shaping popular opinion, the rest was easy. Votes of confidence were passed in the House of Commons, and despite opposition from many quarters,

it was admitted that the "New Police" had fully answered the purpose for which it was formed, and it was agreed to increase the force to 3000. At the present day the figure is in the neighbourhood of 25,000.

The population of London at the date of the formation of the London Metropolitan Police was just about one million and a half, and the area controlled not half the present size. Now, according to the last official returns, its population is not far short of 9 millions. The area supervised by our present Metropolitan Force, measuring 688 square miles of territory and some 30 miles across from any point of the circumference of a large circle whose centre is Charing Cross. Throughout the whole of this vast area, with Greater London creeping farther and farther out towards the more open spaces, the London Metropolitan Police are incessantly on patrol, the total length of its beats reaching to about 900 miles.

Sir Richard Mayne was the first official Police Commissioner of the Metropolis. During his forty years of office he made many improvements, but during this time there was a great police scandal which possibly had a lot to do with precipitating his end. He died in 1868.

He started the employment of detectives, but it was his successor, Colonel Henderson (afterwards Sir Edmund Henderson), who increased and perfected the system. During the office of Sir Richard Mayne, and until the advent of Colonel Henderson, the work of criminal prevention and detection was only carried out in London by about a dozen detectives, all of whom were stationed at headquarters, the Old Scotland Yard and 1 Royal Palace Yard. There were no detectives in the near and

outlying stations of the Metropolitan areas. Any work that necessitated unusual procedure was carried out by chosen men from the uniform force, who, when their case was finished, once again reverted to uniform, which, of course, greatly lessened their usefulness.

Sir Edmund Henderson got the detective department augmented and from this time, about 1887, divisional detectives were appointed.

At the commencement there were 220 detectives employed for the whole of London, under 200 being allocated to a division, and possibly about fifty at Scotland Yard. Compare this personnel with the present day, when there are over 900 detectives in divisions, in addition to approximately 100 at New Scotland Yard.

London is divided for criminal investigation, as well as ordinary police purposes, into geographical sections. Starting from "A" which is the Whitehall Division, the other Divisions are Chelsea "B"—St. James "C"—Marylebone "D"—Holborn "E"—Paddington "F"—Finsbury "G"—Whitechapel "H"—Hackney "J"—Bow "K"—Lambeth "L"—Southwark "M"—Islington "N"—Camberwell "P"—Greenwich "R"—Hampstead "S"—Hammersmith "T"—Wandsworth "V"—Brixton "W"—Kilburn "X"—Highgate "Y"—Croydon "Z".

The letters "O," "I," and "Q" are not represented, but the Thames Division is in the course of official reorganization, as are also some of the Royal dockyards, including Portsmouth, Devonport and Chatham. On all the frontiers of Middlesex running along the boundaries of the counties that surround it, such as Hertfordshire, Kent, Essex, Sussex, Surrey and Berkshire, the London police maintain their outposts. Throughout



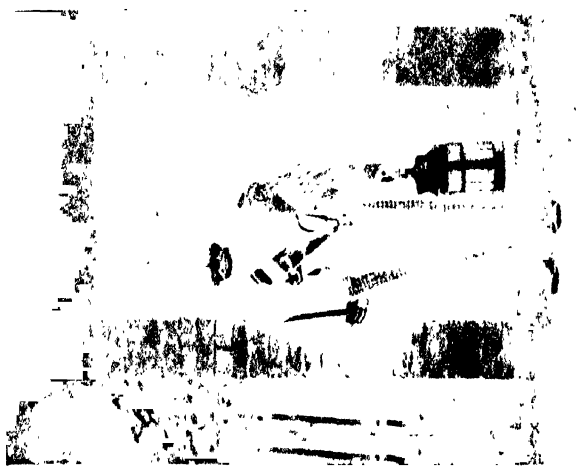
the Metropolis there are about 450 police stations, all connected with Scotland Yard by telephone, telegraph and wireless.

London was seething with crime in the years just prior to Peel's great police reform. It was estimated that one out of every twenty-two citizens was a criminal. The night-watchmen, who tramped the streets after dark swinging noisy rattles and bellowing information about the time and the state of the weather, proved hopelessly inefficient in dealing with the lawless element of house-breakers, thieves and desperadoes in the daytime, and against burglars at night.

Night life is the last social habit to be developed in any city. It is only since the invention of gas and electric street-lighting, and the growth of the police force that London citizens have had the opportunity to roam abroad after dark in safety. Before good street-lighting and the rapid increase of places of refreshment and entertainment called men and women out of their houses at night, the police officials were almost safe in assuming that any man who walked the city thoroughfares at night was bent on evil purposes.

As I have mentioned, Sir Robert Peel took Charing Cross as the centre of London, and decided to police, as a first experiment, an area within a radius of 12 miles from this spot, with 1000 picked men. So the old "Charlies" (the night-watchmen), or "Robin Red-breasts," or "Bow Street Runners" vanished, and a new force took their place.

Police headquarters were again established in Whitehall and Westminster, and the new London Metropolitan Police were housed in Old Scotland Yard and 1 Royal Palace Yard until the year 1890, when the rapid growth



LAST OF THE 'PEELERS'

photo taken about 1880 of Mr Charles Pease of High Wycombe  
One of the very first of the Metropolitan constables formed  
829 by Sir Robert Peel, to march out on to his beat for duty  
the streets of London

LAST OF THE 'CHARLIES'

Charles Rouse who died nine years before the formation of the London Metropolitan Police in 1829  
This old char guarded the citizens of Kennington and Brixton. His box stood either in Kennington Gate or what is now the junction of Camberwell New Road and Brixton Road



of the various departments of the "Yard" necessitated larger premises. A space on the Embankment nearby, the original site of Royal Scotland Palace—then originally intended for an opera house, was selected, and a Scotsman, Richard Norman Shaw, was given the contract to design the new police buildings. Among other materials, Shaw used 2500 tons of granite (appropriately quarried by convicts at Dartmoor Prison) in building the present structure.

When Peel disbanded the "Bow Street Runners" in 1829, he left his police with comparatively few investigators, so that London had no detectives for twelve years. About 1841 eight men were chosen for investigation work in plain clothes, Cavanagh, Williamson, Tanner, Littlechild, Thomas and Whicher; followed in succession by Butcher, Swanson, Abberline, Peel, Tunbridge, Moor, Glasse and Jarvis. They worked quietly and more skilfully than their forerunners, proving their great value in the prevention and detection of crime. Charles Dickens is said to have entertained eight of these men at dinner in 1850. And when the port had passed around several times, and good food and wine had loosened their tongues, this company told Dickens enough stories to give him adequate material for his series of articles on "The Modern Science of Thief-taking."

These first eight men and their successors, more or less in the order I have named, were the beginning of the famous Criminal Investigation Department (the C.I.D.), although it did not receive that title until 1887, when Sir Howard Vincent became the first Assistant Commissioner of the C.I.D.

So much for the early history of the "Yard." Now

for its constitution and method of working. Scotland Yard is one of the most amazing institutions in the world. Commissioners come and go, highly placed officers control its executive and deliberate upon matters of policy, but the *real work* at the "Yard" is directed by men who have risen from the ranks of the constabulary. The system of creating officers as practised in the British Army is not followed by the "Yard." Every man in this vast machine was at one time or another walking on his patrol in London streets as an ordinary uniformed policeman.

Scotland Yard, although its tentacles reach out over Great Britain and to distant places, really belongs to London. Actually, its jurisdiction ends at the Metropolitan police area boundary, while its special branch is a national force.

London is divided into four areas, each controlled by a C.I.D. superintendent, with an additional superintendent for the central and special branches of headquarters. These two branches are controlled by four chief inspectors, who undertake the more important cases, both inside and outside the metropolitan area.

Operating under the superintendents are a number of divisional detective-inspectors, each division having extra divisional-inspectors, sergeants and patrols, who are responsible for the work of the C.I.D. The C.I.D. have been described as "those who detect crime," and the uniform-wearing police as "those who prevent crime." This is not accurate. The uniform department actually plays an important part in the work of detection as well as preventing crime, by their presence and activities. Immediately a crime is discovered, no matter how large—or small—the C.I.D. is called upon

the scene. The police constable who discovers the crime is not concerned with the C.I.D. He notifies his own inspector, who informs the officer of the C.I.D.

The C.I.D. men are on the spot at the earliest opportunity. It is their job to gather up such clues as fingerprints, weapons, foot prints, marks on furniture, or whatever their trained eyes can find. Scotland Yard is at once notified, and if homicide or a big crime has been committed the matter receives urgent attention. The "Yard" sends its area C.I.D. superintendents, or chief inspector down, its fingerprint experts and photographers, the chief detective-inspector of the division being notified and usually going to the scene of the crime to direct operations.

Scotland Yard has its own printing department. Whether the crime is small or large, if any clues are available, and if the police have any description at all of the wanted men or the motor-car in which they made their escape, the particulars are printed, and in an incredibly short space of time have been distributed throughout the London police area. Not only are all police stations in possession of the facts, but all policemen on patrol and traffic duty are informed by special messengers, and they keep a sharp look-out for suspected individuals.

## CHAPTER IV

The "Thames Division," River Police or "Silent Patrol." Its formation, history and romance. An extraordinary case—its mystery and solution after many years. Frustrations, smugglers, detective experience of dockland. Fighting the Oriental drug traffic.

THE Thames at night is full of mystery, running through the heart of London, yet having a character and history entirely its own.

Under the shadow of Waterloo Bridge, now in the process of demolition, is a little police pier known to "Yard" men as "Suicide Station," and I think the most dramatic spot in London at night is the Suicide Room of this police raft, with its little bed, its towels, its bath, its stock of stimulants and its waiting men. Outside, bumping against the pier, a little boat with a rubber roller at the stern swings with the fast-moving tide. Waterloo Bridge has always had a fascination for would-be suicides. Perhaps it is because the stone seats are easy to jump from.

But the river police have had more dangerous work to do in the past than the rescuing of would-be suicides. Their history is so vivid, colourful, romantic, that I propose to devote the next three chapters to it. The river police are London's "Silent Patrol." They work at night over 75 miles of river—the longest police patrol in the country.

In the lawless days of 1792, robbery in shipping and dockyards on the Thames was organized on a big scale by the criminals of Wapping, Limehouse and other waterside districts. Nearly £600,000 worth of goods

were stolen each year from shipowners and merchants, who finally appealed to the ardent public reformer, Patrick Colquhoun, to find a way to stop these depredations. Colquhoun drew up a scheme for the formation of a "Marine Police Institution." His suggestions were approved and adopted, and that year the first London River Police Force was formed, having its headquarters at Wapping. Two hundred men were employed, all sailors and watermen; their officers were chosen with the utmost care, and they became the most efficient body of criminal fighters in England at that time, doing their work so well that within a few years the large scale plunder by river thieves had ceased.

Before this time it is known that over 500 sugar refineries in London were using stolen sugar. Corruption among shipping officials was general, and practically every man on the river, including the Customs officers, was getting his profits from this "racket." So bold had the river gangs become that they combined to employ lawyers to defend any thieves caught on the river. By 1792 the Thames was in the hands of "pirates."

There were the river pirates, who boarded unprotected ships in mid-stream. They would kill, if any resistance was offered, and in many cases, especially down river in the lonely stretches towards the mouth of the estuary, they would overpower a crew, sail the ship out from shore, load their loot into their own ship and leave the vessel and crew to the mercy of the winds. Other types of criminals were the "mudlarks," "lumpers" and "glims," "game watermen," "game lightermen," "scuffle junters" and the receivers of stolen property—the "fences." An idea of the magnitude of river piracy at this time can be got when it is realized that the



estimated number of river criminals was over 10,000, including many women and children.

The "mudlarks" worked in collusion with the "lumpers." They would, at low tide, row under the stern of a vessel and receive from the "lumper" (who was working on the ship as a labourer removing the cargo) such articles as cordage, canvas, hinges, bolts, nails, timber, paint, pitch, casks, beef, pork, biscuits and all kinds of stores.

The "glims" and "game watermen" worked on a large scale, generally in partnership with some dishonest ship's officer or revenue officials. Their method was to wait for a night when the dishonest captain or mate was on duty, and with his consent would rob the cargo of sacks of coffee, cocoa, pimento, sugar, ginger, and so on, sometimes in one night removing cargo to the value of £1000.

The "glims" were the desperadoes, the hired gangsters, specially employed to kill any particular persons who stood in their way. An honest officer, member of the crew, or watchman guarding the cargo stood little chance if a "glim" had been told to attend to him. Among the "game watermen," "game lightermen" and "scuffle hunters," the same methods prevailed. The former would hang about in boats when a vessel was well-manned and difficult to rob. As soon as the signal came from the "lumper" on board, they would seize the booty and convey it to a larger vessel belonging to the "game lightermen," who stored the goods on their barges.

"Scuffle men" were the lowest in the scale of river thieves, for they frequented the wharves and took anything they could find, chiefly the contents of broken

sacks or packets, for which they fought or "scuffled." The receiver of stolen goods, as a deliberate encourager of theft, was the greatest cause of trouble. On one occasion the marine police, assisted by twenty men from an Admiralty cutter, raided the dens of these riverside pests and parasites. During a search covering only one mile they discovered over £1200 worth of stolen cargo in eight houses near the wharves between Blackwall and Limehouse. . . . Eighteen arrests were made, including six of the actual thieves, and twelve receivers or "fences." Five went to the gallows for murder and robbery, and the remainder were transported to Australia for life.

Gradually this organized shipping robbery began to slacken. Murders were committed from time to time, but the audacity with which the raids were carried out was less marked. This was due to the courage and tenacity of the river police in tackling all suspects seen on the river at any hour of the night or day. Colquhoun's men were as ruthless as the gangsters they meant to exterminate. They made their name feared, and when fear of the law becomes general, crime organization decays.

Gang work began to decrease, but in its place arose another menace to merchants and honest seamen. On shore, desperadoes hunted in pairs, lurking in dark lanes and corners for unsuspecting seamen returning at night to their ships. Such was the state of things when Scotland Yard took over the river police in the year 1839.

In 1909, Scotland Yard found that because of the great increase in river traffic, the Thames Police had more work than they could cope with. Many retired police constables had been appointed as watchmen by private companies

in the harbours, docks, piers and premises of the river-side, and for sixty years these ex-police watchdogs were the only form of help that the river police had to assist them in case of robbery and smuggling from the shore. The watchmen were, of course, no longer under police authority, but they were glad to help the police as far as they could. Their assistance, however, was not enough.

In 1909, the Port of London Authority Police was formed and special powers granted to it by Act of Parliament. The Port of London Authority has jurisdiction over all dockland in London, an area which extends to 3000 acres, of which 750 acres are water. To-day the personnel of the P.L.A. police number about a thousand. It is governed by a chief police officer, acting under an advisory committee; he is assisted by a superintendent, a detective superintendent (who at the time of writing is ex-Chief Inspector E. Bower of Scotland Yard, famous in many notorious cases), a chief detective inspector and two inspectors. There are six divisional inspectors, twenty-nine inspectors, seventy-nine sergeants, thirty-three firemen, eighteen barge searchers, twenty motor-drivers and about 700 constables.

This body of special police is divided into six groups, each in charge of a divisional inspector, assisted by dock inspectors. Each dock or group of docks has a police station, in charge of sergeants. All charges arising in the docks are taken to the local police courts. Summary justice is administered by the Courts holding jurisdiction on whatever part of the river the offence is committed. The Port of London Authority Police is the only special police force in England that has an

independent criminal investigation of its own, with power to arrest.

Appointments of the higher grades to this department are occasionally made from among Scotland Yard men, whose special qualifications include a knowledge of languages, Oriental especially, on account of Arab, Lascar, Chinese and other coloured seamen who live in the dockyard area; their duties are confined to the investigation of crimes and their detection and prevention within that area. The work of the various detective departments is modelled on that of the C.I.D. of the Metropolitan Police. In the case of Scotland Yard Thames Division, it has the power to arrest on land or water in any part of the Metropolis of London, but as its duty is confined to the protection of life and property on the River Thames, its shore activities are not much heard about. Yet it is not unusual to see an officer with a short blue serge jacket with the silver letters THAMES on each side of his collar, step into the witness-box to give evidence in a case of theft or attempted suicide on the river, especially at Rochester Row, Bow Street, the Mansion House, Arbour Square and other courts that hold jurisdiction on the northern and southern banks of the river.

The river keeps its secrets, and its policemen are paid by the public for that same purpose. But those of us who have served at the Yard have had occasional glimpses of mysterious happenings. The following incident is an example of the kind of problem we sometimes come across. Before the War I was asked to identify the body of a well-known crook lying upon the slab of a London mortuary, after being picked up by our river policemen just below Rotherhithe, in the Pool. He had been in

life a handsome, splendidly developed man, and was easily recognizable. When he was picked up by the river police he had not been, according to medical testimony, very long in the water. The arms and legs had been lashed to the body by a rope, so that the obvious verdict was that he had met his death by "foul play."

Exhaustive inquiries were made in England, Europe and America, but no record of this crook's movements could be traced. Nor could any person, other than the police, come forward to identify him. He was buried, and an "open verdict" was returned. To my surprise three years later I received news from Australia that the man I thought dead and buried had appeared. He was on his way to England. We caught our "ghost" and he was tried and convicted to penal servitude for life for the illegal offence of "demanding money by menaces" from the late Mr. Solly Joel, the racehorse owner. It was a proven case of blackmail. I determined to solve the mystery of his "double" whom we had dragged dead from the Thames three years before. The victim was said by the doctors to have been dead only twelve to fourteen hours when his body was picked out of the water.

Investigation proved that the crook, thought to be the "dead man," was in America at the time. Who, then, was the "unknown" taken from the river? Who killed him—and what was the motive? It was almost the "perfect crime." Years after I found the solution.

A river patrol, some few years later, was drawn up at the side of a vessel that had not touched the Port of London for many years. The captain was an old

friend of some of the police-boat crew, and in conversation said that he had, on his last voyage here, taken on an extra hand at Bordeaux, a big, tall, fine-looking Dane, as a fireman. One afternoon he suddenly disappeared. The captain made inquiries about the missing man from several members of the crew. Another fireman, a Lascar, said that he had seen the Dane that afternoon tie a rope round his waist, tie the other end to a rail and slip down the side into the water for a swim. He told the Lascar he could not swim and this was the best and safest way of taking a dip. The Lascar was not further interested in the Dane's bathing performance, and went back to the stokehole. This was the last time the Dane was seen alive.

The Captain went on to say that there was another Lascar aboard who had previously served with him, a brother of the first Lascar fireman, since dead. This man told the true story of the missing Dane. His brother had admitted to him before he died that he had seen the Dane go down the side of the ship. Then, in revenge for an occasion when the Dane struck him in the stokehole, he had cut the cord with his sheath-knife, knowing that the Dane could not swim.

A solution of the mystery was now possible : (1) the big handsome Dane resembled the "dead crook," who was also of Scandinavian or Teutonic origin ; (2) the long cord in his drowning struggles must have become lashed round his body ; (3) the long stay under water, causing the body to swell, thus making the cord tighter, gave me the impression that it had been a deliberate murder by drowning. Further, the Captain identified the photograph taken in the mortuary as that of the missing Dane.

Even to-day a fight between smugglers and the police upon the river is no uncommon happening. A large cargo of tobacco was brought up to a wharf near Tower Bridge, and the police were informed that after a certain hour all loading and unloading would finish. Passing by this particular ship late that same evening, when all work was known to be finished, the sergeant in charge of the patrol boat was surprised to see three men taking some crates off the ship and loading them on to a waiting lorry. Unseen by the thieves, the police boat drew alongside the wharf steps and the patrol was able to arrest the whole gang. They were in collusion with a dishonest quarter-master on the ship.

A few months ago a vessel arrived in the Pool of London, laden with a heavy cargo consisting of hundreds of tons of sugar. No room was found for it as all the docks were packed, but the next day several big boats were due to leave St. Katharine's dock with the rise of the tide, which would make room for this huge vessel. It was made fast for the night on one of the numerous wharves in the Pool between London and Tower Bridge.

About 10 p.m. a small steam tug was seen by the police to run alongside. They assumed that it was one of the visiting officials, possibly connected with the shipping company, as might be expected upon the arrival of a ship from overseas.

When the patrol returned an hour later bags of sugar were being unloaded into the tug. Thinking it unusual, the sergeant went on board. It appeared that the Captain had received a special order from a sugar firm to discharge 30 tons of sugar. An agent had brought a written order and a tug. The papers appeared to be in order, but the sergeant was not satisfied. The

Captain said that he thought the order rather unusual too. It was now past midnight and the police decided to take the risk of confiscating the cargo of sugar on the tug, until verification was forthcoming. The tug and its crew were then taken to river police head-quarters. Then the truth came out.

The agent was a crook who had managed to get one of the firm's employees to steal a printed billhead. He forged the signature of one of the principals of the firm and, knowing that this particular vessel was due, took the chance of pulling off a "coup."



## CHAPTER V

Police work and investigation in Limehouse or "Chinatown." The first River Police murder case. Oars, steam and petrol launches. Improvements that have been made. An attempt to blow up London Bridge. An incident in connection with the Houses of Parliament.

**D**OCKLAND is only a fourpenny bus ride from Piccadilly Circus, but if one paid £50 for a ticket one could not travel into a stranger region.

There is much work here for Scotland Yard. The millions of pounds' worth of goods which the countries of the world send to the Port of London are guarded through the night by men in blue uniforms, who train themselves to keep in the shadows and watch unseen. I was once investigating a murder case in Limehouse and went with a police inspector into a huge warehouse shed, where we flashed our torches on a vast array of barrels stacked in rows. "Rum," said the inspector. "All the rum that enters England comes through this shed. There are 4 million gallons stored here. To a sailor this must be one of the most impressive sights in the world."

"You've a big area to police down here, Inspector," I remarked. "Pretty big," he replied, casually. "We know every inch of it, every hole and corner, though you might not believe it, but the men in this division can tell you at this moment the exact whereabouts of every coil of rope or bit of broken brick that has been left lying about on the wharves."

The worst enemy of the Dockland police and the

river patrols of the Thames Division is *fog*. On nights of heavy mist the highly-keyed vigilance of these policemen is strained to breaking-point. They know that with the friendly fog shroud to aid them the river thieves will be out to rob and loot. And there is grave danger for the little motor patrol boats groping their way down the Thames through the moored shipping, for the black bows of a steamer may loom out of the mist, and only quick work at the steering wheel can save the patrol from disaster. One of my best friends went to his death like this on a night of fog, when out on the trail of the notorious "Slippery Jack."

"Slippery Jack" was a river thief of great daring and ingenuity. His *modus operandi* was to strip naked, grease his body, and row out in a little boat, to climb up ships' cables and enter the cabins in search of plunder. Several times he was discovered. Always he very literally "slipped through the fingers" of his pursuers. My friend in the Thames Division told me how one night he had his hands on the thief, but his grip slipped because of the grease. If a patrol launch overtook his little boat, "Slippery Jack" went over the side and swam for safety. The grease kept his body warm in the chilly water. He would often swim back to the ship unseen and cling to the rudder until the police boat had gone. But they got him in the end. He was chased one night by a police boat from the Pool past Tower Bridge. The launch ran alongside his boat in mid-stream. "Come quietly, Jack! We've got you!" snapped the detective inspector in charge. And before Jack could dive into the River men jumped into his boat.

"Slippery Jack" whipped up a vicious sheath knife from under a seat and fought with frenzied desperation.

Two men were stabbed, but they overpowered him at last, and he went to ten years' penal servitude in Dartmoor as a result.

Another story is about a boat going down river after the Customs and Revenue men had made their usual examination for "dope" and contraband; it was daylight at the time; a parcel was thrown out from the vessel to a small tug.

"What's in that parcel?" said the sergeant to the tugmaster when he had boarded the tug, after seeing the incident. "Only a few odds and ends," was the reply. Those "odds and ends" upon examination turned out to be a large quantity of cocaine and heroin. This clue led to the capture of a whole gang.

The biggest task of all for the Dockland police and Thames Division is to stamp out opium smuggling and the dangerous drugs traffic. Year in and year out the "silent patrol" have to keep watch on seafaring men of every nationality, but particularly on Chinamen, for they are the chief offenders.

Chinatown is in Limehouse. In its many eating-houses and public-houses are to be seen sea-faring men from all parts of the world; there are Danes, Swedes, Germans, Lascars; all types, but with Chinese predominating. It is a region of narrow streets, lanes, passages and alley-ways, intricate as a rabbit-warren. You can see a Chinaman go in at one door, but do not make a bet he will come out by it. For, if you are watchful, you may see him slip out a few doors further down. Here and there Chinese women may be seen going about their usual tasks; they are chiefly occupied in washing and laundry work, such as ships' linen and seamen's clothes.

Opium smoking is not generally practised by

Europeans; those white men who do cultivate the habit are of the perverted type, and there are not many of them. Whenever "Yard" men made a raid on Limehouse opium dens, it was in conjunction with River police who were nearly always the first to get the news of such places from sailors who had visited them. Fiction writers depict dope dens as being in cellars, by the way. *This is wrong.* I cannot recall a single opium den, of the many I have helped to raid, that was in a cellar. They are always at the top of the house, so that the fumes—which if once smelt cannot be forgotten—are not so easily detected.

The most important prosecution for opium smoking took place some time ago, when two Chinamen from Limehouse Causeway, were charged at the Thames Police-court with possessing opium and pipes for smoking it. Manfat and Iourshhing were sentenced to three months' imprisonment and deported back to China. At present the greatest menace of Chinatown is the growing "dope" or drug traffic. The drug habit gradually spread to England in the days soon after the Great War. Cocaine was the principal drug sought after by jaded seekers of new sensations. The effect of this deadly drug, which is white, scintillates in the dark, and is nicknamed "snow," is miraculous in giving the drug-taker sparkling spirits. It is taken by being sniffed up the nose in the same manner as snuff, or in liquid form by a hypodermic injection in the wrist or arm. If persisted in the habit leads to certain death.

Unless it has been prescribed by a doctor, it is an offence against the law to take this drug. The Thames police have fought dexterately to combat the smuggling of drugs into England. In the years of 1919, 1920,

1921, up to 1923, the drug traffic was at its height. Many cases were secretly reported by the river police to Scotland Yard of traffickers being supplied by river smugglers; at the Yard they organized a special detachment of detectives, called the "Dope Squad," to cope with the problem. Gradually the cocaine smugglers were rounded up. Dope smuggling still goes on, but at great risk for the purveyors, for ten years' penal service is the sentence if caught.

A certain Chinaman, by the name of "Brilliant" Chang, was known to be the master-mind of the traffic in England. He was known to deal in cocaine in large bulk from Germany, where it was manufactured. The drugs were smuggled over by Chinese in many ways—but it always came "up river." The "Silent Patrol" got to know about it and the information was passed to the Yard for more expert attention. Evidence soon began to accumulate against Chang, but although the police arrested many of his dupes, it was impossible to catch him. He had a large flat in Mayfair, in which he used to entertain his guests and assistants. Also he kept a restaurant in Regent Street which was always patronized by crowds of rich people, also by women of the demi-mondaine type. In Limehouse, among his own countrymen, he lived in one beautifully furnished room. The "Yard" made many raids on this room, with the object of finding his hidden stock of drugs, but always drew a blank. During the time of his reign as the "Dope King" two tragic deaths were morally traced to this trafficker. One, the beautiful young Billy Carleton, the actress, and the other a lovely professional dancing partner, known as Freda Kempton.

The Yard was determined to get him, and succeeded in 1924. An old Chinaman told a certain member of the River police where the secret store of Chan Nan (alias Brilliant Chang) was to be found. This vital fact was passed on to the authorities at the Yard, and a swoop was made once more upon his room at Limehouse. This time the police were successful and huge quantities of drugs were found. His fate was eighteen months' hard labour and permanent banishment from this country.

From the period when the Thames River Police was taken over by Scotland Yard, in 1839, efficient warfare against crooks began to smash lawlessness and make its effect felt in the protection of life and property along the Thames. Two hundred and twenty picked men were enrolled, with the ranks of inspector, desk sergeants, patrolling sergeants and constables. The uniform was of dark blue serge, with distinguishing badges that marked the rank of the personnel. The inspector's tunic was buttoned to the base of the neck, with a stiff collar, on which could be seen the silver crown denoting his rank. His hat had a large shiny patent leather peak, which stood out about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The sergeants and constables wore the same uniform, consisting of a jacket, waistcoat, and the same sort of hat, the only distinction being the silver stripes worn by the sergeants upon both sleeves of their jackets. In cold and wet weather thick serge clothing was issued, also oilskin coats and hats. The number of boat crews were increased, three constables and a sergeant were appointed for each beat and certain lengths or "beats" of the river were apportioned out to certain crews of police.

In these early days the patrol of the Thames police

used to start at Blackwell and only go as far as Waterloo Pier. To-day the same body of men police the river from Dartford Creek to as far as Teddington, a distance, there and back, of 75 miles. The principal station has always been Wapping. Coming up the river from the English Channel, we find the branch stations of Erith, Blackwall, London Bridge, Waterloo Pier and other floating piers on the way to Teddington.

River police work has become almost a family business to-day. Men in the "Thames Division" train their own sons for the service. Long years of police work on the river have bred a peculiar school of detectives. They know every eddy, mud bank, swirl, current and twist of the river. They know the shape of every wharf and building along its banks, no matter how black the night may be, and they can read the movement of the tides as easily as you can read this page of print. They know the names and owners of all boats in the river, from humble barges to the big liners. They are on duty to prevent smuggling, theft, suicide, illegal shipbuilding and the pollution of the river. The first Thames police-station was at 259, Wapping Stairs; to-day it is 98, High Street, Wapping.

When the Metropolitan Police first took over the duties of the river, two Admiralty cutters, the *Royalist* and the *Scorpion*, were brought into use. Then, as each successive Commissioner of Police took office, the outfit of the river police was improved. Towards the middle of Queen Victoria's reign several steam pinnaces were added to its strength, for quickness and efficiency and to help a patrolling boat in chasing thieves or smugglers, who were then using the then new invention of motor-launches for quick flight. The boat crews,



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THE RIVER POLICE  
Motor boat patrol





however, still kept on in their own silent way until the year 1910, when their rowing-boats were abolished as obsolete, and fast motor-boats were substituted.

There are stories of this ancient police force from the time of its absorption by Scotland Yard until the present day that are well worth telling. This is the story of the first Thames murder that was brought to light by their prompt action. About the year 1860 a patrol of the River police, on a dark December evening, were about to go on duty, near Waterloo Bridge. One of the constables was standing on the wooden jetty before stepping into the boat to take up his place at the oars, when his attention was caught by a moving shadow. He saw a man standing on the steps let down a large black bag cautiously into the water. The constable did not hesitate, but sprang up and dashed out onto the Embankment. After a short chase he caught up with the suspect, and a terrific fight took place. Eventually the constable, with the assistance of a passer-by, got his man under control.

Taking the prisoner back to his patrol, he asked them to go to the steps where he had first seen the man acting so suspiciously. They did so and found a large black carpet-bag on the bottom step, under water. Within another five minutes the turn of the tide would have swept it out into midstream. The bag was opened and inside they found the gruesome remains of a young girl's head and limbs, the trunk of the body being missing. The man confessed that he had killed the girl, afterwards dismembering the body and burying the trunk in a garden at the back of his house in Kennington. In due course he was hanged for the murder. This was the

very first murder case of the middle '80s that was discovered by the river police.

During the time of the Fenian anarchist outrages in England a police-boat was about 300 yards from London Bridge when a violent explosion was heard near one of the Bridge arches. The concussion nearly threw the sergeant and his men out of their boat, and they were stunned and almost blinded by the vivid flash of flame. When they steadied the boat and recovered from the shock, they rowed to the scene of the explosion, but found nothing but an empty rowing-boat. The boat gave no clue in any shape or form. But an examination of the buttress proved that an attempt had been made to blow up the Bridge. Scotland Yard took up the inquiry and Chief Detective Inspector John Sweeney, of the Special Branch, was deputed for the investigation.

Five years afterwards the solution of this mysterious affair was discovered. Information came through the Yard, from the United States, that a certain dangerous criminal, head of an international gang of crooks, had died in a New York hospital. He confessed that five years previously he had given orders to blow up London Bridge. The job was entrusted to another member of the gang, who lived with his sister at an address in Bermondsey, London. The dying man knew that the attempt had been unsuccessful and wished to make some sort of restitution to relatives of the "gangster" who had carried out the dangerous mission, because he believed that the man was dead, as from that day no word had been received from him.

Sweeney went to the Bermondsey address mentioned by the American police, and found the man's sister still living in the house. The woman was questioned and

proved entirely ignorant of her brother's anarchist views. In fact, she had not seen him for five years. His box was still in his bedroom, locked just as he had left it. Sweeney examined it, and among the papers was found a diary. On the date when the explosion took place under London Bridge, a note ran, "I shall make the attempt to-night—I think I go to my doom."

About a year later the River police were patrolling on a wet dark night in January, near the Houses of Parliament. They were in mid-stream, a fast and strong tide was running: suddenly—"Hard over," snapped the sergeant in charge—"look!" A solitary man was seen rowing a boat towards the direction of the Terrace of the Houses of Parliament, fronting on the river. "Who are you?" hailed the sergeant. Instead of stopping to reply, the mysterious stranger pulled away as hard as he could row. The patrol gave chase, but when near Westminster Bridge the man dived head-first into the fast-running water.

For over an hour the police rowed round with the hope of picking him up, or of coming upon some trace of him. But their experience of such matters warned them that the task was hopeless. It was a damp, bitterly cold night, and no person could live in the water for very long under such conditions. The boat was examined, and inside was found a kind of time machine used for explosion purposes, but no explosive, gun-cotton or powder was to be seen. "Make it fast. Take it in tow," said the sergeant.

The patrol went on its way to report the occurrence at Waterloo Pier Station. As they passed under Westminster Bridge something was seen floating in the river, and when the police came near it proved to be

a man in the last stages of exhaustion, hanging on to a floating barrel. He was at once rescued and revived in the Suicide Room of Waterloo Pier. It was the "Mystery Man" who had taken the plunge into the river in order to avoid capture; it transpired that he was a well-connected man who had been under restraint at a private mental institution and had been discharged and given into the care of friends.

He became obsessed with the crazy idea that he would benefit the world if he blew up the Houses of Parliament, including all the members, and he had been on the river that night for this purpose. How he intended to do it without the aid of explosives, and when the Members were not in the House of Commons, he never revealed. It was found that he had obtained the time machine from a shed in the works of one of his brothers, a partner in the large engineering firm who undertook blasting operations. The machine was obsolete and useless. The poor fellow died soon afterwards, no doubt due to his exposure on that cold January night in the icy waters of the Thames.

## CHAPTER VI

### The Detective Scandal at Scotland Yard.

**T**HERE is one blot upon the history of Scotland Yard. A plot was discovered in 1877 which revealed that the most trusted and highly-placed detectives of the "Yard" were the paid tools of one of the most cunning gangs of criminals that have ever preyed upon society. Here was a sensation of the first magnitude. The master-mind of the whole business was Harry Benson, an Englishman born in Paris, where his family was held in great respect. Harry Benson, assuming the name of the Comte de Montagne, duped three eminent men—the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Alfred Rothschild and Colonel Stuart Wortley. These three men were on the French Relief Committee, set up in England at the time of the Franco-German War, and Benson told them such a plausible tale about the sufferings of the citizens in the war-devastated town of Châteaudun, that they gave him a cheque for £1000.

Benson was caught and arrested, and while in Newgate Prison awaiting his trial, he set fire to his bed in an attempt to commit suicide. He was terribly burned, so that the trial had to be postponed for eight months and he was rendered a cripple for life. One year in prison was his sentence, and when he came out again into the world Harry Benson was a bitter enemy of Law and Order. He joined forces with a race-course rogue

named William Kurr, only twenty-three years of age, *but already a daring criminal, and the partnership prospered.* They amassed considerable wealth by turf frauds and swindles, and on one occasion tricked the Comtesse de Goncourt of £10,000. When the Comtesse, still believing in the bona fides of Benson, Kurr and Company, consulted her lawyer about a further investment in their schemes, the lawyer cabled to Scotland Yard. Superintendent Williamson, then in charge, advised the Comtesse to have nothing to do with it.

Superintendent Williamson put the investigations in the hands of a detective-inspector of the Yard, in whom he placed great trust—Nathaniel Druscovitch, an extremely able officer of foreign extraction. Druscovitch, however, was in the pay of Benson, Kurr and Company. Another officer, Chief Detective-Inspector Meiklejohn, had introduced Druscovitch to Kurr some time before and he had been induced to augment his salary with bribes from the two swindlers. Meiklejohn had been bribed by Kurr for years, and it was he who corrupted the morale of all the important officers—and they were many—who were subsidized by Benson and Kurr.

The gang tried to implicate Senior Chief-Detective Inspector Clarke, second in command to Superintendent Williamson, in its schemes and believed that with his connivance it would be quite safe to continue its criminal enterprises. For a long time this went on—then the storm burst! A clever lawyer named Abrahams began to investigate the Comtesse de Goncourt case. Williamson was angry with Druscovitch because nothing had been done. Druscovitch was worried. Meiklejohn seized the opportunity to extort the sum of £500 in

Scottish notes from Benson, Kurr and Company as the price of his own silence. He then went to Scotland on police work, and was foolish enough to cash a Scottish Treasury note given him by Benson at Leeds. The matter was reported by the Leeds police to Scotland Yard, but Druscovitch intercepted this report and burnt it. Meanwhile Williamson at the "Yard" was fuming with impatience, unable to understand why his most competent men should have failed him; and the astute lawyer Abrahams was employing private inquiry agents, who were causing Druscovitch sleepless nights.

Warnings had been sent out to English and European police that some juggling with Scottish Treasury notes was going on, and one day the Dutch police at Rotterdam telegraphed to Scotland Yard that they had caught a man named Morton trying to pass some of such notes in a Rotterdam hotel. They had taken Morton and his companions into custody and were waiting for Yard men to come and fetch them. Druscovitch was now terrified; Meiklejohn's usual sang-froid deserted him, for the so-called Morton was none other than Harry Benson. What was to be done? Druscovitch and Meiklejohn sought the advice of a shady solicitor named Froggatt. Kurr was hurriedly summoned to the conference, and his usual audacity suggested the plan that a telegram bearing Williamson's name should be despatched to the Rotterdam Chief of Police ordering Morton's release. The telegram was sent, but when the Rotterdam police read the message (which said: "From Williamson, Superintendent of Police, Scotland Yard, to Chief of Police, Rotterdam. Find Morton and the two men you have in custody are not the ones we want. Officer will not be sent over. Liberate them.



Letter follows.") they wisely did not act but waited for the letter, which never came.

At last the wretched Druscovitch was sent over to identify the prisoners. He took them back to England. It was a miserable journey for the conspirators. They knew the game was up. Meanwhile Williamson had rallied the loyal detectives at the "Yard" about him, and had begun to track down Kurr.

A posse of picked men under Chief-Detective Inspector Littlechild captured Kurr on Sunday evening at his house. Kurr's gangsters put up a fight, and Kurr himself drew a revolver. "Drop that gun," shouted Littlechild. "Don't be a fool or you will hang for murder!" Kurr surrendered.

Even in prison the two arch-roguers were not idle. They bribed warders to carry messages between them and endeavoured to escape. The attempt failed, for by now Williamson was wise to their methods and had expected something of the sort. Then Froggatt endeavoured to buy off the prosecution—and failed. Benson was tried and sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude, Kurr to ten years. The rest of the gang received similar punishment.

All this time the traitorous police officers had concealed their guilt. The Benson gang had not betrayed them, believing for a long time that their friends in the C.I.D. would be able to save them. But, as the weary days in prison dragged on, and they realized that no help was coming from outside, Benson and Kurr betrayed their former allies to the police. The Prison Governor informed Superintendent Williamson, who ordered the arrest of Meiklejohn, Druscovitch, Clarke, Froggatt the lawyer, and another "Yard" man. The traitorous

police officers and Froggatt were all found guilty of conspiring to defeat the law, with the exception of Clarke, whose guilt could not be fully established despite the statements of the others against him.

The convicted men received two years' imprisonment with hard labour. After ten years Benson was released and at once embarked again on a career of crime, which only terminated when he committed suicide in a New York hotel.

## CHAPTER VII

Some account of the earliest Scotland Yard men. The first Yard case outside the Metropolis—its result. Brief record of a murderess and a “discredited” detective. The first “Yard” case abroad. The clue of the watch-chain which led to America. Murder in disguise. How a name on a tool sent a killer to the scaffold.

**T**HROUGH the passage of years the traditions of Scotland Yard can be compared to a never-ending chain. Links in a chain, after a certain length of time and work, become worn and are replaced by new ones. So it is with this chain of great detectives. Time passes, the time comes for them to retire; their names pass away from active use and are replaced by new ones and the work and services they have rendered to the state are quickly forgotten by the public they served.

I want to remind you of some of these names that are now forgotten—the names of famous officers who have helped to form the chain of this great detective organization, and for this purpose I intend to tell some stories about them that, so far as I know, have not yet been published.

Chief Inspector Cavanagh investigated many East End crimes in his career and was possibly the first recorded Chief Inspector of the eighties to be put in charge of younger detectives at No. 1, Palace Yard.

Inspector Whicher and Sergeant Williamson undertook one of the first provincial murder cases since the days of the Bow Street Runners. In this crime

Whicher arrested a girl named Constance Kent for the murder of her little step-brother Francis, whom she killed by cutting his throat, afterwards hiding the body in an old shed on the grounds of their house in Kent.

The case was not proved and poor Whicher was forced to retire, thus ending a promising public career. Five years later Constance Emily Kent, from a convent in Sussex, confessed to the crime and Williamson, by this time an inspector, gave evidence of her guilt at the fresh trial that had been ordered by the Home Office. She was found guilty of murder, but, owing to the plea of early insanity on the side of her mother, was reprieved and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Had blood group tests been in existence, I wonder if the result of this case would have been different?

Adolphus Frederick Williamson's career abounds with stories concerning criminal investigation, and he was an outstanding detective personality of the eighties. He is remembered as being the very first officer from the ranks to rise to the position of Chief Constable of the Criminal Investigation Department, a rank which was never attained by any detective since his time, until the advent of Chief Constable F. P. Wensley in 1924, Mr. John Ashley, 1929, and Mr. George Nicholls, the present-day Chief Constable.

Tanner, Littlechild and Thomas are all great names associated with the "old school." It was Tanner and Thomas who, in 1860, successfully investigated the Stepney murder. An old woman of eighty, possessed of considerable means, was found murdered in circumstances of great brutality in an attic of her house. A man by the name of Mullins accused an innocent man called

Emms of the crime, and took the police to a shed where he alleged that he had seen Emms hide a parcel. This parcel, which was tied with wax-string, contained money and a large silver spoon marked "M.E." and also a cheque for £10, drawn on the Bank of England by Messrs. Pickering and Company.

Tanner and Thomas did not believe the story of this "willing" informant, which contained many conflicting assertions and he was arrested the same evening on suspicion. A search at the house of Mullins revealed a large, blood-stained hammer, a ball of wax-string, and another spoon with the same "M.E." initials. The man Emms was conclusively proved by witnesses to have been miles away from the scene of the crime at the time it was committed. At the trial the jury found Mullins guilty on evidence procured by Tanner, and he was hanged.

Another case of Tanner's, which shows him as the first Scotland Yard man to follow a criminal abroad was that of the murder of a Mr. Briggs, on July 9th, 1864. The body was found on the line between Bow and Hackney Wick, on the North London Railway. Robbery was not at first suspected, although the nature of the injuries pointed to murder. But when Tanner made a closer scrutiny he found a gold chain ring in a buttonhole, which led him to believe that a gold chain and watch were missing. A search of the railway carriage disclosed several gold links beneath a cushion, and his suspicions were confirmed by the finding of a hat with the name of "Walker of Crawford Street," which showed there had been another occupant of the carriage, who was possibly the murderer.

Inquiries in London took Tanner to a jeweller's shop



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**EX-SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAMSON**

*Rischitz Studios*

**Who rose from the ranks to become first Chief Constable of the Criminal Investigation Department**



in Cheapside, owned by a man named Death, and it was discovered that the remainder of the broken chain had been exchanged by a foreign-speaking man for a new one. A London cabman informed Tanner that he bought two hats from "Walker of Crawford Street," one for his lodger Franz Muller and the other for himself. Further inquiry showed that Muller had given his little daughter a plush-covered jeweller's box in which was a new gold chain, and the box bore the name of "Death, Cheapside." The evidence strongly pointed to the man Franz Muller as the murderer, but the detective found that he had already left for New York on the *S.S. Victoria*. Without losing any time Tanner followed on the *City of Manchester*, a newer and faster ship.

Despite the murderer's start the Scotland Yard man arrived in New York first, and with the assistance of the American police arrested Muller as he stepped off the gangway. He was brought back to England, tried at the Old Bailey, found guilty and hanged.

Inspector Bonney conducted the investigations which led to the execution of Charles Peace and later on of Lefroy, who murdered an elderly gentleman named Gold in Balcombe Tunnel, on a London, Brighton and South Coast train from London Bridge Junction.

Inspector Glasse was responsible for the arrest of Orrock, who shot dead a police constable named Cole. The unfortunate officer had disturbed this burglar at work in a Baptist chapel in Dalston. A fierce struggle took place, the constable was killed and the murderer fled. He left behind him a jemmy or cold-chisel and a black felt hat. The word "Rock" had been scratched along the handle of the jemmy in rough lettering, obviously for the purpose of identification, and the hat



was of the style generally worn by clergymen, a sort of three-quarter crown, with a very wide brim.

Shops, buildings, pawnbrokers, secondhand dealers, old scrap-iron merchants, tool-makers and private individuals were visited all over London, but the chisel could not be identified. Over a year passed by, the murderer was still at large, and Glasse was no nearer the trail than on the night of the crime, but his tenacity eventually had its reward. An old widow carried on the business of her husband, that of grinding and sharpening tools, such as wood saws, planes and iron chisels. She was shown the jemmy. "Yes, that's mine, I done it for a young fellow I've not seen for months, named Orrock. *I put 'Rock' for short,*" she said to the detective.

It appeared that the old lady always scratched on tools left with her the name of the owner, for identification when called for. The job for the detective was to find Orrock, the owner, and after an exhaustive search up and down the country he came across his man. Further inquiries proved that the suspect had gone out on the night of the crime in clerical clothes and had been seen in this disguise by two witnesses near the Chapel, just before the policeman was murdered. Moreover, he had boasted to several people in the underworld that he intended to "do" (rob) the local chapel dressed as a clergyman or minister, so as to avert suspicion.

Identification of the revolver and bullets, some found in a box in his room by the man who sold him the weapon, was procured as evidence by Glasse, and at the trial his sister, under cross-examination, told the Court that on the night of the crime he returned home minus his clergyman's hat, and was very white and agitated,

his clothes being dirty and torn—as though he had been through a severe struggle. He was sentenced to death and duly hanged.

John Stern was a regular “old thieves’ man” who had made racecourse “heads” (professional crooks) a speciality, and his presence at any meeting was a guarantee that law and order would be observed. He was the only one of the senior officers who came unscathed from exposure and subsequent prosecution in the affair described as the Scotland Yard scandal.

James Butcher was a man with a fine analytical mind and was brilliantly clever. In 1882 he brought Doctor Lamson, the aconite poisoner, to the gallows, and also at the request of the Home Office he made many outside inquiries. Strangely enough this officer was responsible for the wrong conviction of two innocent people, one being an Italian for murder in Saffron Hill, and the other a man arrested for burglary in Edlingham, Northumberland.

Swanson in 1888 is best recalled for the work he undertook in the general inquiries, supervision, investigation and reports upon the Whitechapel murder committed by the “blood-lust” maniac, “Jack the Ripper.”

Abberline, according to all accounts, was the same class of man in his work as is our present Chief Constable, Mr. George Nicholls, having an international reputation, as also had Jarvis, both knowing New York, Paris and Berlin as well as they did their native London. The former was given a free hand, as was his successor, Frank Froest, in assisting the French police to drive out the flash American and English crooks from the Pansard Monte Carlo gaming rooms.

John Tunbridge and Henry Moore, according to the

late Sir Melville Macnaughton, Assistant Commissioner of the C.I.D., were two of the smartest officers he ever had the honour of being associated with. Both worked successfully and harmoniously together in many satisfactory and sensational cases, and, on retirement from the Metropolitan police did much good work, the one as First Commissioner of the New Zealand Police, and the other as Superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway Company Police.

Tunbridge had the unravelling of the Doctor Neil Cream case, the murderer who diabolically killed three or possibly more "unfortunate" women, and he was also concerned with Inspector Frederick Fox in the Herne Hill bakery case, in which, on purely circumstantial evidence and practically on his own statement, a man named Stephen Gorrie was convicted of the murder of an old watchman named Furlonger, alias the "Nabob," in April, 1890.

## CHAPTER VIII

Scotland Yard abroad. Froest and his experiences in France, the United States and South America. Littlechild in the States, Canada and on the Continent. Sweeney in Russia and Germany. Melville in Australia and Belgium.

THE late Superintendent, Frank Froest, had most of the qualities of the perfect detective. His appearance was good and he was strong and athletic, dressed well, was quick-witted, an amusing raconteur, and could adapt himself to any circumstances and to any people: in character he was genial and good-natured, and possessed a naturally keen intelligence.

One one occasion in a brawl in the Italian quarter of Hatton Garden, during the old bad days, he went after his man unaided. He fought for his prisoner in a small room against five infuriated accomplices, got his man to safety and saw his comrades take him away. Then he walked to Gray's Inn Road Police Station—and collapsed. When he was made Chief Detective Inspector, he was sent by the Home Office to Paris to help the French police in the rounding-up of many English, American and Colonial swell crooks, who were at that time causing the Parisian detective force a great deal of anxiety and trouble.

During his sojourn in the French capital he was instrumental in obtaining over fifty arrests and convictions of the "swell mob," twenty of whom were deported to America, England and Australia under escort, to answer charges in their respective countries

by the police who wanted them. The remainder were charged under French law, and all sent to serve varying sentences—the shortest being two years.

Having broken up this swell gang of “confidence mobsmen” he returned, with the grateful thanks of the French Government, and was highly commended by the Home Secretary and Commissioner for his brilliant achievements as a detective.

He went to the United States upon three occasions, in each instance to bring back a prisoner. Pinkerton’s Detective Agency of the United States still consider Froest one of the greatest “Yard” men who ever worked with them. On his last trip over, at their request, he helped them “run to earth” a clever scoundrel named Winford Moore. This crook, an Englishman, had victims in every State in the Union. He had worked his scheme so cleverly that the American police were at their wits’ end to catch him. The story by which Moore obtained his money was simple and yet ingenious. With his monocle, good appearance and charming manners, he persuaded his prey that they were entitled to huge sums of money (unclaimed) lying in the Bank of England. Within two years he obtained over half a million pounds, until Froest stepped into an hotel on Broadway, New York, and confronted him. So clever was this crook that he was twice acquitted before Froest finally arrested him and got him convicted.

A money-lender was killed in the West End by an armed “hold-up,” two men doing the job and getting away. Froest got a description of these in London and went after them, finding that one was an American and had left the country. The accomplice he ran to earth in Shadwell, but this man died in prison while on remand.

Froest did not relax his search for the escaped accomplice, and when news came through from the States that he had been located he again went after him.

He was told by Pinkerton's that this man was now engaged in holding up trains, and that the American police also wanted him badly for two murders with violence. Froest went to Jersey City and, in disguise, one day picked up his man. The trail led him across the States and on several occasions he was chagrined to find his man had just gone on ahead.

He had left word in one of the cities that he knew Froest of the "Yard" was after him and that he would shoot him on sight. This was learnt from a sheriff by the American detective accompanying Froest on the trail. Nothing daunted, the detective carried on, but the criminal doubled on his tracks and returned to New York, and then sailed for Europe.

Froest traced him to Berlin and Paris and then back again to London, and word came through one night that he was dining with a woman at a restaurant in the West End. In evening dress, Froest walked up to his table, threw his arms round the fellow, and with his great strength held him, while one of his men took the revolver which he was known to carry in his hip pocket.

He went on trial, but, owing to the length of time since the crime, the lack of identification and clever pleading on the part of his Counsel, he was acquitted on the charge of murder. Froest, however, had taken the precaution of placing an additional charge upon the indictment: of being found at the time of his arrest "in possession of a loaded revolver without a licence." He was sentenced on this charge to one month and recommended for deportation. In the meantime, the

American police had been informed of his capture, and extradition was applied for, Froest being told off to take him back to the States. This man, then, having escaped our law was tried by theirs, found guilty and sent to the electric chair.

It was Froest who brought Dr. Jameson back from South Africa, to take his trial for High Treason, but his most sensational case was when he plucked Jabez Balfour from the hands of his many friends. This arch-swindler, who had defrauded the British public over the Liberator Company building schemes of many millions of pounds, fled the country and was at last reported to be in South America. The particular State in which he was hiding had no Extradition Treaty with this country, and despite all diplomatic overtures on our part and also of the United States, the officials refused to hand him over to our custody. Froest was sent out to try and see what he could do, and without any fuss went into the town and arrested Balfour.

The swindler's friends dashed to the Sheriff of the town and made an appeal to him, and, this failing, went to some of the big local magistrates to obtain a Writ of Power to release the financier swindler.

Balfour's money and the South American's susceptibility to bribes had done the trick. In the meantime, however, Froest, well supplied with funds, had told his interpreter to charter a special engine and carriage. Balfour was taken to the train, which was in the siding of the station with "steam up." The absconding company promoter was unceremoniously bundled into the carriage by Froest, and at a signal the train moved off just as the Sheriff dashed into the station with his warrant for the release of Balfour. The engine drivers, however,

took no notice, for Froest had squared them, and with increasing momentum they moved out of the station, the Sheriff and his posse of men galloping alongside the train until its superior speed outdistanced them.

The detective's troubles, however, were not yet over. When he got his prisoner to the coast and on board a British vessel, the South American authorities, upon strong telegraphic instructions from the town where he had abducted his prisoner, came alongside in a cutter and demanded the release of the Englishman, because he was entitled to the protection of their laws and immune from arrest. The Captain of the British boat, fully understanding the situation, came to the rescue of the "Yard" man, and firmly told them that he was the "law" on his own vessel. Froest always praised this officer for the way he stuck by him at this critical moment.

"Listen, gentlemen," the Captain said to the exasperated South American officials. "An English police officer of the Crown has shown me his credentials and a warrant for the arrest of a fugitive offender against the laws of that same Crown. I am a subject of that same law and country, and this officer has appealed to me for help in the execution of his duty. Gentlemen, I must help—it is my duty!"

The names of John Littlechild and John Sweeney will for ever be associated with detective traditions of the "Yard." Both these great detectives of their time have worked for the "Yard" all over the world. It was Littlechild who went to the States and procured the evidence against the man who stole the missing Gainsborough from the National Gallery. Also, during his professional career, he handled one of the most



singular cases in the annals of criminal investigation.

As certain members of the family may still be alive, I shall only say that the affair concerned one of the oldest and most distinguished people mentioned in "Who's Who." A son of this family was friendly with a really beautiful girl. She was associated with the stage, was of good parentage and had an excellent reputation. The couple were genuinely in love and went everywhere together. The boy worked at the headquarters of one of the oldest and most influential banking houses in the country and apparently was well on the road to success and advancement.

Suddenly he disappeared and with him a large sum of money, which he had obtained by systematic fraud. The police were informed and Littlechild, who had charge of the case, eventually went to see the girl to investigate her possible knowledge of the affair. She naturally maintained that she knew nothing and stated that her friend had said he was going to New Orleans, where he had some important business to transact. He had left her a sum of money and had promised he would communicate with her as soon as he knew definitely his plans. Littlechild obtained all the information he thought necessary and plodded along with his investigations. Inquiries were then passed on to the American police, and in about two weeks from the cabled instructions news came back that a man answering the suspect's description had been located in New Orleans. Word was sent to keep him under observation until Littlechild arrived when, if he was the man they wanted, extradition would be applied for. The Yard man sailed for New Orleans and reported himself to

the police of that city, where the man was reported to be hiding. A visit to his lodgings revealed the fact that he had left for Montreal, in Canada, the same morning as Littlechild arrived.

The detective crossed the States into Canada, got into touch with the police, and after three days' exhaustive search his man was traced to an address in that city. Once more the bird had flown! The Inspector then found that the wanted man had told his late landlady that he was going to Paris to meet his wife, as he had completed all his business in the States and Canada.

The landlady has sent off a telegram for him on the morning of his departure, and she recalled the particulars, giving them to Littlechild, who had only to follow the trail. Some few weeks later found him in Paris. Going to the hotel, the first person he ran across was the girl. She was as much surprised as he was.

"Yes, Mr. Littlechild," she said, "he came to say good-bye. He's gone this time *for good*. If you want him it means a trip to South Africa."

Littlechild, upon hearing this discouraging information, returned to London. The Cape Town police, however, were informed, the man's description and correspondence forwarded, and there the matter had to rest. The South African War was then being fought and the important town of Ladysmith, which had been in a state of seige by the Boers for nearly six months, relieved. At this time there were any amount of volunteers joining for service, not only in this country but also South Africa. When Ladysmith was entered by the British, some of the male members of the town later joined up in the various local volunteer forces.

Amongst them was the missing and wanted man. Later on news came through that he was serving with a very well-known crack horse regiment, but as the war was on no steps were taken in the matter.

However, when peace was declared, it was discovered that the man was lying in Netley Hospital in England, recovering from serious wounds received in action. Littlechild found this out and promptly got in touch with the man's late employers, to ascertain their feelings towards him. Time had made them relent and they were not eager to revive the charge, if it could be prevented. The War Office was then approached and, naturally, they took up the case for the wounded soldier. Littlechild then got into communication with the man's people and a compromise was made, some of the stolen money being refunded.

The warrant was still in existence, and in English law only a Judge can withdraw it. Even this could have been overcome as influential people had now interested themselves in the case of the man who had sinned and made such splendid restitution. Unfortunately, however, he died after an operation.

When speaking of John Sweeney in connection with the career of Littlechild, I should mention the name of Melville. John Sweeney had been to the United States as well as to Australia, and he was one of the very few English detectives who visited pre-War Imperial Russia, for when the late King Edward VII went to visit the Czar it was Sweeney who accompanied him. This occurred in the year 1908, the meeting taking place at Reval: the Czar on his yacht, *The Standard*, and King Edward on *The Victoria and Albert*.

It was on one of his trips ashore that an attempt was

made on the Czar's life. The Press of the whole world interpreted it as such, but Sweeney always maintained it was nothing of the sort. An appeal had been made to Stolypin, one of the Czar's leading ministers, who at this period held an office similar to that of Home Secretary in our country. A certain poor Jew, evidently of weak intellect, knowing that this Minister was in attendance upon the Emperor, tried to approach him with a petition, and was promptly arrested as a suspected Nihilist. Sweeney saw the incident when he was in the company of a Russian police detective, King Edward at the time being with the Czar on board.

It opened his eyes to the methods adopted in that unhappy country at the time, by their so-called "Third Section," for it was learnt that the unfortunate man, by trying to approach a minister when out walking—a harmless offence—was sent into exile. Some months afterwards this same Minister was assassinated in full view of a crowded audience whilst attending the Royal Opera at the capital, then known as St. Petersburg.

Sweeney also went to Austria, to give certain assistance to the police there in the identification of some suspects arrested in connection with the assassination of the late Empress Elizabeth by the Italian anarchist, Lucchini. These men were known to have been in England, and Sweeney was sent out as being the one man who knew all the most dangerous revolutionaries in this country.

He also visited Berlin on one occasion, to bring back an Englishman who had gone there to shoot the Kaiser. Sweeney discovered him in a large hotel, and with the assistance of the German detectives made his arrest. He brought his man back to England single-handed, but on stepping out of the boat train at Charing Cross

the prisoner made a dash for freedom. He was chased into the Strand, captured in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and started to struggle so fiercely that it took three burly policemen to master him. He was put into a cab and driven to Bow Street, where his shouts and yells caused the doctor to place him under restraint. The poor fellow was taken to an asylum, as he was found to be raving mad, and within three weeks of Sweeney's bringing him back to England, he died. There is no doubt that if Sweeney had not found out about him in time and warned the German police, he would have attempted the assassination, for he had a large revolver in his bag with plenty of ammunition.

In regard to Melville, he was a man who went all over the Continent. William Melville won his spurs, like Sweeney, Littlechild and Macarthy, of whom I shall tell later, in the days when all the foreign scallywags of the world came to London for refuge, and in many cases to plot. All four of these great detectives were at some time or another engaged abroad on affairs of State, not only for this country, but in the interests of many others.

Melville tracked down, in London, two dangerous characters named Francis and Meunier. The French police had discovered about half a ton of dynamite that had been stolen from a quarry, and shortly after several bomb outrages occurred. A French anarchist named Ravachel was arrested, but his two accomplices above mentioned escaped to London, both men being wanted on the charge of murder. Shortly before this, the British Government had refused to move in the extradition of another anarchist wanted by the French for the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, but since then there had been a change of feeling and Melville was given the job of

hunting the men down. For over two months he was on their trail; finally he got them both, and took them back to Paris, and they were transported for life to Devil's Island.

It was Melville who tracked down and arrested one of the few English spies in the history of the country. Shortly before the War, the German Secret Service was hard at work in this country, a fact which was well known to our authorities. A certain warrant officer of the British Navy came under suspicion of having secret dealings with a foreign Power. Melville took up the case and for months kept the suspect under discreet watch, shadowing him to many parts of the country, where he was seen to send off telegrams, and upon one instance to meet an active agent of the German Intelligence Department. Melville hung on for a long time, seeking the necessary evidence to send the man to a long term of penal servitude for his treachery. He found it one day, when the suspect set off for Ostend, with Melville as his shadow.

He was seen to meet a certain woman on the Esplanade, where they sat and conversed for over three hours. This woman was also a Secret Service agent of the German General Staff. Melville saw her give him a packet, and he also handed her something—an out-of-date code of our naval signals, which was useless, although he was unaware of it. He was allowed to get back to Dover, and was arrested when getting off the boat. He was tried at the Central Criminal Court and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

## CHAPTER IX

Carlin in Spain and the States. Dew in Canada. Arrow in Spain.

THE luck of the late Superintendent Francis Carlin was a feature at Scotland Yard. "Carlin's Luck!" said the C.I.D. men when the famous "Big Four" Chief brought off a sensational coup. Perhaps there was an element of luck in Carlin's many successful captures, but there was certainly a good deal of real detective skill as well.

Carlin was one of the ablest men in the "Yard" force, a highly efficient and trusted Superintendent who was given the hardest and most intricate mysteries to unravel. One of his interesting cases is that of the Absconding Solicitor, which took him across Europe and America before he finally captured his man. The odd thing was that he brought the solicitor to justice in the very same Court of Law where the man had so often practised.

A certain brother and sister in a town in the Midlands had been robbed of a large sum of money by this well-known and hitherto widely-respected lawyer, who had a considerable practice in the town. It was a bitter blow for this young couple. Confident that their future was provided for by the returns from a large sum of money invested for them by this particular solicitor, they found to their dismay, on making application, that their lawyer had vanished, and that their money had gone also.

The matter was first placed into the hands of the Director of Public Prosecutions, who went to the town in question and amassed enough evidence to apply for a Bench Warrant for the arrest of the lawyer who was known to be in hiding in the town. But, no doubt, the solicitor had friends who warned him, as he slipped through the police cordon on the night they set out to arrest him. From this moment all trace of him was lost, and the matter was passed on to Scotland Yard.

The investigation was placed into the hands of the capable Carlin. He proceeded at once to the town in the rôle of a commercial traveller. Bag in hand, he went from shop to shop, all the time discreetly bringing round the conversation to the scandal of the missing solicitor. Everyone had theories and by the evening Carlin had a perfect description of his man, and had also found out from a shop where he used to buy his tobacco that he had gone to London.

"Yes, he often went to London," said the tobacconist darkly. "I will bet any money I even know the hotel where he'll stay." "I'll bet you are wrong," whipped back Carlin instantly. He was a great opportunist. "I'm going to London myself to-night. He'd never dare to go to the capital where the Scotland Yard men will be after him. I'll bet you a pound he's not there." "Done!" said the tobacconist, rising to the bait, as Carlin thought he would. "He will be at D——'s hotel in Shaftesbury Avenue. He often spoke of it to me."

"What other places did he speak about?" asked Carlin.

"Oh—Madrid," said the other with a laugh.

Carlin caught the next train to London, visited the



hotel mentioned, inquired after a "friend of his who might be staying here," giving the description of the missing solicitor, and found to his chagrin that the fugitive had been gone only a matter of a few hours. A man whose appearance tallied exactly with Carlin's description had paid a flying visit there, putting up for one night, doubtless until he could find another hiding-place.

From the hotel register Carlin obtained a copy of the solicitor's signature, for future reference, but apart from this piece of evidence he had no clues at all. The bird had flown. Carlin was at his wit's end. The time was one o'clock in the afternoon. The wanted man had spoken to no one about his future movements, neither did he possess any luggage other than a small attaché case, but the hotel porter remembered his calling a taxicab a little further down the street.

Carlin said eagerly: "Do you know the driver by sight?"

The porter said he thought he did. Then, even as they stood talking, the porter exclaimed, "Well, talk of the devil—there he is!" Carlin, instantly alert, wheeled round. There, coming down the road was the taxi-cab and the driver who had driven the solicitor away three hours before. Carlin's luck again! The driver said he had taken the man to Victoria.

Carlin knew his man was making for Europe—but where? Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Rome? Then he remembered the talkative tobacconist who had mentioned that the solicitor had spoken of Madrid.

The next day, with full authority from the Yard, Carlin went off to Madrid, but a week there proved fruitless and he returned to Paris, and thence, via

Boulogne, to London. On the way back *he decided* to make a call at Boulogne, and with the assistance of the French police made an examination of all the hotel bulletins from the day that the wanted man had left London. Suddenly he was struck by the curious resemblance of the solicitor's handwriting to a signature he found on one of the hotel bulletins, and decided to go with the French detective to the hotel indicated.

Here I must mention that it is the custom in France for aliens to fill in forms which are returned to the local police. At the hotel, after a little talk, the proprietor recalled a man answering to the description, and upon being shown a photograph which Carlin was carrying, vowed it was the man. He could not say where the man had gone, but he did recall his asking about the bureau in the town, where bookings for the United States could be arranged. By evening Carlin had found that his "wanted man" had sailed for New York two days previously. Carlin was annoyed with himself. If he had only thought of stopping at Boulogne the day he landed he might have made a capture.

To wireless a vague description of a man, who was certain to be travelling under yet another assumed name, to the captain of a boat would be useless, so he did the next best thing, and wired a description of the wanted man to the New York police, hoping they might pick him up as he disembarked.

When Carlin returned to the Yard he received a cable from New York that his message would receive attention and a sharp look-out would be kept. A few days later another cable was received, to the effect that the "wanted man" had been detained and was held in Tombs Prison, but that he denied everything Appre-

hension was felt at the "Yard" that perhaps the American police had arrested the wrong man, but Carlin was sure they were right, and this proved to be the case, as another cable was received stating that the man had admitted his identity.

Within a week Carlin was over in New York, had got his man, and was on his way back to England. Getting into the train at Liverpool he decided not to invite any attention and placed the solicitor on his *parole* that he would not attempt to escape if he did not handcuff him. This was promised, and late that evening they arrived at the local town from which the wretched man had fled. It was very late when they got there and they had to walk over two miles to the local police station, where Carlin was to lodge his man before bringing him up before the local justices the next morning.

Knowing the local friendship for his prisoner Carlin decided to handcuff him. Carlin did not know the way to the police-station. By this time the detective and his prisoner had become good friends. The prisoner bore Carlin no ill-will, recognizing that he was only doing his duty; so Carlin decided to place himself in the hands of the wanted man and let him lead the way, as he knew every inch of the town.

After they had been walking for some time the detective noticed that they seemed to be travelling in a roundabout way. "Do you know this place well?" he asked his prisoner. "I should think I do—this is the street I had my office in—and over there is my house," said the other quietly. "I'm married, and have a child." Suddenly there was a tug at Carlin's wrist, and he was nearly jerked to the ground. Thinking it was the man trying to escape, he quickly reached for

his short truncheon, but the sight that met his eyes told him that that was not necessary.

On his knees in the silent, deserted street, was the prisoner. His lips were moving and his hands, linked to Carlin's by the manacles, were joined and held up towards the lighted first-floor windows. The man was praying outside his own house. Five years later he came out of prison, only to find that both his wife and child were dead.

An interesting case—"The Missing Fleet-Paymaster Case"—which occurred in 1913, clearly demonstrated the importance of details to any trained professional investigator. The matter attracted great public notice at the time owing to the high command held by the absconding officer. I do not intend to mention either his name or that of his ship, merely to relate the story as it happened.

An officer of high rank in the British Navy suddenly disappeared, and defalcations in his accounts to the extent of many thousands of pounds were discovered. A warrant was issued for his arrest, and one pictorial newspaper published a full-page portrait of the missing officer with a reward of £50 for information leading to his arrest and conviction. Six months after his mysterious disappearance, the evening papers published the startling information that the missing Fleet-paymaster had been arrested near a small village named New Milton, on the verge of the New Forest in Hampshire, by Detectives Gimblett and Solden.

Here, for the first time, is a little inside story of the affair. For months Chief Inspector Ward had instructed various officers, including myself, to watch a certain tobacco shop in the south-east of London, where it was

known that the missing paymaster had been in the habit of buying a particularly strong brand of tobacco. It was a remote and slender clue, but after a long time a woman called and purchased a quantity of this certain brand, when the two officers, Gimblett and Solden, were on duty.

The woman left, with the two detectives shadowing her. She had no idea that two of the Yard's best men were following her every movement. From New Cross she took a taxi and alighted at Waterloo. She just managed to get through the barrier in time, with the two detectives still following. She reached her train and eventually alighted about 100 miles down the line, and after a long ride in a local conveyance entered a lonely house right on the verge of the New Forest. After some time the woman left the house, and the detectives settled down to a lonely night of observation. Presently a light appeared at one of the windows, and the missing Fleet-paymaster, although very much altered, was identified by the watching officers. The arrest and subsequent proceedings are a matter of public information, but I quote the instance as an example of first-class detective vigilance.

Subsequent information brought to light the fact that the missing officer had been in hiding at this lonely house from the first moment of his disappearance, being supplied with the necessities of life, and all the news he required, by his mother, who was in the end the unwitting means of getting him captured.

After several years' absence Chief Inspector Gillan brought a man back from Australia, who had fled there in fear of a capital charge. Upon standing his trial in England, owing to the circumstances of the particular

killing, this man was acquitted. Gillan also did work of great national importance for the Allies during the War in the United States, the late Lord Northcliffe being very friendly with him during his stay in New York.

Finally, ex-Superintendent Charles Cooper, of the "Big Five," was an officer who often went on the trail of the criminal abroad, running down his man in such places as West Africa and Canada, in conjunction with the famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Another fine detective was ex-Chief Inspector William C. Gough. This well-known officer gave evidence in Berlin at the age of 24; Australia, South Africa, the Continent, and other parts of the world—often hearing of his name. Gough had more to do with the famous Pinkerton Detective Association of the U.S.A. than any Yard officer I know. He was also the detective in charge of the enormous Cullinan diamond when it came from South Africa to England as a present to King Edward VII. This was entrusted to his charge to convey to King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Sandringham, afterwards being taken by him to be placed in the Royal regalia at the Tower of London.

The work of a detective is the most fascinating in the world. It "gets into one's blood," and after retirement from Scotland Yard, the urge to get out again on the man-hunt is so strong that many ex-C.I.D. men have started their own Private Detective organizations. Two great Yard detectives who are heads of reputable private detective organizations are ex-Chief Inspector Arrow and ex-Chief Inspector Dew. No record of Yard activities would be complete without mention of these two brilliant men and their outstanding cases.

It must be placed on record that when Mr. Arrow

was a Chief Inspector at the Yard, he was sent to Barcelona at the request of the Spanish Government, to undertake the reorganization of the Barcelona police. Mr. Arrow went out to do his best unaided, with an almost impossible task. He made many improvements in the Spanish detective system, and brought efficiency of action to the uniform ranks ; but he was up against a hostile administration that resented foreign interference.

For many months Arrow worked indefatigably to overcome this opposition. But the Spaniards resented his methods, were jealous of his success, and started showing their disapproval in a manner which meant actual danger to the Yard man. His life was threatened on several occasions, and two attempts to put these threats into execution occurred. Arrow was on the alert, however, and escaped assassination each time. Finally the British Government thought it prudent to recall him, before one of their best men was killed. So ended the idea of putting the Barcelona police on an English model, and to Arrow's great disappointment he had to give it up as a bad job.

He travelled all over the world on Scotland Yard cases, sometimes to Rome or Berlin, on affairs concerned with extradition of English prisoners ; often to America and Canada to elucidate various problems of a complicated nature. It was to this detective, for instance, that the Yard entrusted the investigation of the affair of the English National Relics stolen from the Naval College at Greenwich.

The relics consisted of the personal jewellery of Lord Nelson. This inquiry took Arrow on the trail for months before the thief was arrested and sent to

five years' penal servitude. A very curious thing about this case was the recovery of Nelson's gold watch. It was missing and could not be traced; the thief would tell nothing, and Arrow began an intensive search. He ransacked every room in which the man had been known to stay. He searched every inch of his clothing and baggage, ripping out linings, subjecting every possession to the closest scrutiny, even raking up chimneys, but could not find the watch. At last he had some talk with a friend of the thief's, who mentioned the fact that the man was a musician.

"What instrument did he play?" asked Arrow. "The concertina" was the reply. "Where is that concertina?" Arrow was eager to know. "Here, he hasn't played it for quite some time." "No wonder he didn't play it," said Arrow grimly, as he shook the concertina and heard a muffled noise inside. "He *couldn't* play it—the watch is inside!" And so it proved.

The other well-known detective, Chief Inspector Walter Dew, will always be remembered as the man who caught Crippen, the murderer. This was a case that rocked the world, a classic in the annals of crime. It concerned a little man with an American doctor's degrees, who had come to England with his wife and had started a practice here. He did badly and went to work for another man, to help him build up a concern that dealt with chemical formulas.

This man's name was Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen, and his wife's name was Cora. She had been an actress and also associated with the variety stage under the professional name of Belle Elmore. They resided at a large roomy house in the neighbourhood of Camden



Town, London, in Hilddrop Crescent, not far from the present women's prison at Holloway. Their married life was a fiasco, though, in public, they always appeared most devoted.

Crippen was born in 1862 at Michigan, U.S.A., and met his wife in New York, her maiden name being Cora Turner. The year 1910 found him in London as advertising agent for a firm called Munyons, advertising patent medicines. In addition to this business Crippen was in partnership with a dentist. There was a young girl named Miss Le Neve in his office who was very quiet and ladylike, a strong contrast to the loud-voiced, violent-tempered virago who was Dr. Crippen's wife. Crippen fell in love with this girl, and his love was reciprocated.

For many years he had been saving money and paying it into the bank jointly with his wife. He now wanted to draw out all the money he could, in order to spend it on the woman he loved. He loathed his wife and began to wonder how he could get rid of her. The idea of murder was born. On January 19th, 1910, he ordered five grains of hyoscine from a firm of wholesale chemists. At the end of this month, January 30th, two actors, a Mr. and Mrs. Paul Martinetti, were invited to dinner at the Crippens'. They left about 1.30 a.m., and from this date and time Belle Elmore was never seen alive again.

She had been the secretary of the Music Hall Ladies' Guild, and on February 2nd the Guild received a letter from Dr. Crippen, stating that Belle Elmore had left for the United States, owing to the death of some relatives, and tendered her resignation. Everybody was surprised at this unusual conduct, but no suspicions were entertained against Dr. Crippen until the night of a



### " EXTRADITION "

*Daily Mirror*

Taking Hawley Harvey Crippen off a tender in the river St Lawrence, Canada, August 20th. 1910, on to the S.S. "Megantic" en route for England. Behind Crippen in Trilby hat is his captor, ex Chief Inspector Walter Dew, New Scotland Yard, wearing a cap



Guild dinner. Crippen attended this dinner with his stenographer, Miss Le Neve, who was noticed by some of the women present to be wearing Belle Elmore's jewellery.

Crippen gave out that his wife was very ill, and finally let it be known that she had died in California of pneumonia. On March 12th, Le Neve went to Hilldrop Crescent as Crippen's housekeeper. She was seen by all who knew the Crippens to be wearing the furs and jewellery of the alleged dead woman. This was too much for some of Mrs. Crippen's friends, and Scotland Yard was consulted about the whole business. "Send Dew," said the Commissioners.

On July 8th Inspector Dew called at Hilldrop Crescent, and, as Dr. Crippen was not in, Miss Le Neve took the Inspector to his place of business. Crippen was very polite and courteous to the Inspector. He told him that life together for both himself and his wife had become intolerable. She had quarrelled with him on the night that some friends had visited them, and stated her intention of leaving him for good. He had gone out that morning without speaking to her, and upon his return she was gone.

He wanted no scandal, and that was why he had given out that his wife had died in America. Inspector Dew advised him to put an advertisement of her death in the newspapers, both in this country and America, in order to put an end to the rumours that were spreading around the neighbourhood. The detective then went back with Crippen, searched the house, and appeared satisfied.

The advertisement never appeared, and the couple left the house the next day. Inspector Dew went back to see Crippen about some detail of inquiry, and was

surprised to learn that they had left. The house was deserted, and the detective immediately felt gravely suspicious. A description of the couple was soon issued and circulated to all stations throughout England as being wanted on a charge of murder, for human remains had been discovered by Dew in a cellar of the basement at Crippen's home. He knew now where Mrs. Crippen's mysterious journey had ended.

Crippen had fled to Brussels, taking Miss Le Neve with him, dressed as a boy. He travelled as a Mr. Robinson, a merchant from Canada. From Brussels he went to Antwerp and took passage on the *S.S. Montrose* for Canada.

Dew had checked up on all this, and caused a reward of £250 to be offered for their capture. On the *Montrose* the suspicions of the Captain were aroused by a certain "Mr. Robinson" and a boy. He sent a wireless message to Scotland Yard, and Dew immediately sailed from Liverpool to Quebec, arriving there before the *Montrose*. It was the custom to pick up a pilot at Father's Point, and, disguised as a pilot, Dew went on board. Crippen, quite unaware of any danger, was invited to the Captain's cabin.

"Good morning, Dr. Crippen," said Dew coolly. "I am Chief Inspector Dew." "Good morning, Mr. Dew," said Crippen. "You remember me, then?" said Dew, and spoke the formal words of arrest. So Crippen and Miss Le Neve were taken back to England and stood their trial for murder. After a five-day trial Crippen was found guilty. Dr. Bernard Spilsbury and Professor Pepper, the eminent pathologists whose services were retained by the Home Office on behalf of Scotland Yard, examined the body found in Crippen's

cellar, and proved conclusively that the mutilated remains were those of Mrs. Crippen.

Crippen was condemned to death. Miss Le Neve was acquitted. So ended the Crippen case, one of the most sensational undertaken by Chief Inspector Dew.

## CHAPTER X

The Special Branch. My early days. An idea of its activities. The pre-War counter-measures against espionage. Early memories of the Russian Nihilists in London; our work amongst them; the trials, plots, vicissitudes and fate of many. My meeting with Lenin, Prince Kropotkin and Vera Leontov, the girl who assassinated General Trepov, Chief of the Russian Secret Police.

I HAD always wanted to join the police force, even from boyhood, and I realized my ambition in 1906. I was born in 1886 and early enlisted in the Scot Greys, from which I was subsequently transferred to the 1st Cameronian Scottish Rifles. In these two regiments of the British Army I was taught to shoot with rifle and revolver, to use the bayonet and sword, to obey orders, and to ride horses: all excellent training, which proved invaluable in my later detective days.

Twenty years of age and armed with educational certificates and a first-class certificate for gymnasia, I made my application to join the London Metropolitan Police. I was prepared to serve as a uniformed constable, in order to realize my ambition to become a detective. Never shall I forget my fears that I might not be accepted. I was under the regulation height by half an inch, but the late Detective-Superintendent, John McCarthy, who never failed to help and encourage the younger members of the police, took an interest in me and my first-class army training and splendid physical fitness, and secured my appointment. I had the distinction of being the *smallest officer* in the Metropolitan Police.

"V" Division, London. My first patrol. Those were great days for me, even though I was only a constable. Four years I served, and had my fair share of murders, robberies, gang fights and crime in the Underworld. Then in 1910 came the long-awaited opportunity, and I was promoted to the rank of detective on the Special Branch of Scotland Yard. The blue uniform was discarded for ever.

When I joined the Special Branch, Sir Patrick Quinn was its chief, and that great detective John McCarthy was its Chief Inspector, with Superintendent McBrien as its Senior Inspector. They directed the activities of Scotland Yard's Special Branch, which, in spite of its lack of limelight, was extremely important. Special Branch work had invariably been coveted by detectives in all other branches of police work in England.

I considered myself exceedingly fortunate. I was only twenty-four years of age, but being smaller than the average policeman I proved admirable for the unobtrusive "shadowing" tasks to which I was detailed, and could move about in "tight spots," the criminal nickname for "awkward positions," without attracting attention.

During my Special Branch activities, I was chosen for the highly skilled detective work of "protective surveillance." I was the guardian of many great men, including the ex-Kaiser, the King of Greece, the late Kings Edward VII and George V of England, King Edward VIII, the King of Spain, the King of Belgium, and many other crowned heads and visiting statesmen and diplomats. To the Special Branch is given absolute charge of the arrangements for securing the safety of travelling monarchs and distinguished visitors.



Special Branch work is a technique which requires special training in the art of unobtrusive surveillance. The whole art of the thing is in ANTICIPATION. We had to try and think faster than the other fellow, to "get there first" in order to succeed. We had to study the life, habits, associations and friends of the various royal personages and celebrities who came under our care. From the information thus collected we had to trace possible enemies, for all eminent persons have enemies of some kind, and say to ourselves: "Now at 3 p.m. on such a day the King will drive across Westminster Bridge. The river will be at high tide then. A possible fanatic, stationed in a fast motor-boat near the bridge, could fire at him and make a quick get-away either up or down stream. To obviate an attempt of this kind, we will instruct the river police to augment their cordon of motor-launches round the bridge, keeping all other river craft well back out of gun range."

As the Special Branch extended its activities, I found myself drawn into the net-work of International Espionage. For a long time little attention had been paid to the spies of foreign countries known to be in England, but in 1910 we discovered certain facts that gave warning of terrible danger. It is now safe for me to reveal that in that year England began to pay far greater attention to "Diplomatic" Secret Service than to Naval and Military affairs. Those were the days before statesmen of different countries met in open conference, as at Geneva, to discuss problems of frontiers, arms and trade, and secret diplomacy was immensely important.

The Yard suddenly found itself called upon to grapple with the German Spy Menace. The network

of German espionage in England was one of the cleverest pieces of work ever accomplished, but the Branch, under Sir Basil Thomson, was able to cope with it successfully. Shortly after the arrest of a British naval official in 1913, which was the first case of pre-war espionage to be tried in England, and which revealed a dangerous and unhealthy penetration into naval secrets on the part of foreign spies, several exciting incidents occurred.

A big firm of armament manufacturers in the North of England lost some very valuable plans. I, and several other detectives, were despatched from London to assist in the investigation. We thought the plans had been stolen, but to our surprise they reappeared twenty-four hours later behind a drawer in a safe that could only be approached by six trusted employees. So great was the relief of the firm, that there was talk of calling off the investigation. But we Special Branch men had our orders and followed up our clues. We knew there was more behind the mystery than met the eye.

By a process of elimination, we narrowed our attention down to one of the six men who made frequent journeys to London. He was carefully watched; but he knew it and we could never pin anything on to him. However, during the War he fell foul of the French, and that was the end of him.

Before the Great War broke out, a constant stream of suspects and spies were flooding Great Britain. By 1913 the German espionage system knew the potential war strength of France and Russia, so in those two countries routine corps of spies sent in reports of movements of troops, production of munitions, and efficiency of fighting forces. It was a fairly easy job. But England

was an unknown quantity. She had a growing volunteer army in training, and labour unrest was incessant. Ireland was seething with the usual discontent against the United Kingdom, and Germany wondered whether she would be England's friend or enemy if war broke out. The mighty British battle fleet was building up rapidly.

"We *must* find out what England's doing," said Germany, and from the spy schools of Berlin she sent her picked men to set up a system of espionage. Scotland Yard replied with its Special Branch, which surprised Germany when, at one swoop, it smashed their Spy system in August, 1914, by the big "Spy Round-Up," in which I took no part owing to my being on active service at the time.

The outbreak of war in August, 1914, placed a heavy strain upon all departments of the Metropolitan Police. Over 1000 men joined the British Army immediately. Another thousand policemen were detailed for coast work, to protect shipyards and military stations. Another 350 were drafted to the Army as drill instructors. The Yard recalled 1200 pensioned-off officers to duty, and 30,000 Special Constables were enrolled. All men were subjected to long and arduous duty, and officers were only allowed one day of leave in every two weeks.

A great deal of the time of the Yard was occupied in keeping an eye on the activities of the Russian refugees in England, particularly in London.

There was an important gathering at which Prince Kropotkin, the Russian exile, came down through a lane of sightseers to the door of the hall where the Nihilists were holding their great Jubilee Street meeting, and called out cheerily as he saw me standing by the door.

I bowed. "You have added to your force of police for our meeting," smiled the old Prince, looking round at the array of Special Branch detectives from Scotland Yard, "but I assure you they will not be needed." He turned and motioned forward a short man with a very intellectual face, saying, "This is my friend Lenin. He it is whom they have all gathered to meet. Lenin, these are English police detectives," and with a charming smile added, "And I know this particular one." I shook hands with Lenin, little realizing that this man was soon to be the leader of All Russia.

This incident occurred before the War, in the days when I was a detective of the Special Political Branch of Scotland Yard, the department which probes the secret matters connected with aliens, political refugees, possible anarchists, spies and Nihilists.

I had been detailed to watch the movements of these Russian refugees. They had established themselves in the East End of London and met in an old house in Jubilee Street, which became something like an international parliament for the refugees of Europe. It was there that I saw Vera Leontov, one of the most charming women one could meet: gentle, and a friend to every needy child of the streets, and yet, in Russia, this girl had taken a pistol and fired point blank at General Trepov. Afterwards she managed to escape to London, and was a great friend of Lenin, with whom I saw her frequently.

Prince Kropotkin often invited me into his house at Highgate when I called, as a matter of form, in my official capacity. He spoke but little of the Nihilist movement, but remarked strongly upon the great difference between the English police and the Russian.

"The English police are a magnificent body of men," he told me, "but the Russian——!" and he made a grimace of disgust. "We are exile now, but our time is coming. There will be a day when the Third Section will rule no more in Russia, and the terror of iron dominance shall be lifted from the land."

I remember one occasion when a very large crowd collected in Jubilee Street, and for the first time I saw one or two men who have become notorious since, such as Chaikovsky, who is now Commissar of the Department of Urkutsk. Extra police were engaged, because it was known that several extremely desperate characters had arrived in London from Europe.

In those days, it must be remembered, there was no law in England to prevent aliens from entering the country, provided they called themselves "Political Refugees" and behaved themselves, no one could interfere with them. They had "Right of Asylum." Nowadays, of course all that is changed. Britain has the amended Alien Act, all foreigners having to report to the police, and a particularly sharp eye is kept on Russians. But the pre-War Russian Nihilists never gave any trouble: they appreciated their freedom and co-operated with the police to secure order and preserve their good name as good citizens in London. Criminal elements they ruthlessly cast out and disclaimed. They stood for Russian patriotism, not general disorder.

The Russian Revolution of 1917 was not a sudden, spontaneous and unexpected event, rising out of the extraordinary circumstances of time. True it is that the people were utterly war-weary, were being corruptly and treacherously led in the war, were being tyrannously governed at home; but even these things in themselves



### SCOTLAND YARD

Main entrance. Staircase leading up to Commissioners Room



would not have been sufficient to call a great, patient, incoherent mass to pretty well unanimous action. No; the Russian Revolution was the expression of long pent-up revolt. It was the boiling point of countless schemes, which were conceived in misery and fostered in exile.

Another important Nihilist whom I met in those days was ex-Lieut.-General Boris C——, who came to live at Hornsey. At the Yard a fat dossier arrived from the Third Section of the Russian police, describing the General as one of the most bloodthirsty criminals ever born. During the three years that I knew him he lived very happily with his wife, who rejoined him after much difficulty and delay. C—— exhibited no lawless tendencies. He was a botanist, and went for holidays to the English Lake district, to climb the mountains and collect wild flowers, returning occasionally to attend the meetings at Jubilee Street in the East End, and Charlotte Street in the West End of London.

Of a different type was the Nihilist General Ivan L——. The General was the man most feared in Russia by the Old Regime. Although an aristocrat, he was in sympathy with the people. His troubles began after the Russian Revolution of 1905, when he was found to have incited his brother, a member of the Duma, to make a speech condemning the stern measures of suppressing the Revolution. He was so great a soldier, and had fought so well against the Japanese, that even the Third Section were afraid to tackle him at the moment, for he was an idol of the Army and might well have formed the pivot of military mutiny. So with great diplomacy they arrested his brother, and ignored the General.



But the General did not mean to allow his brother to expiate his sins. He sent a personal courier to the Czar with a letter telling him that if he would cease skulking behind bayonets at Tsarskoe Seloe and face the peasants and extend the powers of the Duma, he would save Russia's royal family from disaster. He demanded the release of his brother, told the Czar that he was basely advised and that his cowardice in not facing issues would ultimately cost him his throne.

This was unforgivable. He was arrested, cruelly flogged and sentenced to Siberia. His beard, which had been black, turned grey. Then, on his way to Siberia, the whole guard on the train, officers, men, railway officials, everyone combined and escaped together. So the General came to England. For a time I had to shadow him closely and to follow him wherever he went. My readers will understand how shaken the Russian Imperial Government was by his escape, when I reveal that the authorities in St. Petersburg sent a personal private letter to King Edward, asking that some accusations might be levelled against the General, for they could not rest whilst he was at liberty. The General was the only man who had ever written his mind to the Czar.

The King naturally refused to interfere. Someone of importance was interviewed as a matter of diplomatic formality, but no action was taken. His Majesty was told that the General, so far from being a murderer, a thief, a voluptuary, a blasphemer—the description given by the Third Section—was a very charming gentleman, very popular with the officers at Catterick Barracks near Richmond, Yorkshire, where he had settled down.

One Sunday night I was ordered to follow the General from Richmond to Leeds. Accompanying him was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw in my life. She was about twenty-five years of age, a Russian and dressed in wonderful sables. The pair entered the Midland section of Leeds New Station. There was no train to the south for two hours, and during the whole of that two hours the girl and the General walked up and down the deserted platforms. The General wore a great heavy green overcoat and trilby hat. She hung on his arm and they talked very confidentially together. At 1.30 a.m. the train departed. She kissed the General and the last I saw of her was as she leaned out of the window, waving farewell.

The next news of the girl was her photograph in the newspapers—she had just been executed for the attempted murder of a Russian Grand Duke.

I came to know scores of the pseudo-criminal Nihilists. Gardstein, alias Morountzeff, a man for whom the whole Russian police searched, was mortally wounded at 11, Exchange Buildings, East, in December, 1910. He was taken in a dying condition through the East End streets, and it was this sinister journey that led eventually to the famous battle of Sydney Street, which was the pre-War sensation of England. Gardstein's association with the criminal gang operating in the East End caused him to be expelled from the Nihilist movement.

Chaikovsky, in the pre-War days something of a poet and a visionary, a great friend of pretty Vera Leontov, who shot General Trepov and then managed to escape, lived in South Kensington. Now he is Commissar of the district of Urkuts, and executed with his own hands General Perenskin, the dreaded Governor of Siberia.

Another interesting figure in the London Nihilist group was Alexis V—. He had at one time been a great favourite with the Czar and was actually head of the Cossack Bodyguard, which always accompanied the Emperor. For political reasons he was banished. A letter sent by him to a cousin was intercepted. In the letter he advocated a system of limiting the power of District Governors and substituting Council of Landlords and Peasants. For this his estates were confiscated and he was nearly sent to Siberia.

Later on, when his cousin was found to be mixed up in a plot to assassinate the Czar, it was thought by the Russian police that V— was engineering the whole thing in England and determined efforts were made to get him back. In the first place the Czar pardoned him and reinstated him, at the same time inviting him to return. But "in vain is the snare set." V— was not having any. After that a girl, recently admitted to the movement, brought him a message to go to Paris. On the way he was attacked by alleged thieves—really, there is no doubt they were agents of the Third Section—and kidnapped.

By some means the Nihilists in Germany got secret news of what was happening and worked to such good purpose that the kidnappers were intercepted on the German-Russian frontier and V—, who had been chloroformed, was got away in the nick of time.

On one occasion I called to see him. My name admitted me into his flat, and as I entered his sitting-room he was fumbling in the drawer of a sideboard. Immediately he saw who it was he closed it sharply. I pretended not to have noticed, but I knew he had a fully loaded revolver ready for any Russian enemy out

to harm him. "Do you know, if you had been a Russian police officer, and not an English one, you would have been a dead man by now?" He smiled quietly, then sat down to talk over a whisky and soda.

The days of the Nihilists are over. The dreams of some of the Nihilists I know have turned out to be nightmares. And now, to-day, another class of Russian outcasts fills the capitals of Europe, and some of them say that the cycle will complete itself and their turn will come next. I wonder!

The Nihilists I knew were not class-conscious. They were not dispossessed landowners and aristocrats. They were essentially patriots. They fought with any or every weapon which came to their hands: not selfishly nor for their own ends, but to free their land from a destructive tyranny.

## CHAPTER XI

The Special Branch. War—and how the Branch caught Old Imperial Germany's post-War spies. Mass murder plot. The Indian revolutionary scheme unmasked. Sir Basil Thomson, first Director of Secret Service in English history.

LIFE in the Special Branch of New Scotland Yard is just one duty after another, and just one adventure after another. In War-time this atmosphere of the "unexpected" was doubly intensified. Starting work in the morning, the detectives never knew what fresh crop of surprises the day might bring forth. It was as though the little rooms in the granite building in Westminster were stages to which strange actors came to play strange parts and then vanish, for to Scotland Yard in war-time came the captured spies, the suspected spies, the informants, the hirelings and the secret agents of the Allies.

September, 1915, was an outstanding month. It brought to the notice of the Central Department the great flood of forgeries of the "G" series of British Treasury notes, and to Special Branch the capture of the Austrian despatches from the United States which were found in the custody of an American journalist, and the great Indian Assassination Plot. From information received, the Special Branch knew that a gang of Indian revolutionaries were operating in the neutral territory of Switzerland, working in conjunction with the Germans upon plans for the simultaneous murder of all the leading men in the Allied countries.

It was known that amongst the selected victims were the King of Italy, M. Poincaré, Lord Kitchener, Lord Grey, and Senor Salandro. Exhaustive inquiries revealed that the actual assassinations in England were to be carried out by Indians living in London. A Swiss girl was the messenger between the London group and the gang in Switzerland. The organizer, an Indian, was very careful not to visit Allied countries and kept to the safe territories of enemy countries.

Very definite evidence, resulting from the seizure of spy messages, confirmed the details of the plot. It seems that a committee to rouse unrest in India had been formed in Berlin during the early years of the war. "Why not start a revolution in India while the British have their hands full on the Western Front?" said the Germans. "Why not overthrow the British Raj and establish a German President to rule India?" The Committee set to work at once. They evolved an efficient press bureau which sprinkled propaganda where it was most needed, and they did all they could to corrupt the loyalty of Indian prisoners of war.

When the Special Branch felt that the Murder Plot had been allowed to develop sufficiently to yield proof of guilt, they rounded up the would-be assassins and incarcerated them in Internment Camps for the duration of the War.

Meanwhile, the first attempt to overthrow the Raj in India took place. A landowner in India came into the plot. He was the son of a deposed ruler of a small Native State, and seeing the possibilities of power should the German plan succeed, he obtained a passport to visit Switzerland, and through the revolu-

tionaries there succeeded in impressing the German Consul in his character of an Indian Prince. He adopted an attitude at once aloof and condescending, just the sort of demeanour expected of a Rajah, and stated that he would not visit Germany unless it was to see the Kaiser himself.

The Kaiser received him and sanctioned the scheme he put forward. "I will conduct a German mission to Kabul, to raise the Amir against the British," declared the conspirator. It sounded like an excellent beginning for the big anti-British campaign in India: so three German officers and several disloyal Indian prisoners of war went with him on the venture. They were known to have passed through Constantinople, but after that the expedition vanished. Whether the British Secret Service in India discovered their attempt and foiled it, or whether they failed to get through Afghanistan, I cannot discover.

The Germans still kept up their anti-British propaganda, and as proof of this there came into the possession of Scotland Yard a letter addressed by the Kaiser to the ruling princes in India, which had been photographed down to the size of a postage stamp, and enclosed in a tiny tube to be concealed by the bearer. Just as England had its Colonel Lawrence to negotiate with the Arabs, so Germany had its aces of espionage to conduct counter intrigues in the Orient. Some of these German agents succeeded in stirring up hostility to the Allies among the tribes in Tripoli, notably the Sensussi tribe, which captured and held as prisoners a number of British sailors, the survivors of a wrecked warship. These prisoners were rescued by the Duke of Westminster, who was conducting a guerilla warfare

against the Turkish army and the hostile tribes with his fleet of armoured cars.

Scotland Yard had occasion to suppress a daily newspaper in England only once during the War. Sir Basil Thomson, Chief of the Special Branch, personally conducted the raid. The newspaper was the *Globe*, which had helped the police on one or two occasions, but which blundered badly by publishing the false statement that Lord Kitchener had tendered his resignation to the King, while the true facts were that he was leaving the country on an important mission which had been kept secret. Such an action by the *Globe* was contrary to public policy, and a warrant for the instant suppression of the newspaper was drawn up.

Sir Basil Thomson says: "I was not sufficiently acquainted with the mechanical details of newspaper production to be able to instruct the detectives as to what part of the machinery should be seized to render it useless. We entered the premises between 5 and 6 p.m. Newsboys were hurrying in and out. The inspector showed the warrant to the manager and the machines were stopped. Going downstairs, I found a very obliging man, who must have thought I was a distinguished visitor who wished to be shown over the plant. I said to him, 'Supposing you wanted to take away some part of the machinery which would make it impossible to run the machines until it was restored, and yet do no damage to the plant, what would you take?' 'Oh, that is easy,' said the man, and led me to a certain engine from which he took a piece of machinery that I could hold in my hand. I took it, thanked him, and carried it away."

That was how the *Globe* was suppressed until the time



when the British Government came to an arrangement with the proprietors and allowed it to resume publication.

There is in Scotland Yard an armchair in which every spy, real or suspected, sat down to face the examiners, and the average number of sitters was twenty-eight in each week of the war. Most of the suspected spies proved to be harmless, but the police net caught a lot of genuine enemy agents. The first master-spy to be arrested by the Yard was Carl Lody, alias "Mr. Charles Inglis," a very brave man, who did not flinch when he faced the firing squad.

Colonel von Papen, who in June, 1932, was appointed German Chancellor, helped the Allies quite a lot during the War—unintentionally, of course. He was the German military attaché at Washington, D.C., U.S.A., and by bad luck or bad management most of his secret despatches inevitably came into British hands. On January 16th, 1916, a Dutch steamship called at Falmouth and was boarded by Naval officers. Von Papen and Captain Boyd, the Naval Attaché at Washington, were both on board. The boarding officer insisted on looking through their papers. Von Papen vigorously insisted that his papers were inviolate by the "safe conduct" that had been granted by the British Government. He was told that the safe conduct applied to his own person, but not to his bags and papers. On examination damning evidence was discovered, for his chequebook gave us a wealth of information. He had made large payments to men who were known to have committed acts of sabotage in U.S.A., and there were records of payments to Anton Kupferle, the spy who committed suicide in Brixton Prison, and other captured German spies. Bernstorff, in charge of the German Embassy at Wash-

ington, had solemnly declared that no member of his staff had any connection with sabotage and espionage, but after such men as Von Papen had been exposed, the American Government decided to take drastic action.

According to my late Chief, Sir Basil Thomson, Assistant Commissioner of Criminal Investigation and Director of Intelligence during the War years, one of the strangest men who ever came to Scotland Yard during the War, was an educated Jew who had been associated with Djemal Pasha, the Commander of the 9th German Army in Palestine. This Jew said he was a native of Haifa in Palestine, and was therefore a Turkish subject. His parents came from Roumania. He had taken a course of scientific research work in Berlin before the War, and became Director of the Jewish Agricultural College in Palestine. Djemal Pasha—whom he disliked—used him to get information about agricultural and economic matters. The Jew told the Special Branch Chiefs of great friction between the Turkish and German Armies, and the loss of morale among the men. He said he had been trying to get out of the country for a long time, and in the end induced Djemal Pasha to let him go to Berlin, *en route* for Denmark, to study economic conditions. From Denmark he escaped to England.

He went out to the deserts of Egypt as Agricultural Adviser to the Zionists, and bored for water with amazing success. He revealed that his attention had first been called to the water by reading in the Bible of Josephus, who describes Cæsarea as being surrounded by gardens for eight hours' walk in any direction, whereas at the present day it is a sandy desert right up to the walls of the town. He said the old springs must

have been covered up by the encroachment of the sand, and that if only the British engineers would bore deep enough, the water would gush forth and the desert again "blossom like the rose."

## CHAPTER XII

"Inside" experiences of the Yard. Facts about the so-called "third degree."  
Has the Yard too much power? Some brief accounts of crime and  
examples in connection with famous detectives.

**D**URING an outcry against the police in 1928, the Home Secretary admitted in Parliament that there existed a "sub-acid" feeling towards the Metropolitan Police in the public mind. It must be admitted that, up to a point, this feeling has always existed. It is no more than the natural British attitude, which is generally sympathetic towards an accused person, has often made crime romantic and criminals heroic, and has always been suspicious of authority as constituted by the law. I speak in general terms. There have been outcries against the guilty on many occasions, and a number of crimes have shocked the public, but in general we are a nation sympathetic to the under-dog, and this is one of the results.

If, however, we inquire into what exactly goes on behind the scenes of Scotland Yard, we shall see reasons for courses adopted, and most probably we shall emerge with greater faith in our police and a higher admiration of their tact.

As soon as a policeman has been nominated, he takes the oath before his Chief Constable. He is then handed a warrant card, the "appointments," his truncheon, whistle, etc., and his instruction book. This book tells him everything he has to know and the preface (from memory) reads as follows: "The primary object of an efficient police is the prevention and detection of crime.

Next, detection and punishment of offenders if crime is committed. To these ends all efforts of police must be directed. The protection of life and property, the preservation of public tranquility, and the absence of crime will alone prove whether these efforts have been successful, and the purposes for which the Police Force was appointed have been attained."

These, then, are the aims which animate every individual officer of the Metropolitan Police, of which the C.I.D. at New Scotland Yard is the highest branch. The C.I.D. are specially selected officers, but they possess no greater powers than any other officer. Every officer should know what constitutes an offence, and when an offence has been committed he has power to arrest the offender. He can also detain, when reasonable suspicion, justifying arrest, is incomplete. And that completes the powers possessed by the police officer.

Inquiries will tell the police whether detention is justified, and they may or may not make a charge; but there is nothing to prevent any civilian from making inquiries about anything on earth, including crime, and if felony is being committed, i.e., murder, arson, etc., the ordinary citizen can arrest.

Arrest on suspicion requires the exercise of great tact and wide experience. In this country the law regards with great jealousy the liberty of the subject and mistakes must be avoided. Some mistakes are made, and will be made so long as human nature is what it is, but, speaking from my own experience as a detective, and not as an administrator, who has reports but sees very little of what actually takes place, the police are very careful indeed, and nine out of every ten arrests on suspicion are justified.



*Photo*

# NEW SCOTLAND YARD FROM THE RIVER

Extreme right houses the Central Criminal Investigation Dept. Left, named 'Scotland House,' The Special 'Political' Branch



To emphasize what I have said before, the police exist, first, to prevent crime. How can they prevent it if they defer arrest until an offence has been committed? The greatest public alarm has from time to time, however, been created concerning something which papers refer to as the "third degree." This phrase is a misnomer. If, by it, the papers mean harsh treatment of suspected persons or the persistent and wearying interrogation of suspected persons or witnesses, then we know where we are. But the phrase "third degree" is an Americanism which means, in America, something which is impossible in this country.

The cinema and the crime story and the stage have brought to the English people some knowledge of American police and crime conditions, and when they read "third degree" they read into it a process under which a suspected person is reduced to a state of hysteria bordering on madness, where his control gives way, and he blurts out the truth or says what the police wish him to say. Nothing of the sort exists at Scotland Yard. What the papers call "third degree" is, at Scotland Yard, merely keen questioning by men with trained minds. At the same time, it has been admitted that there is an unfortunate tendency in certain places to rely too much upon prolonged cross-examination to supply the needed evidence, rather than the independent and painstaking following-up of clues. Not many years ago a leading Yard man would have considered it a sign of weakness to conduct a long cross-examination of a suspect before the chain of external evidence was complete and all doubts removed. And then the cross-examination would not be necessary.

But look at the matter from the police view-point.



As soldiers in the War we were all told that we could not handle the Germans with gloves on. Nobody expected us to do so. And to-day is the detective to handle the crook with gloves on? Consider the types of men with whom our detectives have to deal: unscrupulous scoundrels, clever liars, always prepared beforehand with a tale and ready to take advantage of any loophole offered to them. Are our detectives to ask these men if they mind being questioned?

I think there is far too much sentiment about crooks, and the sooner we all realize what they are and what our detectives are called upon to undertake against them, the better for the country. Scotland Yard men are essentially human, and I say, emphatically, that there is no American "third degree" in this country. If a citizen is asked to go to Scotland Yard or any police station and make a statement, he can refuse to do so, and, in the absence of some definite charge, no compulsion can be put on him.

But it is inexplicable to me why, when a statement is being taken by the police, any objection should be raised to the person making it being accompanied by a solicitor. This attitude is one which arouses grave suspicion. Do the police wish to put unfair questions—or to put fair questions in an unfair way? That is to say, do they wish to wear out the person questioned by an examination which is unduly prolonged, and to take advantage of physical exhaustion or mental strain to extract admissions? This may not be the "third degree," but it is, perhaps, a step in the wrong direction.

Hitherto I have written in general terms. Later I shall have to write about the methods adopted when the police force as a whole is concentrated on a big crime.

But, for a moment, let us consider how individual detectives have used their powers. Everyone will recognize that the police is a force made up of individuals, each of whom has his own personality and his own way of doing things. It has been said that there are always black sheep in a flock. There are. But as well as black sheep there are always individuals who stand out—super-investigators—who develop the technique of crime detection on their own lines.

The methods of the late Chief Inspector Ward and Superintendents G. Cornish and C. Cooper, in the famous Pearl Necklace case of 1913, illustrate detective work at its best. Once great detectives of this class had their teeth in a job they never let go until they had their man. Ward, in charge, knew that Joe Grizzard, alias Cimi, had something to do with this job, but that was all. Then he got to know that the pearls were being offered in Amsterdam and Paris. Because of the £10,000 reward offered, there was treachery in the thieves' den. Ward found this out and used a decoy to bring about a meeting. Joe Grizzard and his associates attended that meeting. Ward observed it all, and his suspicions were substantiated. By the time Grizzard knew he was suspected it was "all up," and escape was impossible.

Chief-Inspector Cornish allowed Robinson, the Charing Cross Trunk murderer, to go free after interrogation, but went on working at the case. Eventually, when the necessary evidence had been obtained, Robinson was arrested, charged, and in due course hanged. The present Superintendent Savage held Patrick Mahon until the reasonable suspicion caused by bloodstained clothes should be removed. It was never removed.

A detective in the Bournemouth police force noticed

that Allaway, the chauffeur murderer of Irene Wilkins, had a white neck, and the clue told him that the man was bronzing his face, hoping thereby to escape detection. Superintendent Garratt decoyed this man to a post-office to secure his identification. And Chief Inspector Beret arrested Browne for stealing a Vauxhall car. The charge was a true one for which he had plenty of evidence. He knew that Browne had something to do with the Gutteridge murder, and the charge provided the means of keeping Browne until his inquiries were completed.

These instances only confirm the fact that it is vital to successful crime detection that Scotland Yard should be able to arrest upon suspicion. Otherwise many of the most dangerous criminals would escape its net. That this power is generally wisely used will not be disputed.

All C.I.D. officers work under three sections of the Police Regulations, known as Sections 16, 17 and 18. These cover procedure, the law, and the methods to be adopted for the detection of crime. If, say, a murder has been committed, these Sections tell the officer exactly what steps may be taken to discover the murderer. Similarly, with felonies and misdemeanours. They also deal with the relations between the police and the public, and I cannot see how these can be much changed.

Already accused or suspected persons have the right to demand a witness at an interrogation. If exact rules and procedure for the taking of statements are to be made afresh, then they certainly ought not to be between too narrow lines, and to limit individuality is to limit efficiency, whereby the welfare of the public will suffer.

So much for the powers which Scotland Yard possesses to-day. In my next chapter I will deal with some of the charges which have recently been made against the police.

## CHAPTER XIII

Bribery in the Force. Bias in the witness-box. "Convictions at all costs!"  
The facts about "hounding down." Militarizing the Men in Blue.

NO sensible person will deny the fact that, of all public servants, the policeman is most subject to temptation—temptation all the more subtle because it appears as an expression of friendliness and good comradeship. A policeman has a difficult job to do, and the unpleasantness that attaches to it is considerable. There are times, too, when the temptation to accept a heavy bribe to overlook a minor offence can be cruel.

Motorists often attempt bribery. At Lincoln recently a rich manufacturer of Derby was fined £20 for attempting to bribe the police. It was a case of driving to the common danger, and he dropped a pound note for the officer to pick up. This is a very common trick, the motorist believing that if the bribe is refused he can explain it away before the magistrate as an accident.

Nevertheless, there have been cases of bribery in the police. I may say here that this is considered one of the gravest offences of which any man in the police can be found guilty.

In 1927 there was a big prosecution at Liverpool for bribery. It followed the dismissal of two constables and the resignation of eleven others. Here the facts were brought to the notice of the Criminal Court by the Chief Constable, jealous of the reputation of the police. Had he liked, he could have been satisfied by dismissals

and resignations, and few outside would have heard of the affair; but he insisted on bringing all the facts before the public.

In March of 1927 two Metropolitan policemen were sentenced to six months' hard labour for accepting bribes at Goodwood Races, and the man who bribed them received the same punishment. Here, again, the police prosecuted and brought everything to light, though the officers concerned were men who had been commended on more than one occasion. In this category also comes the recent Goddard-Meyrick case; also the Holborn bookmaking scandal.

The fact is that rumours of bribery against the police are exaggerated to a ridiculous extent, and that on the few occasions when bribery has been proved, the police have invariably prosecuted the culprits, so that they have suffered imprisonment in addition to losing their jobs.

The Minority Report in the Savidge Inquiry stressed the mechanical precision with which officers giving evidence corroborated each other. It suggested that there might have been an unconscious bias, due to a police *esprit de corps*, which on occasion might work unfairly against a member of the public.

Any explanation required is simple. Two officers are concerned in an arrest or any other matter. Their version of it, given separately, is bound to be very much the same. The police are trained in the giving of evidence. One can always tell when a policeman is in the witness-box by his phraseology. Read police reports and this similarity of words and intonations will be apparent.

Training shows in the witness-box. Both have seen the event, and both report it on oath in similar phrases.

The ordinary citizen, knowing nothing of the laws of evidence, will give his version in his own individual manner. The police give it in an official manner. There is the explanation.

Evidence is one thing, opinion is another. I have been in Court when an opinion has been asked by a magistrate. Then I have sometimes suspected a tendency to over-statement to justify evidence already given. But I repeat that evidence is evidence; the police understand it and they give their testimony in the manner to which they have been trained.

Counsel do not get the same opportunities with police witnesses as with other members of the public. The former are *trained*, and they stick to bare facts without qualification, while a person strange to the witness-box will often give long answers which offer a clever counsel scope for interrogation.

Perjury is a most serious offence. The police are fully aware of this. If a policeman is found guilty of perjury it means complete ruin. Why should he take the chance?

Then it has been said that the police are out to secure convictions at all costs. There is no truth in this. Who has not heard of the policeman who has helped the wrongdoer? Seeing, as he does, all aspects of life from the highest to the lowest, no man is in a better position to judge the motive of action. The policeman knows when an honest man is driven to minor crime by force of circumstances, and when a mean and dirty theft is committed.

The police must do their utmost to secure convictions against those whom they charge. This does not mean "conviction at all costs," but a proper attention to duty.

For the protection of the public the police must work to secure the convictions of the guilty, but there is no "hounding down."

Since the War a great change has come over the administration at Scotland Yard. Military officers have been brought in. Some time ago, too, comment was caused by the erection of "pill boxes" in Trafalgar Square.

"Were the police becoming militarized?" people began to ask. There certainly seemed reason for the fear. People know that on the Continent the police are semi-military. In Spain, Germany, Italy and France they are impervious to public opinion and are organized on more or less military lines.

This will never be permitted in this country. The "pill boxes" are only a kind of look-out containing a telephone for urgent communications to the Yard in case of rowdyism at the meetings which often take place in Trafalgar Square. There is no reason why telephones should not be so provided; it is only the term "pill boxes" that is misleading.

In England the Commissioner of Police for London, although a military man, knows the Police Force and respects its traditions as a civil organization, and it is the Home Secretary who is responsible to Parliament and the people for the Force.

## CHAPTER XIV

The Commissioner at work. Calling in the "Silent Detective." A Flying Squad exploit. C.I.D. in conference. Secrets of the Special Branch. "The Yard" and foreign matters.

THE brain of Scotland Yard is not one man, but several. Like all brains, that of this great detective organization is made up of various parts, each of which does its own particular job. These parts, interlocking without overlapping, form a whole which, for its special purpose, has no equal in the world.

At the head of the Police Force, and the centre of the brain of Scotland Yard, is the Commissioner. Every day he is at the Yard, and his presence isn't a mere formality. Those who think that the Chief Commissioner's job is a sinecure, that he just sits in an arm-chair while his subordinates do the work, don't know the Yard. The detail work, indeed, is done by others, but it is he who directs, plans, co-ordinates, decides.

Daily he receives and studies reports covering the whole field of police work. Any case that calls for attention is referred to him. There are constant consultations in his room. The discipline of the Force, as well as the detection of crime, comes within his province; he is aware of everything that is going on. Others may make mistakes; he puts them right. Often he foresees and prevents them. He himself must make none.

In a sense, too, he is responsible for a wider field than



is covered even by the whole police force ; he must also take note of the relations between police and public. It is due to the tact and careful administration of a long series of Commissioners that the average citizen looks upon the man in blue as a friend and helper. That is the case in few, if any, other countries, but it is the proudest boast of Scotland Yard.

Immediately under the Commissioner are three Assistant-Commissioners, the third of whom, at present, Mr. Norman Kendal, controls the C.I.D.

Mr. Kendal's office again calls for peculiar qualities, of which the first and greatest is probably initiative. Both on the side of the law and on that of the criminal, new methods are continually being evolved. The head of the C.I.D. must be alert to counter every move that the master-criminal may make ; he must also always be ready to try out new ideas in detection, so that the law may keep constantly a lap ahead of those who break it.

Under the Assistant Commissioners is the Chief Constable, at present Mr. John Horwell, one of the greatest detectives the Yard has produced. And under him are the "Big Five"—the Superintendents of the four areas into which London is divided for criminal investigation purposes, and one Superintendent of the Special and Central Department. These "Supers," called unofficially the "Big Five," were favourite fiction characters of the late Edgar Wallace. He used them with effect in many stories, though actually incorrectly.

The real "Big Five" are the Chief Detective-Inspectors of the Central Department, and to them are deputed all the most important cases that occur. They are chiefly murder cases outside the Metropolis, such as the



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THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER'S ROOM



Southampton Murder case with Prothero ; the Margate Murder with Hamboro ; the Bath Murder case with Cornish ; the Llanelly Crime with Crutchett ; the Hythe Murder with Neil ; the Southend arrest of the Chalk Farm murderer, Samuel Furnace, by Yandell, and many others. All these cases were undertaken when the officers in question held the rank of Chief Inspector of the "Big Five."

The "Big Five" work together as a team, and out of this team-work has grown the Flying Squad which is especially valuable in dealing with those daring motor-car crimes in which many underworld aristocrats are now specializing.

But it isn't only in motor crimes the Flying Squad is useful. In a recent case a Squad tender was passing through North London when one of the detectives aboard spotted two men "with a file"—that is, amenable to the Prevention of Crimes Act. He and a colleague silently dropped off and "tailed" (shadowed) the crooks.

Their enterprise was rewarded. The crooks were "on a job." Once they had settled down to crack their crib, one of the 'tecs rushed off to a 'phone box, leaving the other watching. He rang up the Yard and reported. Immediately the Yard sent out a wireless—all the Flying Squad tenders, of which London has four, are in touch with Scotland Yard by wireless. In a very short time a tender, with a dozen detectives on board, had arrived ; the house was surrounded and the crooks were taken in the act.

Cases like this—arising out of the Flying Squad tenders' habit of cruising all over London—are constantly happening. The Flying Squad has thus more

than justified its existence. Indeed, experts say that it is now a more effective instrument in the war against crime than the Paris *Garde Mobile*, which was the first detective Flying Squad in the world, and which has a great reputation.

One astute policeman at Brighton has collaborated with an inventor in producing a pocket wireless set weighing less than 2 lbs., which needs neither aerial nor earth and has a receiving range of 100 miles. This is a great step forward. A buzzer in the officer's tunic warns him that he has been called up by headquarters. He lifts a little receiver, puts it to his ear, and gets his orders.

Before long the radio-telephone of this type will be as much a part of the policeman as his truncheon. The radio-policeman will be one more unit in the chain of wireless-weapons against the law-breaker.

It is only six years ago that the first wireless set was installed in a Flying Squad van. The first radio operators in the vans found many difficulties; they could not operate a set in any thoroughfare where there was an overhead tram-wire. Then the drivers of these cars were forced to abandon the use of electric wind-screen wipers in wet weather, as they drowned any messages from the Yard. Both these difficulties have been cleverly overcome.

Thirty years ago the Flying Squad merely consisted of a number of the brightest young detectives of Scotland Yard, who were given a roving commission to go where they pleased on the trail of wanted men. They had no motor-cars, they patrolled on foot, their fastest means being a bicycle or hansom cab. To-day the Flying Squad is controlled by a chief inspector

and a large staff. Squad cars are not recognizable, being disguised as tradesmen's vans, private saloon and touring cars, motor-lorries, which proceed about the streets entirely unsuspected. The appearance of each vehicle can be (and sometimes is) changed within twenty-four hours, with new cowls fitted to disguise the bonnet and fresh paintwork applied by a cellulose spray.

Squad cars can travel at eighty to ninety miles an hour. Each is equipped with a secret police sign and a fire-bell.

The woman house detective to a big West End store told Scotland Yard that a gang of expert woman shop-lifters had just left the store (on seeing her), and had gone off in a big car whose number she was able to give. A general message was flashed out and a Flying Squad saloon car discovered the party of ladies, and followed them to the Metropolitan Police frontier at Romford. Here the Squad car got into touch with Headquarters, who informed the Southend Police, and two hours later the whole gang was arrested complete with the spoils of a recent robbery.

The secret of the consistent success of Scotland Yard technique in preventing and detecting crime lies in rapid mobilization. A few days ago a large jeweller's shop was raided. Within a few minutes twenty Flying Squad cars carrying out their patrol had converged upon the district; private cars were being stopped on all the main roads, and many police all over London were searching every possible hiding place.

This was very quick work, but the Yard thinks nothing of it. It is all in the day's work to it. Even greater wonders of rapid mobilization are performed by the police to-day with the aid of the latest developments of science.

The war against crime has taken to the ether. Here is a snapshot picture of the Yard in operation.

The London night is ending. The streets are empty. It is bitterly cold.

Dawn comes to London slowly. A tramcar comes grinding over Westminster Bridge.

"*Crash!*"—the sound of falling plate-glass, shattered into a thousand pieces, sets the echoes ringing in a quiet street of London's West End shopping centre.

The police-constable who, a few moments ago, had vanished round the corner after patrolling the thoroughfare and flashed his electric torch on the fastenings and into the grilles of the steel-shuttered shop-windows, comes running towards the sound of the noise.

The window of a furrier's shop, wherein reposed a costly array of coats and wraps, has been broken, obviously by the iron bar lying on the pavement. A fast car roars away up the street. It is what is known as a "smash-and-grab" raid.

The constable dashes to the nearest telephone box. Somewhere inside a post office telephone exchange an operator, on night duty, sees the flash of the call for "Police" and plugs the caller through to a room located in one of the turrets of Scotland Yard building. The call is received in a remarkable laboratory specially insulated against interference set up by the passing electric trams of the Embankment, or the electric trains of the Underground Railway. This is the Radio Room of the C.I.D., from which transmitters broadcast wireless messages to the patrol cars of the Flying Squad. Skilled operatives, who are on duty night and day, at once receive the constable's report and circulate a radio call to all Flying Squad motor-vans in the vicinity

of the crime, directing them to close in on the spot and giving the constable's description of the raiders' car.

All Flying Squad vans are equipped with concealed radio apparatus. Within a minute of the alarm being sounded the hunt is on! Conceive the difference between the old system, whereby a constable on duty ran to his local station to report, and, in turn, the call was passed to the C.I.D., who despatched detectives from the Yard, and this modern one!

All messages from the Radio Room to the motor Flying Squad are sent in Morse code. Operators at the Yard and on the Squad cars send and receive at the rate of twenty-eight to thirty words a minute.

At the same time that the radio call is made, the alarm is sounded in another room at the Yard, where a man is seated at a keyboard. The staccato *tap-tap-tap* of a typewriter, the faint hum of machinery, and in dozens of distant police stations words begin to appear on a roll of paper sliding across a cabinet! The teleprinter has been set in action to aid the man-hunters! With every word, the possible chances are on the side of the police. This message formerly was conveyed to officers on patrol by a policeman on a bicycle, but nowadays the system is greatly improved. All over the London area there are police telephone boxes, each with a light on its roof.

A button is pressed in the police station. A red light glows instantly above the telephone box, warning the constable on duty nearby that he must at once telephone his station for orders.

The hunt is on! The car is racing away! The Flying Squad is straining to get the message from Headquarters! Then something startling happens—



in this case the criminal is as clever as the police and his confederates jam the radio call !

Now the wave-length used by Scotland Yard is a secret. The secret police code is used in the messages. But the impatient radio operators inside the Squad cars suddenly find their reception interfered with !

In a house in London, a confederate of the motor-bandit has been listening to the "general call" from the Yard. He has managed to intercept the wave-length by lightning manipulation of his own transmitter and he is broadcasting signals of sufficient strength to interfere with the messages sent out by the Radio Room. The confederate knows he cannot keep it up for long, as the police will at once endeavour to locate and detect him by means of the Radiogonometer, which is the name of a special type of radio-direction-finder employed to run to earth the users of unauthorized transmitters. But he is successful. The Flying Squad is delayed for a brief instant—and the motor-bandit gets away.

The Marconi Company has rendered valuable assistance to the engineering side of the Wireless section of Scotland Yard in the person of some of their leading experts.

The Flying Squad is made up of specially selected and specially trained C.I.D. officers from all divisions of the Metropolitan Police Force. They are men whose knowledge of the underworld is unsurpassed. They know the different types of crooks, and are themselves adepts at disguise. Their job is to recognize burglars, confidence tricksters, motor bandits, and pick-pockets as they pass them in the street.

Inspector Dan Gooch has for a long time been asso-

ciated with the Flying Squad and controls a large staff of clever and trained detective lieutenants.

A fine example of Inspector Gooch's work was seen recently when he and his men shadowed a gang of pick-pockets throughout the whole of one day. The climax came when the gang boarded a bus *en masse*.

Like a flash Inspector Gooch manœuvred his Squad car alongside, and his men jumped out of the car on to the motor-bus. Gooch calmly gave the bus-driver instructions to proceed to the nearest police station, where the outwitted gang were charged. Only just recently he carried out a smart bit of work with two men he just casually spotted in the Borough. He knew they were passers of counterfeit coin, but they did not attempt to enter any place while the Flying Squad were shadowing.

On foot, the Inspector and some of his men discreetly followed, their motor-tender slowly coming up in the rear, well out of sight.

Presently the two suspects turned into London Bridge Station, booked to Sutton and were allowed to proceed on the journey. But the Squad chief had determined on a little risk: he would not follow by rail, in case of being discovered, so he raced off to Sutton and, just in time from a discreet vantage point, saw the two crooks come out of the railway station.

They tried three shops, and that was the end of their peregrinations. The Flying Squad chief arrested them, and from each unsuspecting tradesman, collected the "dud" half-crown as evidence.

Team-work also tells in other ways. For instance, there are conferences on all serious crimes. Say that such a crime has been committed, and is still unsolved

after a week or two. There is a conference in a special room used for this purpose. Round the table are seated the Assistant-Commissioner, C.I.D., the Chief Constable, one or more members of the "Big Five," the Chief Inspector in charge of the case, and the Divisional Detective-Inspector. Outside, waiting to be called in if required, are the various detectives concerned in the case.

Before each member of the conference is a written report of the crime and the investigations up to date. There follows such a conference as might take place in any business house. Each person present, being a specialist and a man of wide experience, has suggestions to make, which the others consider and discuss. The range of the discussion is at first very wide indeed, narrowing when a likely line has been struck, to consideration of detail. Finally, the course to be followed is decided on. In addition micro-photography—the technique of enlarged photography by microscopic lenses—as well as the ultra-violet rays by use of the epidiascope, play a great part to-day in modern crime detection.

Another interesting feature of the Yard organization is the Special Branch, which is specially organized to deal with political matters and the activities of revolutionaries, both native and foreign.

Examples of Special Branch work were the recent Arcos raid and espionage case, and the discovery of the Irish gunmen's revolver dump in London and the investigations which followed.

The Special Branch, indeed, knows a great deal more about many things than it is ever likely to make public. It has its own sources of information, which, naturally,

will never be disclosed, and the extent and accuracy of its information regarding the moves and plans of those who are the enemies of recognized forms of government, whether at home or abroad, would amaze the people principally concerned.

All crime not of a political nature comes within the province of the Central Branch. That, at least, is the broad guiding principle. There are, of course, occasions where officers of the Central Department have been concerned in political matters.

Every crime committed in the Metropolitan area is reported to Scotland Yard. If it is important, a superintendent or some other prominent Yard detective will go to the scene at once.

Among other activities, the Central Department makes inquiries and carries out arrests on behalf of the police forces of other lands, and works in conjunction with foreign detective departments against the international crooks who travel from one capital to another in search of prey. Central Department officers are also sent abroad when arrests are to be made or prisoners brought back to Britain.

## CHAPTER XV

The Police Force as a career. Finger-prints by radio. The "habit" or M.O. system explained.

**T**O healthy, resolute young men the police force offers a career that challenges comparison with most others nowadays.

The Metropolitan police want men from twenty to twenty-seven years of age, not less than 5 feet 9 inches in height, who have the usual education, and are strong enough physically to carry out the duties. Single men are preferred, and married men should have not more than two children dependent on them.

Policemen receive good pay and have excellent prospects. Throughout their service, and until the day of their death, they are looked after and provided for, and if they die early in life their widows and children are never neglected.

The young man who asks to join the police has to pass tests of education, physical strength, intelligence, and so on. Then there is a period of training, during which he is paid. Afterwards progress depends on himself. Always someone is watching him; always there are chances of promotion. This is not governed by seniority. Merit wins out in the police to a greater extent than in many other walks of life.

When training a policeman receives £3 a week. After he has received his warrant card and has been sent out on duty, he gets £3 10s. a week, rising to £4 10s.

Sergeants receive from £5 to £6; inspectors from £6 5s. to £9 13s. a week; and superintendents from £550 to £700 per annum. Quarters are often provided. When they are not, a rent allowance is made. In addition, there are weekly allowances to C.I.D. men, clothing allowances, and special expenses.

But this is not all. From the day a man joins the police he is protected. Should he be injured in the execution of his duty and unfitted for work, adequate provision is made for him for the rest of his life. If he loses his life, his widow draws a pension and his children receive allowances until they are sixteen. If he dies after completing five years' service, his widow receives a pension. And when he has finished his service, his pension is from £165, if he is a constable at retirement, to £467 if he is a superintendent. Even then, if he dies in retirement, his widow receives a pension.

In return for this, what is a policeman called upon to do?

Unceasingly he must keep "watch and ward." He has to protect. It is his job to ensure that every citizen may know peace and security.

As the policeman gains in experience, he becomes possessed of a very wide knowledge indeed. The newly-fledged constable is sent out knowing a good deal, but only experience can teach him all the things he should know.

Police duties range from investigating murder to costermongers' barrows. Drunks, who are not disorderly, are allowed to pass so long as they have no children under seven in their charge; suspicious bundles are examined; street betting is stopped; cruelty to animals is reported.

But the policeman's lot is not all work. Especially since Lord Trenchard took office as Commissioner, sport has played a big part in police life.

The Metropolitan police contain some of the finest boxers in the world. P.C. Harry Mallin held an unbeaten world's record; he has been champion twice in succession at the Olympic Games—a success never known before. At a recent Olympiad there were three British representatives out of the police, including Harry Mallin's brother.

Ju-jitsu, Westmorland and Cumberland and Græco-Roman wrestling are taught to the police. And football, swimming, cricket, tennis, lacrosse, and track events are widely encouraged. Police teams play all over England, and sometimes go abroad to play against foreign police.

Dances, socials, concerts, whist drives, and other entertainments are frequently arranged in various parts of London. Police bands are recognized as being among the best, while the Police Minstrels are known throughout the country, they have received the honour of Royal patronage on more than one occasion.

On the educational side, every possible facility is available to the policeman. The conscientious constable can take evening classes and learn anything he wants to learn. All this is due to progressive reforms which have made the policeman's life as attractive as possible, in order that recruits may be of the right type. Further, the introduction of the new Police College at Hendon will work wonders in the finish of our future police detectives. It is too early yet to pass any opinion, but in about five years hence Lord Trenchard's scheme will

be possibly one of the greatest steps taken to perfect and improve modern criminal investigation.

Scotland Yard is never closed. It works all day and all night. Take the Finger-Print Department alone; its messengers call at every police station in the London Metropolitan area every day, even in the early hours of the morning, for the finger-prints of every person charged that night with felony or larceny. The prints thus collected are checked up by experts, and by the time the prisoner appears before the magistrate, the officer in charge of the case has the complete record (if a record already exists) of the criminal, with a list of past offences.

Extraordinary care is expended in the checking of finger-prints at the Yard, even of those of minor offenders. The officers of this department become so highly skilled at their work that, after one examination of a set of prints, they can turn up instantly the past record of the person whose prints they are. Crooks when caught in the act of law-breaking often give an assumed name, hoping to cloak their real identity and receive lenient treatment from the magistrate as "first offenders." They try to hide their past exploits by subterfuge. But the Yard rarely makes a mistake and the tiny lines of the skin ridge of thumb and finger always reveal the truth.

Detectives who have been trained in the Finger-Print Department are invaluable to the police officers working on a case of burglary or some other serious offence. These men develop an intuitive knowledge of criminals' habits. They know just where to look for finger-prints, sensing instinctively the places where the crook would use his hands. Of course, every crook



with the slightest grain of intelligence wears gloves to-day, but you would be surprised to learn the large number of cases in which a really clever criminal has made the mistake of drawing off his gloves to handle some complicated task more easily, so leaving behind him the evidence of his guilt.

It is interesting to watch the finger-print expert at work, to see him discovering prints invisible to the naked eye with the aid of a camera and dark powder. The dark powder is scattered on the object or place where prints may be found, then blown off. If there are prints, some of the powder will adhere to them and show them up under the microscope. These prints, and photographs (if any) of the person who made them, are filed at the Yard in the Finger-Print Department, where there are shelves and racks full of folders and dossiers. These records and dossiers hang like a suspended sword over the head of habitual criminals.

Scotland Yard makes frequent use of radio in transmitting finger-prints to foreign police departments and the system has spread to France, where not only is the Eiffel Tower transmitting radio messages and radio pictures of men wanted by the Paris Sûreté Générale (the French Scotland Yard), but there are, in addition, fifty-one receiving radio stations to take the urgent police messages from flying squad and frontier posts linked up with police headquarters. Scotland Yard and the Paris Sûreté Générale work on the short wave or beam wave system of wireless telegraphy.

Regarding finger-prints, homicide cases are the most difficult for the police. I am not speaking of such cases as the murder of a well-known personality or of a bank cashier, where the motive of jealousy or robbery



THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOM

*Photopress*



THE FINGER PRINT ROOM

*Photopress*



is fairly obvious ; I mean the ordinary homicide case where the murdered person is of no great importance, where the body is found in an outhouse or a wood, or concealed in a trunk. These murders are usually not the work of habitual or known criminals, who are really clever men in their way and who in many cases never carry a weapon, for fear they might be caught in a tight corner and tempted to kill. "Better be shopped (put in gaol) for an ordinary robbery," says the old "lag," who has followed his profession for years and has learned a healthy respect for the C.I.D., even while constantly attempting to outwit them, "than to lose one's temper, kill a man, and take the ' nine o'clock walk ' from the cell to the scaffold ! "

If finger-prints are found on the scene of one of these unimportant homicides, they are of little value to the police, as their records only contain the prints of people who have passed through the criminal courts. Consequently, the only line of action is the identification of the victim, and police investigation works from that point by the discovery of the dead man's friends, the tracking down of acquaintances who were with the murdered person prior to the death, and the thinning down of the evidence to two or three people.

In America, where people move about over wide areas, when a body is found and cannot be easily identified, the corpse is placed on view in a mortuary or undertaker's shop and the general public is allowed free access in the hope that someone will recognize the victim. In England we have no need to follow this method, for Scotland Yard has a very complete list of all persons who have vanished and whose whereabouts and fate is a mystery, and a check-up is made at once.

The principal clues in a case like this usually consist of laundry marks and clothes.

Photographs play a prominent part in police investigation. Scotland Yard has a special Photographic Department in charge of a chief inspector. Yard photographers accompany the detectives immediately a crime is reported, and anything that may have any bearing on the case is photographed. Pictures are rushed through at top speed and within two hours of the discovery of the crime the officer in charge of the case will have in his hands a complete photographic record for reference, including such details as private marks, or scratches on weapons or instruments. A wonderful enlarging apparatus at the Yard, called the epidiascope, worked, as I have said, by the ultra-violet rays, brings out details hidden from the sight of the eye.

There was a remarkable instance of this in the sensational Charing Cross Trunk Murder case. A bloodstained duster was put under this apparatus, which can project an enlarged reproduction either of a photograph or of the clue itself on to a screen. The image revealed a mark, previously indistinguishable, that brought the mystery one step nearer a solution, as also in the Southampton Garage Murder and the present No. 1 Brighton Trunk Crime.

Another secret of Scotland Yard is the "M.O." system which is of tremendous value in the detection of crime. The "M.O." system is short for "Modus Operandi" system, and is based on the fact that habitual crooks rarely depart from one particular line of working. We are all creatures of habit, and the burglar and house-breaker are no exception. The professional crook has

his own individual characteristic methods. Thus, some men work only in daylight, others are night operators; some take to "cat-burglary" and always climb to roofs and high windows to make their entry. One man we caught would only enter a house by way of an adjacent empty house and *via* one of the upper windows. Another burglar always used a ladder.

Some crooks never depart from their methods of entering a house through a kitchen or pantry window. Some will only attempt to rob lock-up shops where no one lives on the premises. Some will never touch a lock-up shop but concentrate on the ones where people live over the premises. Certain burglars will only steal furs and dresses. Some even confine themselves to the stealing of ready cash. Some are "safe-crackers," others steal jewels or specialize in silver or antiques and "old masters." The crime itself may therefore be said to give the Yard its first clue. They know that it was probably committed by one of a group of crooks who specialize in this line. If certain peculiarities of working are revealed, it is quite possible that the actual man responsible can be named right away. It is then only necessary to trace him and to get the evidence that will convince a jury of his guilt.

To illustrate what I mean by peculiarities of working, there was a crook who made a practice, if his haul failed to come up to expectations, of pouring water into pianos and scattering salt, sugar, flour or anything he could find on the floor.

The individual characteristics of known crooks are divided and sub-divided, and entered on cards with cross-references. Each type of offence is designated by a number; following this is another number indi-

cating a sub-division of the offence. Thus:—No. 6 may mean obtaining money by a certain kind of trick. No. 6-1 may mean obtaining money by the same trick but with a slight variation in his story.

The "M.O." system is under constant review and revision. It is an axiom of criminal investigation that most criminals capture themselves. Sooner or later they fall into a trap of their own making. Sometimes their vanity, sometimes their habits, bring them into the police net. Crippen, the English murderer, would undoubtedly have escaped detection if he had stayed in England. By running away he convicted himself. Another murderer, Seddon, would have escaped the gallows if he had not been so miserly as to refuse a small portion of the money left by his murdered wife to one of her relations.

The crimes which are on the increase to-day, according to Scotland Yard statistics, are cases of "obtaining money by false pretences." These are extremely difficult to tackle, as it is the ordinary householder and citizen who is being victimized. When a very rich man has been swindled, he is not slow in advising the police, and even using private detectives to help him recover his money.

The sub-divisions of the "M.O." system card relating to these tricks are an amazing collection of incredible size, and would put the public on its guard against this class of swindler.

## CHAPTER XVI

chooling the young detective—some tests. A few remarks about disguise—why it is not officially encouraged. Shadowing the suspect. The “Reverend Harry.” The Black Museum. Scotland Yard’s grim collection.

THE science of criminal investigation is a thing of comparatively recent growth. Until as recently as 1909 there was little system of actual training for young detectives.

Sir Edward Henry was the first to see that natural detective ability in a detective patrol officer should be reinforced by proper tuition if the best results were to be obtained. Under his orders, a “school for detectives” was opened at the Yard under Chief Inspector Crutchett—the man that caught Armstrong, the poisoner. This “school” developed enormously during the years 1910–1914, when I was at the Yard, and though primarily intended for the recruits of the London C.I.D., became the forcing ground for detectives from all over the British Isles. But to-day it is the Police College at Hendon.

The four Superintendents and the Chief Constable at Scotland Yard keep a sharp watch on all young patrols, as detectives are called at the Yard, for qualities of discretion, courage, intelligence and enterprise, and they are given assignments on special occasions.

The first test for a plain-clothes detective is his appearance. Once he has dismissed from his mind all



idea of looking like a policeman, the young detective is put on probation and allowed six months to prove himself.

At first he goes to school: two hours instruction a day, for eight weeks. He listens to lectures and lessons on every conceivable subject of which a detective must have some knowledge. Lantern slides and films help him to assimilate facts quickly. There are lectures on forgers, and the latest methods of counterfeiting coinage, paper money, and even sweepstakes and lottery tickets. He learns when he may arrest without a warrant and when a warrant of arrest is necessary. He is taught the methods of the modern crook from A to Z. He learns the intricacies of safe-breaking, the use of explosives, the mysteries of locks and combinations; he becomes acquainted with all kinds of alarm devices, and the latest apparatus designed to combat the burglar.

The young detective is encouraged to study face types, voices and mannerisms as a possible guide to estimating character. He becomes skilled in reading the messages of footprints. He learns the great importance of even the most trivial details.

"How would you start an inquiry into a murder case?" he is finally asked, and he must then construct a hypothetical case and describe his method of working should he be in charge. This is part of the PRACTICAL PROFESSIONAL TEST, the culminating point of his "school" training. The test is carried out by the great Chief Constable of the Criminal Investigation Department and two Chief Inspectors.

It is a gruelling ordeal. The candidate stands not only a written examination in Criminal Law, but an oral test also.

"What evidence is necessary to establish a charge of receiving stolen property against an individual?" is one question.

"Now we are going to test your powers of observation," says the Chief Constable, and proceeds to describe a man with certain characteristics. "Now, then, if you were asked to pick this man out from a crowd of fifty people, what would you look for?"

Ability to make drawings of faces is encouraged. Often a little caricature drawn from memory by a police officer has proved worth its weight in gold. Where verbal description has failed, the sketch has been the clue to discover a wanted man's whereabouts.

Histrionic effect is not encouraged—nor, on the other hand, is it discouraged. The detective may be required to assume the role of drunken diner-out, street hawker, milkman, or even street singer. All is a question of individual personality. I remember very well the occasion on which I and two other detectives adopted this role. We were out on the trail of a master-burglar, and found he frequented a certain rough neighbourhood. How could we keep watch on the district without attracting attention? The slums of this part were full of low underworld types, old "lags" (convicts), sneak-thieves, petty crooks, informers—who knew all of us by sight and word was almost certain to reach our man if we were the least bit out of character.

Yard men do NOT adopt actual grease paint, wigs and other artifices of the actor, though at one time, in the early days, there was a "make-up" room at Scotland Yard. However, this time there was nothing else for it: we blacked our faces and went out—my colleague with banjo and myself with bones.

We worked all the public houses for over a week, sometimes making as much as three shillings—another time perhaps twopence, at each pub, and finally got our man.

So the young detective begins his probation, and if the monotony of routine work does not break his heart, he will develop into a good detective in time. He should by training and experience acquire a shrewd knowledge of his fellow men and a deep understanding of the frailty of human nature, and if he is made of the right material, he will become a cool, confident, patient, resourceful officer, a credit to the Yard and an asset to the community as a public servant.

The art of "shadowing" is one of the most difficult for the young detective to acquire. It calls for ingenuity above the ordinary, patience and strong nerves.

"Shadowing" is much more than merely following a suspected person; it is the art of trailing him for hours, days, weeks, without arousing his suspicions that he is being followed.

Some criminals have a sense of humour. A young Yard man once followed a crook for a whole day, thinking he was being successful in remaining unnoticed. Towards evening the criminal turned into the Yard to the consternation of the following patrol. He asked for the late Chief Inspector Ward, and when that officer—who knew the crook well—came out in the corridor to see him, was told that he had brought his youngster safely back. That youngster was myself.

Writing of criminals with a sense of humour, reminds me of that old rascal, the "Reverend" Harry Neil, bogus clergyman and the oldest burglar on the records of the Yard! He had a trick of leaving humorous

messages behind him in houses where he had made a good haul and nasty messages in houses where the pickings were poor! He was a real humorist—even when we caught him he made us laugh.

But the fundamental training of the English School is very plain. Some time ago a man was arrested for safe-breaking in the Midlands. The dust in the turned-up portion of his trousers was examined. Although he was a steel worker, the experts were still able to show that certain steel filings found there were filings he had made in breaking open the safe.

A detective must be well informed about what goes on around him, because at all times he must be prepared to act *on his own initiative*. There is no royal road in police detective work, and the more he knows and the cleverer he is as a Jack-of-all-trades, the greater his chances of success will be.

America, France, Germany, Austria, and other countries make specialists of their men. They instil chemistry, surgery, mineralogy, bacteriology, toxicology, pathology, and all the other "ologies" into them: but they don't teach them what the British school does—a *knowledge of human nature*. An extensive knowledge of your fellow-beings is good in all walks of life, and this is especially true for the detective.

The detective who knows his job does not trouble about criminological "bunk." He knows there is an expert waiting round the corner who will decide whether the blood on a coat is human, whether the revolver fired such and such a bullet and at what trajectory. Another expert will tell him how long a person has been dead, a toxocologist will decide whether he was poisoned and what kind of poison was used.

Other experts will give evidence concerning ink, antiques, documents and handwriting. The detective can get all this expert knowledge for the asking.

British detective work recognises six cardinal points : *investigation ; care of clues and details ; inquiries ; interrogation and statements ; evidence and the art of description and search ;* and last, but by no means least, *observation and shadowing.*

One of the most fascinating rooms in London is that one with the glass cases and shelves of exhibits called "The Black Museum at Scotland Yard."

Many and strange are the exhibits displayed in this room—some tragic, some pathetic, some horrible, and a few humorous. The most laughable one of all is a small square piece of cardboard bearing a written message and strung on a dirty piece of string. It was a relic of Harry Neil's last great exploit.

Harry was a character. In the card-index files of the "M.O." system at the Yard, his dossier gave the following information :

"Harry Neil, burglar. His method of operation is to disguise himself as a parson, in long black coat, clerical collar, and wide-brimmed black felt hat."

"The Reverend Harry," they called him, and whenever burglaries were committed in London the C.I.D. always knew that if a kindly, white-haired old clergyman had been seen in the vicinity, Harry was the perpetrator !

He was "pulled in" many times on burglary charges. Each time he blandly protested his innocence.

"Harry !" the late Sergeant Billie Woods once said to him, sternly : "You've been up to your little games again !"

"Oh, no, I would never dream of such a thing. Why, I have my reputation to think of——"

That set everybody present off in a burst of laughter! His reputation! The wildest, funniest old cracksman in London talking about his spotless reputation! But Harry was quite unabashed and protested mildly all the time, until at last the charge was established and he went behind the bars for a stretch. He was an habitual criminal, and we knew that no sooner had he left gaol after serving his sentence, than he would be up to his old game.

One day news came to the C.I.D.: "The Reverend Harry's out again!" A certain rich man in the South of London had arrived at his home on a Sunday night after attending a church service with his wife and family—to find his safe broken open, his money and silver gone and a bit of cardboard swinging from the safe door handle by a dirty piece of string.

On the card were the words: "You pray! But I watch and *prey*!"

When the news reached the Superintendent of the Division concerned with that area of London, he knew at once who had blown open the safe.

"Harry's out—get him!"

And they got him. The card is in the "Black Museum" now. A relic of the last exploit of one of London's oldest burglars—he was seventy-eight the last time he was arrested.

Every police force in the world has its store room of criminal exhibits, but there is no other museum in the world containing so many startling exhibits relating to the world of crime, as are to be found in the room called "The Black Museum" of Scotland Yard. Every

crime perpetrated in the Metropolis of London during the last fifty years has left its traces here.

Grim relics are to be seen all round the room. The gruesome box in which was found the missing head and hands of a dismembered woman, discovered wrapped in a parcel in a London public square, stands here. Also a trunk found in the cloak-room of a London railway terminus, in which another woman victim's decapitated body was found. There are knives, choppers, revolvers, knuckle-dusters, bludgeons and lethal weapons of every description, all of which are associated with notorious crimes.

Here is to be seen the knife, with the bloodstains still encrusted on its blade, of the Brothers Reubens, who, in the East End of London, on a cold March night, killed a ship's engineer in the year 1900. The axe, with the same sinister marks, of the murderer Perry, who wiped out an entire family consisting of the husband, wife and three girls in the same district of London. The bag of the Eastbourne killer, Patrick Mahon; the knife of Thorne, the Crowborough dismemberer; the poker of Eleanor Percy, who battered her rival Phœbe Hogg to death, afterwards killing her little daughter and pushing the two bodies across London in a perambulator. Relics, documents and other morbid reminders belonging to murderesses. For instance, gloves and correspondence of the beautiful French girl, Louise Mallet, who beguiled by the love of a waster, suffered the death penalty for killing her illegitimate son. The brown paper, with an address, which, handed over to the police, caused the arrest of Amelia Dyer, the "Baby Farmer," for the wholesale murder of many children. Here are correspondence and some of the

fatal love-letters belonging to Edith Thompson and Frederick Bywaters. The Russian and Polish correspondence, including the Polish birth certificate and medical degrees of Severin Klosowski, alias George Chapman, the killer of three women, who is thought by many competent persons to have been none other than the terrible "Jack the Ripper," a nightmare figure who once terrorized London. Here is the bath from Bismarck Road, Holloway, in which John Joseph Smith drowned his last victim in the world-known case of the "Brides in the Bath"; the small toy lamp, with the faded red flannel wick, which those two fine detectives, Powell and Nutkins, after weeks of exhaustive inquiry, traced to its original source, as being torn from a red petticoat of a woman, innocently associated with two desperate burglars who had beaten to death a rich old man in a large, lonely house at Muswell Hill. Ammunition and other articles belonging to the Houndsditch Murderers, who killed and shot down, in cold blood, three London policemen. The revolvers of Lal Dringha, the Indian student who assassinated Sir Curzon Whyllie, and the automatic that killed Sir Henry Wilson. The remains of a pyjama jacket found wrapped around the body of Belle Elmore, proved to be the property of her husband, the notorious Doctor Hawley Harvey Crippen.

Perhaps the most grizzly exhibit of all is the collection of hangman's ropes which have ended the lives of many killers, with the list of names of the felons and the executioners who launched them into eternity.

Photographs hold a large place in the "Black Museum." These are extremely interesting. Some are those taken immediately on the scene of a crime, depicting the position of a body as the detectives dis-



Leaving the gruesome, there are numberless other crime exhibits of great interest.

There are inks of every description known, that have figured in great forgery trials. Counterfeit coins, gold and silver, counterfeit bank-notes and bonds of all nations, as well as the last word in counterfeit coin apparatus. Burglar and safe-breaking tools, the finest and most cunningly devised known to the crook fraternity. Finely tempered steel brace-bits that will pierce and bite through the most impregnable iron door of a safe or strong-room door, jemmys, wedges, crow-bars, saws, some standing in corners of the museum, others laid out in neat leather rolls and green baize, as well as silk ladders that can be wound round the waist under the coat of an enterprising "cat-burglar," rope ladders with grappling irons and hooks at the end; in fact, every conceivable type and class of instrument used in the burglary profession. Acetylene cylinders, gauges, blowers, blow-pipes; also sticks and empty bottles of gelignite, this being the popular explosive used by safe blowers, and commonly known in the Underworld as "soup."

Playing cards with every device worked on them to aid the card-sharper, packs upon packs of cards taken from crooks in clubs, hotels, trains, race-courses and

ocean-going liners ; loaded dice, faked roulette spinning wheels ; suit-cases with false bottoms used by railway terminus thieves—they are all to be seen. There is a jeweller's wicker basket, in which a man of very small stature secreted himself and was placed in a railway cloakroom. During the night he got out of his own empty basket, transferred his label number to a jeweller's basket, and let himself out of the cloak-room at the dead of night. Early next morning he presented his ticket, the number corresponding to the one on the jeweller's basket, and walked away with ten thousand pounds worth of jewellery !

## CHAPTER XVII

Classification of killing. My first experience of the gruesome. An incident of nerves in the Liverpool Sack Murder. The anonymous letter writer. The case of General Luard and the Sevenoaks Murder. The unsolved murders. Some remarks about sexual crimes—the homicidal killer, the murderer-maniac. Do murderers imitate?

**I** WAS transferred from the Special "Political" Branch to the Central Department at a time when great demands were made by the Chief of the latter for an increased detective staff, and found myself dealing with problems of the major crime—murder.

With other officers I worked on many famous cases, including those of "Stinie" Morrison, Seddon, Crippen, the North London Train Murder, the Eastbourne Murder, and many others.

Murder, though rightly considered the most terrible crime, is rarely the work of the habitual criminal. Further, I will be so bold as to state that murder is rarely the work of a clever one.

I divide murder into two classes. One, and by far the more frequent class, arises from sex problems; the other is the work of homicidal maniacs. Where murder accompanies robbery it is usually spontaneous impulses to kill to avoid detection. In civilized countries murder is the greatest menace that confronts the community, and it is only right and proper that men and women should have some opportunity of learning the true facts about the means by which the police examine and vindicate this savage affront to society.

Nearly all sex murders are the work of maniacs, and

these abnormal individuals often display remarkable ingenuity in covering up their tracks and destroying clues. So successful are such maniacs in hiding their guilt that they entirely baffle the Yard. I remember as if it were yesterday being called in by a scared lavatory attendant at the Elephant and Castle to examine a certain parcel found there on May 31st, 1908. I opened the parcel, and we saw to our horror that it contained the decapitated body of a little girl! I roused the Yard and an intensive investigation was conducted. At last we found the body was that of a beautiful little child named Eileen Bowes. Never from that day to this has there been a trace of the murderer of that poor girl.

Concerning murder, but with a different sequel, was a case on which I was retained, called the Liverpool Sack Murder. Just before the outbreak of the Great War a cold-blooded murder was perpetrated in Liverpool. The body of a woman, decapitated and tied up in a sack was found one morning in the lock of the Mersey Canal.

During the hue and cry that ensued we at the Yard received a message that a certain man was suspected of the crime. Liverpool police asked that the Yard should make full inquiry and take necessary steps to keep the man under observation.

“Woodhall, trail this man. Don’t pull him in yet. Watch him!”

I received my orders, and eventually located my man in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Road. My instructions were not to effect an arrest, but to “shadow” him. I waited outside the house where he lived all one morning.

At midday he appeared, crossed the street, stopped

suddenly and looked straight at me as I stood reading a paper on the opposite side of the road.

Instinctively I knew that he realized I was after him. There is a sixth sense in every detective that tells him when he is "tumbled" (known). However, he made no sign of alarm and walked off in the direction of the Strand, I following some 300 yards to the rear.

He reached the middle of Waterloo Bridge, climbed the parapet, poised himself in mid-air—and dived into the Thames!

I ran with all my strength and speed, scattering pedestrians to right and left, ready to dive in after him.

But even as I raised my arms I saw a police patrol boat of the Thames Division arrive upon the scene and haul the would-be suicide out of the water. They were only just in time, as the river was at high tide and the current was fierce and swift.

The police boat turned and chugged away up stream with my man aboard. I wasted no time, but telephoned Thames Division headquarters at once to hold him on arrival.

I straightened the matter out, and he was charged at Bow Street for attempted suicide and remanded. Two days later the Liverpool police caught a man who proved to be the actual Sack Murderer, and my man stood his trial on the charge of attempted "self-murder."

To my surprise I found that there was absolutely no foundation for him to be suspected.

When he saw me and recognized that I was a "busy" (an underworld term for police detective, short for "busybody") he let fear master his self-control and in panic decided to kill himself. He was acquitted, and I

heard many years after that he had served with great distinction with the Australian troops at Gallipoli.

This brings me to the psychological effects of murder upon both individuals and masses, and to the dangers which arise through action on the part of people bordering upon hysteria.

A murder often provoked a whole flood of anonymous letters accusing various persons of the crime. In the Brighton No. 1 Trunk Crime there were thousands. I remember one man, a fine English gentleman, General Luard, who was hounded to his death by this despicable letter-writing. He lived at Sevenoaks, and his wife was shot as she sat on the verandah of a bungalow. The General was overwhelmed with grief. Then came the worst blow of all. An avalanche of anonymous letters, making the grossest accusations, descended upon him. It preyed upon the unfortunate man's mind so much that he threw himself on the rails in front of the Southampton boat train to end a life made too horrible for him.

The evil-minded letter-writers no doubt rubbed their hands and said, "He was guilty—we proved it!" But later investigations completely proved him to be innocent of the crime. The actual murderer has never been traced.

Murders are often repeated by persons with latent homicidal leanings, who act subconsciously at the suggestion of a committed crime. This theory of crime has worked out over and over again in practice. One of the greatest difficulties encountered at the Yard on murder cases was to comb through the numbers of anonymous letters from people who offered clues, mostly valueless. In addition to these pests there are quite respectable people who openly come forward to

offer evidence which is often so misleading as to be positively dangerous ; and all this evidence has to be sifted and tested before it can be discarded or utilized.

The Yard gives murder precedence over any other crime. The pursuit of thieves, blackmailers and other criminals is very important, but when life has been taken the Yard concentrates all its attention on the trailing of the murderer. Yet with all and every attention given to this vital phase of crime detection the number of unsolved murders in recent years has increased, and is a matter of grave public concern. Study a few in London committed during the post-War years ; it makes grim reading. There were thirty-eight to the end of December, 1933—five shooting, two stabbing, fifteen battery and mutilation, ten strangulation, and six poison murders. Seventeen belong to London, twenty-one to the provinces. The largest number have been committed on women, twenty-four being the total. The remaining fourteen are comprised of ten on men and four on very young girls.

Who strangled little Vera Page, Agnes Kesson of Epsom, Nora Upchurch and Alice Lloyd ? Somewhere walks the killer who mysteriously poisoned Mrs. Violet Sidney of Croydon, her daughter, Vera, and her son-in-law, Edmund Duff. Also in our midst, possibly, every day moves the murderer of Mrs. Winifred Maud East, beaten to death in a train between Kidbrook and Eltham, as also was Mrs. Alice Todd, the lonely house-keeper at Croydon ; Mrs. Francis Buxton, another lonely woman in Chelsea, killed in the same manner, as well as Edwin Austin Creed, of Bayswater, battered to death in his shop. Who murdered Idries Ali, a Bengali, in Victoria Dock Road ; and where is the killer

of Martin Lechevalier, stabbed to death in the centre of Piccadilly? Who killed poor "Singing Rosie" of Southwark, and where is the inhuman ghoul who, under circumstances of revolting and shocking brutality, killed poor young Louisa Steele on Blackheath Common?

Last year terminated with seven murders, all the victims being either women or very young girls. In one case only was the motive proved to be robbery, and that murderer suffered the death penalty. In two of the other crimes men were traced, arrested and convicted, but at the eleventh hour both were sent out of touch with human society and confined in His Majesty's Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Broadmoor for the remainder of their lives.

The other murderers are still at large. A grim and significant fact—but true!

The last unsolved murder has touched the heart of the public throughout the entire country, but the killer of lovely little Vera Page still remains undiscovered. One question recurs again and again: "What are the police doing, and why don't they trace these human ghouls?"

Would it surprise the public to know that in a good many cases they *do* trace the murderer—and then cannot *prove* his guilt?

Consider the unsolved crimes—or, to use the official term, the "cases uncompleted"—of the last four years. Nearly all of them have been the work of men who, for pathological reasons, have attacked women or young girls. This is the type of murder that detectives intuitively recognize, and learn to dread, for it is committed in circumstances which render helpless even the most experienced and clever officers. The men who



killed Ivy Godden in Kent and Vera Page in London belong to one and the same category.

In the former case an astonishing disclosure has already been made in the Press: Salvage, the murderer, had to be taken off board a vessel in 1927 under control. In other words, he had gone insane. At Durham he was sentenced for theft, but the prison medical authorities put him in the observation cells and, after a time, certified him frenzied and advised his removal to an asylum. Before this could be done, however, he had served his sentence. He was re-examined, found "sane" and discharged. The senseless murder of an innocent child soon followed his return to his native place, Ruckinge, Kent. Having buried her body, the killer calmly went off to play cricket on the village green, and later joined in the search for his victim.

At the Old Bailey no defence of insanity was put forward, and, giving evidence on his own behalf, Salvage denied the crime, saying that his confession to the police had been a false one induced by hope. On the evidence tendered he was sentenced to death. After his conviction the Home Secretary ordered a report by medical experts (under section 2 of the Criminal Lunatics Act, 1884). This was also done in the case of that infamous killer, Ronald True, and many others. As a result of the experts' report Salvage, the murderer of eleven-year-old Ivy Godden, was removed to the Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Broadmoor for life.

This type of potential murderer forms a small section of every great community. It consists of men who are balanced precariously between sanity and madness. When they commit murder they cover their tracks with diabolical ingenuity, so that often—even when they are

traced and the police are completely satisfied of their guilt—there may still be insufficient legal *proof* to satisfy a judge and jury.

Actual murders of women and young girls by homicidal maniacs and men of perverted instincts are comparatively few in number. But the cases of serious assault are by no means so few. The total number which is published during a single year in criminal statistics would be a shocking revelation to most people. It is only when a terrible crime occurs, in which a woman or little girl bears the marks of the "maniac killer," that the public realize what a social menace we have in our midst.

These maniacs never interfere with men, but always with members of the opposite sex. Criminal records amply prove this statement. They are not confined to any one class of the community; they exist in all grades of society and are one of the gravest problems the police have to face.

The nude body of a young girl named Louisa Steele was found on Blackheath Common early last year. She had been strangled and terribly mutilated. The murderer is still "at large." It is understood in well-informed circles that an educated man of well-to-do family was strongly suspected. But proof was lacking. It was known that this man had been an inmate in a mental institution and had several times been discharged on parole as "recovered" and committed to the care of his own people. Immediately after the crime he was back again in his private mental home, and the authorities will see that he does not come out again.

I am certain that if the truth could only be told men of this type are known and strongly suspected by every experienced officer in every division of the London

police area. Our parks, commons and other public places produce annually numerous complaints of the kind I mean. Much water has flowed beneath the Thames bridges since the lunatic was treated with callous brutality. Yet, despite all our modern institutions for the welfare of insane people, we have them constantly at large in our midst. I do not say for one moment that many of those who are discharged from mental institutions are not normal. Far from it. But when people who are "discharged recovered" are known to be dangerous, then some sort of system should be introduced whereby an outside governing body could keep track of their movements.

The police can trace the movements of criminals once they are outside the prison gates, but for the 7000 people—some of them extremely dangerous—"discharged recovered" in the year 1931 from private and other mental institutions not one precaution has been taken! Yet the community has not forfeited its natural right to protection against people of diseased mind.

Prevention is better than cure. We are a long way behind in our system of so-called public welfare. When the drug habit began to alarm the authorities a bureau of specially trained members of the police soon checked the menace. The same kind of thing could be done with regard to "the maniac in our midst." "Discharged recovered" men who become suspect would then be put under proper control the moment it was known that their public conduct was not rational.

This system has long been advocated by many well-known authorities, including eminent alienists, doctors, criminal lawyers and barristers. They all maintain that the "discharged recovered" person, by very reason of

his original abnormality, should be under some sort of confidential control when allowed freedom of action in the outside world.

It would be a step in the right direction to get such a system going. What do the police know of the mental history of the male population in and around the densely populated neighbourhood in which little Vera Page was done to death? With such a system as I have suggested they could have drawn on *knowledge* at once. That the murder was the work of a homicidal maniac is indisputable. But who and where is the criminal? If a system of control and supervision were in existence the police investigations would have been narrowed down to manageable proportions, even if the murder had ever been committed. Further, the ghastly list of outraged young girls, so regularly repeated in the calendar of our criminal courts, would be reduced to almost nothing.

A well-trained squad of men to which were attached specially selected women—not necessarily police detectives or policewomen, but a special confidential body for inquiry and observation—with a headquarters in which would be kept an indexed medical history of every person known to have suffered from any kind of mental trouble, could and would do an enormous amount of work which, to my mind, appears to be absolutely essential if our women and girl children are to be secure from molestation and danger. I reiterate, with such a system at work I guarantee that the “unsolved murder” would become the exception and not, as so unfortunately it is at the present time—the rule.

Though there are always plenty of Press wiseacres and armchair detectives who advance theories and criticisms whenever Scotland Yard fails to obtain a conviction, it

must be admitted that the past five years constitute a black spot in the history of the C.I.D.

It is a deplorable fact that in five years over twenty murders in London have been committed, in none of which have Scotland Yard got their man.

There is too much "safety first" about modern police procedure; and this can hardly be wondered at when we remember the public outcry in more than one big case against the questioning of material witnesses, when it has even been hinted that Scotland Yard on occasion resorted to third degree methods.

One result of the recent commission's findings, however, was to enhance Scotland Yard's proud record of square dealing, even though there were adverse criticisms of part of its criminological procedure.

Many people are content to accept an arrest in a sensational murder mystery as a matter of course, and seem astonished when, as in recent cases, Scotland Yard has failed to get its man.

Few people realize, however, that most of the mysteries which have been finally cleared up might easily have been added to the list of the unsolved but for some tiny but significant clue which brought the murderer to the scaffold.

Certain sections of the Press blame the new rules issued by the Home Office for the recent spate of "unsolved murder mysteries."

There you have the crux of the matter. I am afraid that to-day there is an unfortunate tendency to rely too much upon prolonged cross-examination, first by the police and then by some prosy and inexperienced coroner, to supply needed evidence in murder trials, instead of upon patient detective work and the rigorous following up of clues and facts.

There is far too much theorizing and too little action in our present detective work.

Some of the most brilliant detective work of recent years has hinged, not on the statements of the suspected person, but on the patient following up of seemingly irrelevant details by the trained mind of Scotland Yard.

The recent Charing Cross trunk murder, the Margate crime and Southampton Garage Murder are still fresh in the public mind, and are classic examples of Scotland Yard's expert team work, allied to brilliant deductive ability on the part of the officers concerned.

Under the present system, however, I imagine that the Charing Cross trunk crime would have to be added to the "unsolved mysteries."

With regard to statements by persons suspected of crime, Clause 1 of the Judges' Rules is quite plain :

"When a police officer is endeavouring to discover the author of a crime, there is no objection to his putting questions in respect thereof to any person or persons, whether suspected or not, from whom he thinks that useful information can be obtained. But whereas a police officer has made up his mind to charge a person with a crime, he should first caution such a person before asking any questions or any further questions as the case may be."

Now all this, I think, hinges upon two principal points : the ability of the investigating officer, and the manner in which he undertakes his job.

There may be many things to hamper him in his inquiries—lapse of time, absence of clues, and perhaps the absence of living witnesses. It is no easy task to unravel a murder mystery.

Let us take one or two examples of recent unsolved murders. The great majority of them have been crimes of brutal violence, committed mostly in outlying and lonely districts. The motives are not hard to seek—robbery with violence, or some outrage arising from pathological reasons. No living witnesses having been found who could come forward and give evidence of value, the detectives have had to fall back on tangible clues and circumstantial evidence which possibly is not strong enough to secure conviction.

The provinces also have many undiscovered crimes : Mrs. Starr, murdered in a train ; Mr. Oliver, battered to death in his shop at Reading ; Miss Wren, found dying from wounds in her shop at Ramsgate ; Mr. Samuel Wilson, shot at the wheel of his car near Mansfield ; Mary Leroyd, strangled with a silk stocking on a lonely Yorkshire moor.

The list is a melancholy one, but it must be remembered that in every one of these unsolved crimes *not one living witness* has ever been forthcoming who could give the police the slightest tangible information regarding the crime.

The antiquated procedure of the coroner's court should be overhauled, and all the resources of science brought to the aid of the National Detective Force. For ten years in all my writings I have advocated this system, and until it is a *fait accompli* I shall continue to do so.

In place of the coroner, whose office, though of civic utility, is an anachronism in the case of unsolved crimes, I would suggest the appointment of an official similar to the Scottish Procurator Fiscal, who acts very much like the Procureur Général in France. He should appear in the rôle of a public investigator, and his

qualifications should be legal, medical, and criminological.

It should be his duty to sift and sort out the evidence, and his should be the ruling as to whether the suspected person should go to a higher court for trial.

But, compared with other countries, Britain still holds an enviable record in the matter of crime.

Within the last ten years quite a number of sensational and peculiar murders have taken place throughout the country. Some of these killings have been very similar, which has caused a great number of the public to be under the impression that murder is in many cases *imitative*.

That great advocate, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, once said: "A man or woman, in nine cases out of twelve, must have the *inclination to murder*. Nobody suddenly becomes base."

Examine the statement. It is sound. Sound in theory and example. No truer logic was ever uttered in respect to the commission of crime.

I can commence with an illustration in the second Eastbourne Murder case. Mahon lured his woman victim to a lonely bungalow, killed her, cut up her body and burned the remains. He had the *inclination* to kill her for a long time. All the money she possessed had gradually passed into his possession. Besides, upon the surface he lived a very respectable life and was married. Not only that, he was tired of her, she was becoming a nuisance—and he was carrying on with a third woman, who in complete innocence had fallen under his spell.

He then thought out a scheme which would solve the whole enigma—he made up his mind to kill his first



*victim.* In this cold-blooded idea, he looked for precedent. He found it (as divulged in evidence) in the literature purchasable upon such murderers as Voisin and Landru, the French Bluebeard.

He favoured the methods of the latter, because he lured his victims to a lonely house, killed them, dismembered the bodies and destroyed the remains by burning in a furnace.

Mahon intended this murder to be upon the same lines. Nobody would ever find out, as his victim had few relatives *and nobody knew anything about his association with her.*

Therefore he *thought* and *acted* in just the *same way* as the murderer who had not long been executed in France for crimes of an exact nature.

There can be no doubt upon this score, as Mahon was so sure of his ground. In fact, had it not been for an ex-Scotland Yard man, the crime would, in all probability, *never have been discovered.*

Mahon's wife, unbeknown to him, was suspicious of his fidelity. She had him watched. One night she found a railway cloak-room ticket for a suitcase in a pocket of a sports jacket.

What was her husband doing depositing a suitcase. Why did he not tell her?

She confided this unusual fact to the detective: he accompanied her to Waterloo Station and the suitcase was given over.

It contained women's underclothing, smeared and saturated with blood, and a large knife.

The police were informed, and, I think, everybody is more or less familiar with the sequel.

Mahon was arrested, convicted and executed.

In all cases of crime it is invariably the mind of the murderer at the time of its commission, which guides the prosecution, the defence and the Judge and jury throughout the evidence for a trial for murder. The commission may not be the same in every case, but the motive may be similar.

An eminent authority in the Press advanced an opinion just recently upon the Charing Cross Trunk Murder. He said that if Robinson had not cut up the body of Mrs. Bonati, and had gone and given himself up after he knew he had killed her, he might have been tried for manslaughter.

The contention is not original. Everybody with commonsense realized this fact. The same thing could be said of Mahon. When he knew that in the alleged struggle the woman was dead, why did he not go to the police? No, he had *made up his mind* to murder his victim and destroy the remains by *imitating the method of another murderer*.

In the case of Robinson, he said in evidence that the murdered woman was unknown to him. It is probable, and at the same time, improbable. No proof was forthcoming. Again the similarity between Mahon's mind and that of Robinson. If I kill her, nobody will be the wiser. *My relations with her are unknown*.

The evidence, however, of this line of possible reasoning is much stronger in the Mahon case, I admit, than in that of Robinson.

The term murder is in legal phraseology "Homicide," and includes all forms of the taking of human life. It matters little if the crime is premeditated or done upon the impulse.

English Constitutional Criminal Law admits all forms of killing as wilful, various circumstances altering the crime to manslaughter.

The methods of killers are not so varied as one is led to believe, and they are constantly recurring types.

Premeditated murders for gain, revenge and sex motives are for ever happening. The crime is against human nature, and the offence is against the Law. If the murderer is found out and proved guilty, he pays the penalty. If not—well, it remains “an unsolved mystery,” which is an approach in criminological classification to “the perfect crime.”

Murders committed on impulse are done according to the mental make-up of the murderer. He kills to escape, or in a fit of rage or the snapping of mental control.

The killing of a policeman, a caretaker or a citizen, when a thief is detected in an act of robbery, leaves a murder committed.

It is then a job for the trained investigator to trace the killer.

But there are obviously exceptions to these rules.

Sex perversion is the outstanding crime, due in many cases to a complete homicidal mentality, not found in healthy-minded people.

Jack the Ripper, the Croydon Poisoning cases and the recent Blackheath Murder are a few examples out of many. But these crimes remain undetected. Yet the element of imitation is apparent to every sensible citizen who takes time to think.

Crimes that have been brought to justice bear out these facts—gain being the principal motive. Acts

indicative of a consciousness of guilt are generally sought for by the prosecution, and brought out in evidence.

The preparation for the crime, the opportune moment for its committal, the tracing of certain facts, the silence, refusal to explain or the unsatisfactory explanation of certain suspicious circumstances—these factors combined with modern scientific testimony all go to prove, in many cases, that the crime for which the accused is standing trial is similar to others that have been committed.

The most brilliant detective, counsel, or jury, are helpless in stating with accuracy what actuates the mind of a murderer.

Trained minds go by precept and experience in determining these matters. If the evidence is lacking that turns a theory into a fact—then the matter, so far as law is concerned, is not proved.

Nevertheless, the crime still remains to the eyes and faculties of those who know an imitative murder.

The commission of the crime is the plan and act of the murderer. The motive may be one of many. Sex, revenge, jealousy or gain. The point of my contention is the method—*method is always imitative*. Only in two methods have crime in this country been unimitative.

One was the Brides in the Bath Murder case, and the other the recent Blazing Car Crime committed by Rouse upon the lonely Northamptonshire road. In the latter case the method was unique in the annals of crime. Trained and scientific minds brought the guilt home to the murderer. But who was the unknown victim? No man will ever know.

It is a new style of murder. Time will prove whether such a type of crime will ever again be imitated.

A closer study of the Rouse case illustrates some interesting criminal theories, and for that reason I return to it in the last chapter, having already covered the Brides in the Bath case in one of my previous works.

## CHAPTER XVIII

The Margate Murder and Southampton Garage Crime. Bringing the decapitator and poisoner to justice. What the microscope and camera reveal. How the blood test works. Some great international toxicologists and pathologists. Betrayed by a hair. Dust as a clue. Science nails the lie.

THE recent cases of murder within the last odd twenty years, such as the Hilldrop Crescent crime of 1910, the Brides in the Bath case of 1915, the Seddon, Tollington Park, and Armstrong, Llanelly, poisoning cases focus attention on the great advance in medico-legal assistance rendered in modern criminal trials.

Mahon, who dismembered a woman's body after killing her in a bungalow at Eastbourne, as also Robinson in the Charing Cross trunk case, are instances, also the two more recent crimes by Podmore at Southampton and Fox at Margate are classic examples of evidence tendered by medical men in murder investigations and convictions.

During the investigation of Chief Inspector John Prothero, New Scotland Yard, assisted by the Southampton police, in the recent Locked Garage Murder controversy, at one point of the hearing centred around the question of whether or not the hammer produced by the police was the weapon that killed Vivian Messiter.

Science replied emphatically—Yes !

For, although invisible to the naked eye, the microscope of the laboratory revealed on its rusty iron surface a hair from the eyebrow of the murdered man.

In the Margate crime the murder was reconstructed under Chief Inspector (now Superintendent) Hambrook, New Scotland Yard. Working day and night, the detective travelled hundreds of miles, took statements from numbers of people and so presented his case to the arbitration of science.

The prosecution said it was a case of wilful murder. The defence maintained it was a case of accidental death, caused by suffocation from a fire.

As the case is so outstanding in the annals of crime detection, it may be of interest to give a brief recapitulation of this crime.

It has been said that insurance is responsible for more crimes than any other kind of business.

Forgery, theft, swindles of every description, arson, even suicide and murder, have been committed with no other object than that of getting money from insurance companies, and thousands of spurious claims, involving millions of money, are made on them every year.

The insurance companies, however, have their own methods of protecting themselves, and their chief safeguard is the skill and vigilance of their special investigators—a body of highly-trained men, many of them ex-members of the C.I.D., who know the ways of the criminal from A to Z, and whose duty it is to investigate any suspicious case and unmask the fraudulent claimant.

Little is heard by the public of the work of this Insurance Secret Service, and it is not generally realized that many a dangerous criminal has been brought to justice through their brilliant work.

One of the most appalling crimes of modern times was brought to light in this way. Never before in

England had there been a case in which a man insured his mother and then deliberately schemed to kill her in order to obtain the insurance money. Without the relentless efforts of the insurance investigators, murder would never have been suspected, nor the murderer brought to the gallows.

Some years ago a man named Fox came to a certain hotel in Margate. With him was his widowed mother. She was an invalid, Fox said, and the management of the hotel placed at their disposal two rooms—Nos. 66 and 67—with a communicating door, so that, if his mother should be taken ill, her son would be at hand to look after her.

Fox at this time was desperately short of money. For some time previously he had been moving from place to place along the south coast, living from hand to mouth with the help of bad cheques, and there is no doubt that when he arrived at Margate he had all his plans carefully laid.

Some time before, his mother's life had been insured for £3000, and to this extent Fox would benefit by her death. He considered that the time had now come to extricate himself from his financial difficulties by collecting the insurance money.

Accordingly, he went to London—cashing a worthless cheque with a local chemist to pay his expenses—and by some means arranged for the premium on his mother's policy, which was overdue, to be paid up to date.

On returning to Margate, he realized that there was no time to be lost. He had no money, trouble might arise over his worthless cheque at any moment, and his plan had to be carried out immediately. His mother must die.



That night, about 11.30, there was a sudden commotion in the hotel.

"Fire! Fire!" shouted a voice, and Fox came dashing in panic down the stairs.

Guests rushed from their rooms, heard Fox's frenzied cries that his mother's room was blazing, and his mother helpless inside, and ran towards Rooms 66 and 67.

Dense clouds of smoke were pouring from Room 66, and it seemed impossible to enter it. And then Fox must have had a bad shock, for one guest, more courageous than the rest, bound a wet towel round his face, went down on his hands and knees, and crawled into the room.

The smoke was so thick that he could see nothing. He groped blindly about the room, feeling with his hands, found the bed, touched a pair of legs, seized them, and dragged the unconscious form of Mrs. Fox into the corridor.

Artificial respiration was useless, and the doctor pronounced life extinct.

Fox seemed overcome with grief. He had gone to bed, he said, leaving his mother dozing in her chair by the fire, with a glass of port beside her. There were some clothes airing before the fire, and, somehow, he supposed, they had become ignited and caused the outbreak.

The next morning, however, he had so far recovered from his grief as to set about settling his mother's affairs in a most businesslike way. He advised the insurance company of the claim, and approached a local solicitor to try to persuade him to advance him some money at once on the security of the policy.

He was obviously confident that his plan had suc-

ceeded, and he no doubt felt quite secure when, in due course, the inquest was held, and the verdict was "death by misadventure, due to smoke suffocation."

But Fox was in too much of a hurry. No sooner was his mother dead than he began questioning the insurance company about his prospects, and the first thing that was noticed was that his mother had died only just in time. She had died just before midnight—about 11.30 p.m. Had she died after midnight, another premium would have had to be paid to keep the policy in force.

He had forgotten, too, or had never known of the existence of insurance investigators. Inquiries, as usual, were set on foot. The case was placed in the hands of an ex-detective, who travelled to Margate and very soon wired to his employers: "Extremely muddy water in this business."

He had good grounds for his suspicions. Investigations into the cause of the fire were far from satisfactory. Fox declared that his mother had been asleep in her chair, yet the man who had recovered the body had found it on the bed.

Moreover, an examination of the room showed clearly that the fire had originated actually under the chair on which she was said to have been sitting. In addition, the son's need of money and stories of the bad cheque made the case look still more suspicious.

On receiving their investigator's report, the insurance company placed the whole set of facts before the police, who promptly took action.

It was quickly ascertained that Fox was an old Borstal boy, with a formidable criminal dossier. From early youth he had led a life of crime. Previously he had

worked in an insurance company, and at one time had been in touch with a woman whose life he had insured for £300, and whom he had persuaded to make a will in his favour.

Fortunately, no doubt, for her, her suspicions of his honesty had been aroused, and she had refused to have any more to do with him.

Suspected possession of petrol and the incident of the worthless cheque made things look still blacker. But there was not yet sufficient evidence to charge Fox with murder. However, his practically penniless condition enabled the police to arrest him on a charge of "obtaining food and lodgings by false pretences."

The police were by now convinced that the supposed accident was really murder—murder of the most appalling kind. But they had still to bring the crime home to the guilty man.

Things moved swiftly. The Home Office ordered an exhumation, and Sir Bernard Spilsbury was instructed to make an examination. Fortunately, the coffin had been sealed up by the undertaker with putty, and as a result of the perfect state of preservation of the body, Sir Bernard Spilsbury was able to accomplish what was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant pieces of work in his career.

At the outset he had no idea whatever of the cause of death; it might have been one of a hundred causes. There was not a single external mark of violence, and all the organs were healthy. No vestige of soot was found in the bronchial tubes or lungs—as there must have been had death been due to smoke suffocation—and there was nothing whatever to account for death.

Then, hidden in the throat, Sir Bernard found a

bruise, about the size of half-a-crown. On the tongue was another small bruise, caused by contact with a tooth. But there were no teeth in the mouth, and no one knew what had become of them.

Both these bruises, save for the sealing of the coffin, would have disappeared; but, as a result of careful laboratory tests, Sir Bernard was able to state definitely that Mrs. Fox had been strangled, and her cries stifled with a pillow.

As a result, Fox was charged with wilful murder, convicted, and hanged. But without the work of the insurance investigator the inquest verdict would never have been doubted, and one of the worst of cold-blooded murders would never have been detected.

Irrespective of legal controversy, Sir Bernard Spilsbury's view was: "it is simply a case of manual strangulation, or suffocation with manual strangulation and nothing else. That is what the body told me."

The study and science of Criminology is closely connected with scientific criminal investigation, and there are on the Continent, and in America, many eminent authorities in this science. For instance, Dr. Locard, France; Professor Hans Gross, Germany; R. Von Krafft-Ebing, Austria; Gustave Aschaffenburg, Denmark; etc. In this country we have Sir Bernard Spilsbury, undoubtedly one of the greatest crime scientists of his generation, with others equally distinguished in their specializations, as Sir William Willcox, Dr. Roche Lynch, Dr. Oliver Smith, Mr. W. B. Weir, and the late Professor John Glaister.

Circumstantial evidence is playing an increasing part in trials for the more serious offences, especially murder. This means that science is constantly being called to the

aid of the detective, for without the scientist and his methods circumstantial evidence would not be accepted, either by judges or juries.

Science has brought many prisoners to justice. Arsenic is a frequent choice of these murderers, but strychnine has also been used, notably by the notorious Doctor Palmer, Neil Cream, and the recent murderess Mrs. Ethel Major; tartar emetic and tincture of aconite were used by Doctor Prichard in 1865; aconite was used by Doctor Lamson; hyocine by Doctor Hawley Harvey Crippen. All these murderers were doctors, and probably used a poison other than arsenic because of their medical knowledge.

The first noted instance in which Scotland Yard proved its case with the assistance of science was when Professor Pepper and the late Sir Thomas Stevenson were retained by the English Home Office in the notorious Borough poisoning case, when the alien Severino Klosowski, alias Chapman, poisoned his three wives.

Post-mortem examinations—one three years after interment—showed the presence of antimony in large quantities. Chapman went to the gallows.

Professor Pepper was the first Home Office expert to attract the attention of the public. With Sir William Willcox and the then Doctor (now Sir) Bernard Spilsbury he investigated the Crippen case six months after the body of the dead woman had been buried in quicklime. An interesting feature of this case is that the quicklime *aided the scientists*, because in destroying the human tissue it preserved the poison. There was at first no proof of the identity of the woman whose body was found. The quicklime had partially done its work, and there was no



# AN OFFICIAL EXHUMATION

Re-interment after examination by Home Office Experts of one of the victims of George Joseph Smith the 'Brides in the  
Rath', murderer



one to say it was Mrs. Crippen. But the scientist made a microscopic examination of parts of the skin, and proved that an operation had been performed and an incision made, thus making identification possible.

Expert use of photography is constantly made use of by the Yard. In a High Court case, when a woman claimed £2000 on the strength of a letter acknowledging that sum, the camera proved that an additional "o" had been added to the original figure of £200. The case came on first in 1914, and was dropped until after the War, when it was reopened. A new photograph, enlarged, then proved that the figure had been gone over again with ink since 1914. The plaintiff then pleaded as a prisoner, and was afterwards convicted.

The Tintometer is another instrument used. It matches and records colours. It was first used in the Brinkley poisoning case. With it the experts were able to show that a will had been written and signed in one ink, witnessed by a certain man in another, and by Parker, the murderer, in a third, which corresponded to that used in the public-house where Parker said he had signed a petition for an outing.

The man who first discovered the blood test was Bordet in 1893. He thus provided criminal investigators with a weapon which is all-powerful in its sphere to-day. Put simply, the test is as follows. If a rabbit is inoculated with a serum of human blood, a certain effect is produced. So the fact that a particular "sample" of blood is human can be demonstrated by the effect it has on the rabbit. Call human blood "A," call the rabbit "B." The inoculation produces a condition "AB." Now make your test with blood which may or may not be human. If the state "AB" is caused, then it is human blood.



If some other effect is obtained, it is the blood of a lower animal.

Human blood is now divided into four groups, following a vast accumulation of data, and each group has its peculiar properties. The expert can analyse blood and put it into its group at once, and it is interesting to note that parents transmit definite blood groupings to their children.

Experts can give vital information on the subject of hair. In a Scottish murder trial in 1924, the defence of insanity was raised, and it was shown that the man had an insane impulse to kill cats. When his clothes were examined this evidence was corroborated, for hundreds of hairs of cats were found on them.

In another trial, hair found on the trousers of the accused was that of the victim. In all inquiries on hair, experts make the most minute investigation.

The expert can take a handful of dust and can separate from it the dust caused by the crushing of a butterfly's wings. This gives some idea of the extreme accuracy of modern methods and the possibilities of dust analysis. Scotland Yard can now tell what part of London certain mud comes from, by analytical examination. Some time ago a man was arrested for safe-breaking. Although he was a steelworker, the experts were able to show that certain steel filings found there were the filings he had made in breaking open the steel strong-room.

Whatever defence is put up must be dealt with, and in such cases as the Mahon case, scientific answers to a defence are given in their most brilliant form. Who does not recall the defence put up by Mahon—that Miss Kaye had attacked him, that in the struggle that ensued she fell and killed herself, and that in a panic

he cut up the body? And who does not recall the cold, exact manner in which Sir Bernard Spilsbury showed that bruises were due to bludgeoning, and that the girl must have been killed deliberately?

Similarly, in the defence in the Charing Cross trunk case, it was suggested that the victim had suffocated herself—an unfortunate accident! But Sir Bernard was ready with the answer his science had given him, and that theory was shown to be impossible.

Criminals, especially murderers, have most ingenious stories to put forward at times, but nothing whatever gets past these men of science on whom the Yard depend and who form the “Yard Laboratory.” Slowly and surely they bring the killer to justice.

When one remembers that a positive reaction in a blood test has been obtained *from a stain on mummy material 4000 years old*, one sees what science can do to aid crime detection.

## CHAPTER XIX

Chief Constable Wensley and Chief Constable Ashley. Superintendent McBrien and Superintendent Neil.

**E**X-CHIEF CONSTABLE A. P. WENSLEY, late of the Yard, second of the rank in sixty years, who rose from policeman to be the second Head of the Criminal Investigation Department, was Sherlock Holmes in real life. With Superintendent Arthur Neil of the "Big Four," he is undoubtedly one of the best-known criminal investigators living to-day.

He arrested Stinie Morrison for the murder of an old Russian Jew, on Clapham Common, on New Year's morning of 1911. He handled the famous Sidney Street case of the East End of London when a gang of aliens killed three City policemen—themselves in turn being killed while offering armed resistance to arrest.

He brought to the scaffold Seddon, an ex-Superintendent of Insurance, for the murder of Mrs. Barrow.

Louis Voisin also passed through his hands : the man who killed and cut to pieces the body of his mistress. As also Mahon, Robinson, Thorne—all killers and dismemberers of women.

Although actually not arresting or in full charge, he has been in supreme seniority of many of the great murder cases of the last quarter of a century.

Armstrong, the solicitor, who poisoned his wife. Edith Thompson and her lover Frederick Bywaters, the guilty couple who between them murdered Percy

Thompson, the husband. Further, Browne and Kennedy, the two gunmen, who killed a defenceless constable in a lonely Essex lane. These and many more cases are just a few to give an idea of the immensity of his extensive criminal experience as a modern detective-chief.

One of the best illustrations of Wensley's methods of dealing with crime was the murder for which two Jews (incidentally, it is interesting to note that only three Jews have ever been executed in London for murder), named Morris and Mark Rubens, were hanged.

The circumstances of the case were more bizarre and sensational than those of any "thriller." Between one and two o'clock on a March morning in 1909, a constable, patrolling the squalid neighbourhood of Rupert Street, Whitechapel, found the corpse of a man lying in the gutter. It was a clear, frosty morning, and the officer noticed spots of blood leading up to the body. He followed this trail along the pavement and across the road to a house in Rupert Street, upon whose door he saw the bloodstained mark of a man's hand.

Assistance was obtained and the door forced. In one room was a woman, well-known to the police; and upstairs was discovered a man named Mark Rubens, a low bully of the worst type. Detective Sergeant Wensley, as he then was, took charge of the case. He subjected the woman to the strictest interrogation, and from her, and from another woman who lived in the same house, he found out that on the night of the murder there had been a desperate struggle between Rubens, his brother, and two men who had been brought to the house.

The difficulties involved in the case were very great.

First of all, no one knew who the dead man was. There was nothing on his clothes and his pockets had been rifled.

Helped by his special knowledge of the East End, Wensley instituted the most rigorous comb-out and finally ran to earth the dead man's companion. The body was then identified as that of William Sproull, the second engineer of a steamship which had just completed a voyage from Australia.

From the murdered man's friend, Wensley learnt that they had met the two women and had returned with them to the house in Rupert Street, and that while there they had been assaulted by Rubens and his brother. The survivor, although badly battered, had succeeded in making good his escape back to his ship.

The brothers Rubens were taken into custody, but the case against them was far from complete.

One of the most important pieces of evidence, the weapon with which the crime had been committed, was missing. Wensley searched high and low, and after some days found a bloodstained claspknife, proved to belong to Mark Rubens, hidden in a rubbish heap. The two men were put on trial, but at Wensley's suggestion—for he knew it would be a most difficult matter to convict them of murder—the two women were not charged, but were persuaded to turn King's Evidence. The trial aroused considerable stir. It was thought that as Morris Rubens had not actually taken part in the stabbing, he ought not to be executed with his brother. But Wensley, knowing that crimes of violence were becoming more frequent in the East End, advised that, as a deterrent, the death sentence should be passed on both men.

This was done, and as events turned out his insistence was justified, for thereafter crimes of robbery with violence diminished in number.

Chief Constable Ashley, recently retired, who succeeded Mr. Wensley, is a man of quiet manner and with a brain capable of swift insight, resolute action and masterfulness of purpose. Ashley, like all the great detective chiefs, rose from the ranks.

His first great case was in conjunction with Wensley, and his close attention to detail aroused the admiration of all who were associated in the investigations. For many years he served in the West End, Bow Street particularly, and his knowledge of the "flash" crooks of the underworld is second to none.

Another, Gough, tracked Goudie, the bank clerk, who defrauded the Bank of Liverpool of £90,000, of which he was himself swindled by some turf rogues.

Ashley, however, also figured in many sensational murder cases, and has used his expert knowledge of finger-print science and photography in many different affairs.

For the purpose of this story I cannot do better than give an account of one of the most important crime cases in which he figured. Ashley is a great believer in the team spirit in detective work, and this was fully demonstrated in this particular cruel and sordid murder case.

The opening of the case was the discovery by a road-sweeper of a parcel wrapped in sacking which had been deposited inside the railings of the gardens that form the centre of Regent Square, Bloomsbury. When the parcel was undone there was found in it the trunk of a woman. The head, hands and legs were missing. A sheet had been wrapped round her body, and on a

piece of torn wrapping paper the words "Blodie Belgium" had been roughly scribbled. Medical inspection showed that the woman had been killed about two days.

This was in November, 1917, and the difficulties of the detectives were increased by the presence of the hundreds of refugees living in London at the time, for the writing on the paper was distinctly continental in type. Only one other clue was available upon which to work, which was a laundry mark in red cotton, "H.H." on one of the woman's garments.

Chief Constable Ashley, then Divisional Detective in charge of the area in which the crime was committed, set to work to trace if possible the owner of that particular laundry-mark. Hundreds of persons were seen and interviewed, and many hundreds of statements were taken for days upon end. At last the trail narrowed down to a certain house in Munster Terrace, Regent's Park, and there it was learned that a Frenchwoman, Mme. Gerrard, had been absent from her rooms since the night of October 31. Checking up on her associates and means of earning a livelihood, Ashley further narrowed the investigation to her lover, Louis Voisin, who lived in a tenement building in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. Ashley had the man brought to Bow Street, also another woman who was living with him at the time. Voisin, heavy-jawed and exceedingly thick-set and burly of frame, was first interrogated.

"Do you know Mme Amélie Gerrard?" said Ashley.

"Yes, she is a friend of mine, but she has now gone back to France."

"When did she go?"

"Oh, at the end of October."

"Alone, or with anybody in her company?" countered Ashley.

"She went with her sister Marguerite."

"Are you certain?" said Ashley.

"Yes, quite certain; I saw them off."

Ashley had already found out all about this in his investigation. Marguerite had been brought back from Paris secretly. She had gone alone.

The net was beginning to close.

"I am very anxious to clear up the identity of this missing lady, and I should like you, if you have no objection, to write the words, 'Bloody Belgium.'"

Voisin, though priding himself on his cleverness and knowledge of English, was bombastic, illiterate, conceited and very talkative.

He at once wrote the words as dictated. Ashley made him write them four times, and in each instance the same mistake was made—"Blodie Belgium."

This at once confirmed the opinion that Ashley had laboured to establish. He had the murderer in his hands. Voisin and the women were detained.

Immediately a search was made at Voisin's rooms, beneath which was a large dark basement cellar. By the aid of their flash-lamps Ashley and his detectives searched the place. Voisin was a butcher by trade, and had several tubs of brine about, in which were pickling pigs and calves' heads.

Apart from this rather unpleasant smell, there was a peculiar odour coming from a small tub in the darkest corner of the cellar. On top of it was placed another large cask, full of brine and meat.

"Lift it down!" said the Chief.



His men did so, and the contents were found to contain sawdust, and hidden beneath it the missing head and limbs of the dead woman.

Mme. Gerrard's disappearance was solved at last and Voisin was hanged for murder.

In conjunction with Sir Patrick Quinn, whom he succeeded as Chief, Superintendent McBrien has been responsible for the Royal Family's safety for a generation.

This tall, strong, distinguished-looking Irishman has captured traitors, homicides, political maniacs, spies; he has had a death struggle with an anarchist in Soho; he has fought for his life in the pre-War Russian Nihilist and Italian revolutionary clubs of the East End and Clerkenwell, when a police detective's life, if he were discovered, was not worth a moment's purchase; he has lived in danger of his life from Sinn Feiners.

These are only a few of his experiences during a life crowded with intrigue and danger. He has a gift of being unobtrusive. If the King was shooting on the moors, there was nothing to single out the quiet figure in tweeds, close by, as a detective; at a formal affair the man in silk hat and morning dress, like all the others, was Superintendent McBrien; on a railway platform he was the least conspicuous of the onlookers. But all the time his eyes were on the watch for that most dreaded of guarding detectives' nightmares—the political maniac. Fortunately there is not much to fear from revolutionaries in this country. The danger here is chiefly to visiting foreign royalty, from fanatics who may have a grievance against them.

Superintendent Arthur Neil, apart from Chief Constable Wensley, is the last of the famous group of

Scotland Yard detective chiefs known throughout the world as "The Big Four."

It was formed in 1924, and consisted at that time of Superintendent Wensley, Neil, Carlin and Hawkins. The two latter great Police Chiefs have died and there only remains out of that famous four Wensley and Neil. I have spoken of Wensley, now I will say something about ex-Superintendent Neil.

Neil is one of the outstanding characters in the world of past police activity. I doubt if any living detective has such a unique record as this handsome, grey-haired middle-aged man.

During his thirty-nine years of active police detective work, he has arrested over thirty killers, two being "multiple murderers."

One of his earlier cases was in 1902, when he figured in the arrest of his first "multiple murderer," the Polish Jew, Severino Klosowski, alias George Chapman, commonly known as "The Borough Poisoner."

In this particularly gruesome case, the murderer was the licensee of a small public house in the Borough High Street in the south-east of London.

In this case, working under the instructions of Divisional Inspector Godley, he helped to bring home the killing of three different women who had lived with Klosowski for a period of about six and a half years.

The first woman who lived with him as Mrs. Chapman died under sudden and very mysterious circumstances; the doctor, who was puzzled, refused to issue a death certificate. A post-mortem was held, and poison was detected in large quantities in various parts of the intestines. An immediate analysis by Home Office experts proved antimony: but how it had been admin-

istered, or who had administered it, was still to be proved. Chapman was arrested simply on the report of the Public Analyst.

It looked at first as if a blunder had been made, but Godley stuck to his conviction that Chapman had killed the woman. They had found in his safe books upon the science of Toxicology (Poisons), several mysterious packages of white powder, one of which having an old label of a chemist's shop in Hastings, and, further, there were several letters in Russian.

Godley then found out that Chapman had buried a second wife some eighteen months previously, and that she also died after a very short but painful illness. Bit by bit he built up the investigation and traced Chapman back to the South of England, and finally to Hastings. In this town also he had lived as Mr. Chapman, and after a short period had left with his "wife" to take up a business at Hoxton.

Godley also discovered a chemist whose Poison Book had the signature of Chapman, for the purchase of ANTIMONY.

Then Neil, by an exhaustive process of constant inquiry, found someone who recalled the name of the place in London to which the Chapmans had gone.

In London he visited hundreds of people, his object being to find someone who could identify Mrs. Chapman, who had died in 1897 after coming up from Hastings. She also had died suddenly, after a very short illness. At last he was able to find the actual old woman who had laid out the body of the first Mrs. Chapman for burial. In the meantime, he had been working night and day in the East End of London to try and trace the antecedents of the prisoner. One of the old Russian

letters had an address in the neighbourhood of White-chapel—but the people had gone long ago, and it was a long time before he came across a very old Russian Jew who recalled Chapman as Severino Klosowski.

“Yes,” he said, “he came to England in 1893 with his wife and one child, from Poland; he had a business in Tottenham, where he met a woman and went off with her to Hastings.”

Neil pricked up his ears. Hastings! The whole net of human circumstances was gradually tightening around the neck of Chapman. Soon Neil traced his real first wife, a Polish woman who had not seen her husband, Severino, for nearly eight years, since the night he suddenly disappeared in Tottenham. She identified him immediately.

“Yes, he is Severino, but he always went by the name of George Chapman, as his own name he felt was a handicap.”

Upon police request, the Home Office exhumed the body of his former wife, Bessie Taylor, who had lived with him in the neighbourhood of the Borough. She had been dead for over two years and in her body, too, large quantities of ANTIMONY were found. Then Neil discovered that there had been a third wife, who had come from Hastings. Her name was Catherine Spinks; she had been dead for nearly five years. Chapman was indicted and stood his trial for the murder of his three “wives.” He was found guilty and executed.

Another world-famed case in which Neil was mainly concerned was the arrest of a second “multiple murderer” named Joseph Smith, also a killer of women. In this case over 150 witnesses took part, and nearly 3000 statements were taken in all.

Smith's methods are without parallel in the history of crime of any country, as he drowned every one of his victims in a bath. He generally killed them on the day of their marriage, having first got hold of everything of value that they possessed.

The ex-Superintendent also figured in the arrest of the Hythe murderer, and in that of the killer of Superintendent Spenser of the St. Pancras Hospital. He has arrested besides hundreds of burglars, gangs of counterfeit coiners, blackmailers and innumerable forgers and confidence tricksters.

He has also broken up and sent to prison many dangerous gangs of bullies and other thugs who have terrorised London from time to time by epidemics of highway robbery with violence.

In one case two men and a woman, wearing masks, waylaid and violently assaulted many women, also a few men, all over the North of London; the woman accomplice in many cases throwing the female victim to the ground and robbing her.

He brought this gang to justice in little over a month, the three receiving very heavy sentences of penal servitude.

## CHAPTER XX

**Alien murder gangs. Six unarmed citizens killed. Story of this pseudo-political criminal gang of killers. Their first attempt in London to assert the "weapon of the coward," the gun. An account of the running fight—the hue and cry—the chase by police—the casualties—and death of the first two alien gunmen.**

IT took France and England two years to wipe out one of the most formidable gunmen gangs ever known in Europe. During the process six men, four English and two French police officers, as well as several innocent citizens, were shot in cold blood by these cowardly criminals.

The gang was twenty-five strong, probably more. It is known that five were killed by the police in London, and four in Paris. Four were sentenced to death; five to penal servitude, and seven to various terms of imprisonment at the hands of the French authorities.

The gang in this country, about the year 1909, numbered about fifteen. With the exception of certain French Jews, their nationality, so far as it was known to the police, was Slavonic, the Russian element predominating. It was known that they were all members of an avowed revolutionary circle, and were frequenters of the Anarchist Club in Jubilee Street, Stepney.

The three leaders were Muromzev (alias Gardstein), Joseph, alias Yoska, and Bonnet the French Jew (alias Piakon, alias "Peter the Painter"), the latter, however, confining his activities more to Paris than London; the Russian Gardstein and Yoska being the leaders, as

it were, on the London Front. There were also Fritz Svaars, Marx, alias Dubonnet, and Joe Levi.

"Yoska, the Killer" got his formidable nickname from the fact that he had killed several members of the Russian police before he fled from that country and sought sanctuary in London. It was known that he was an associate of Petroff, the Terrorist, who was executed in December, 1909, for the assassination of Colonel Karkoff, Chief of the Russian police.

His appearance, however, belied his character. Tall, slim and always elegantly dressed, Yoska was the last man to be taken for a desperado of the type which will kill on sight. But his criminal history told another story.

There was something strangely attractive about this man, too. In the first place he was extremely handsome. Yet, when one looked closer, there was a something—a kind of icy expression—in the depths of his eyes.

Associated with this gang were three women. One was tried at the Central Criminal Court and was convicted of conspiracy, but the conviction was quashed on appeal.

Little was known of the three except that they were the womenfolk of Svaars, Gardstein and Piakon. There was, however, another woman, a lovely Lithuanian girl, named Pola. She died in Vienna in 1927.

The first move made by this gang occurred on 25th January, 1909. It opened with highway robbery, and continuing with a running fight over Tottenham Marshes, along the banks of the Rivers Lea and Ching, it ended in death.

On Saturday morning Lapidos and Hefield, two

members of the gang, waited outside the works of Messrs. Schurman, a firm of rubber manufacturers, for the arrival of a motor-car which would contain a chauffeur and a messenger. Long observation had taught them that the messenger used to bring with him weekly the money for the wages, a sum amounting to over £800.

The car drew to a halt and the messenger got out, carrying a heavy satchel. The two men sprang on him and, with a blow on the head from the butt end of a revolver, he was knocked to the ground. The bag was snatched from him.

Then the men turned firing indiscriminately into the crowd that so quickly gathered, and dashed away.

From all directions men and police were converging upon the retreating criminals, and among those in the van of the pursuit were two Metropolitan constables, named Tyler and Nichol.

One of the directors of the firm and some of his employees were driving in pursuit; others were on foot. Steadily the pursuers gained and, seeing that they were going to be caught, the robbers suddenly halted and, with cool deliberation, one began to fire at the director's car, while the other reloaded the automatics. A rush of bullets shattered the car's windscreen and disabled the engine.

The assassins made off at a run again, reloading and shooting indiscriminately, with the obvious intention of sweeping away any who might bar their path. It seemed probable that they intended making for the Tottenham Marshes, where they might escape; the pursuers quickened their pace.

P.C. Tyler, who had been in front throughout the



pursuit, sprinted in the most fearless manner, though he was out in the open, without cover of any description. It seemed for a moment that his bravery would win out. Putting forth every ounce, he almost reached Hefeld, and his hand was already outstretched when the gunman whipped round and fired point blank. Poor Tyler spun round and pitched forward on his face. He had received four bullets in the head from an automatic of heavy calibre.

The telegraph and telephones, meantime, had been working. Superintendent Jenkins, assisted by Chief Inspector Holland, were in charge, and they had concentrated every available police officer along different roads leading to and from the scene of action.

In several places police were mustered, armed and unarmed, and unless the murderers were successful in gaining Epping Forest before capture, it could be seen that they would be surrounded and forced into surrender.

But the chase was not over yet. The pursuit continued and Police-Constable Nichol, of N. Division, was shot down near Mitchley Road, receiving several bullets in the leg and thigh. A youth named Ralph Jocelyn, who had joined in the hue and cry, followed on and was instantly killed by a shot from Lapidos.

Running into the Chingford Road, hard pressed and failing, the criminals came upon a standing tramcar, which had stopped to allow a passenger to alight. Firing their guns at all in their path, they rushed the tramcar. A fusilade greeted the astounded driver and he ran upstairs, with bullets singing round him, and lay on the roof for shelter. The pursuers now began to shoot and one of the crooks pushed his gun into

the face of the conductor, forced him on to the driver's platform, and ordered him to drive at top speed.

The conductor put the switch on full, and off went the tram, carrying one crook with his gun at the head of the conductor and the other firing from the rear platform. There were three passengers in the tram, and one, an old man of sixty-four, tackled the murderer at the front of the car with great courage, but was shot down and fell with a bullet in his neck.

The car raced on, swaying and jumping. It held the rails, however, and presently approached the end of the lines. The conductor told the man who held the gun to his head that they had better leave the tram, as there was a police station round the corner. The bluff proved effective; the conductor was ordered to slow down. Both men jumped off the car and ran straight for an unattended milk cart, into which they sprang, lashing the startled horse into a frenzied gallop.

Their mad flight in the tramcar had put distance between them and their pursuers, but the police had not been slow, and had commandeered a second tram, which followed after, while a motor-car coming along was stopped and pressed into service. By the time they got into the milk cart almost the whole of the gunmen's start had been lost.

Dashing madly towards Woodford, and still shooting at intervals, they made for Epping Forest.

The pursuit, however, was now gaining fast, led for a short time by a theatrical bill-posting cart driven by a hatless constable, who had picked it up outside a coffee-shop. The driver was lashing the terrified horse into a mad gallop when a well-placed shot from the milk cart

brought it down, and all three occupants were pitched over its head into the road.

Epping Forest was almost in sight, when the men stopped the milk cart, leaped out and made for the fields near Hale End Station. It was a bad decision.

They found themselves soon with Ching Brook to cross and a high fence on the other side to scale. The pursuers were following hard, shooting with intent to down the men.

Hefeld was hit. Lapidos was hit. They staggered, but went on. Hefeld jumped the brook and essayed the fence, but faint with his wild exertions and loss of blood, he fell back. Again he tried, but the police came up with a rush, and this time when he fell back he collapsed, with only enough energy left to raise his gun to his head and fire.

Meantime his companion in crime had waded some little way up the brook, painfully and slowly. He staggered over the railway embankment, across some waste land, and so came to the first houses of the old village of Hale End.

A bricklayer at work on some new houses there made an attempt to rush out and intercept him as he made directly for the back of the occupied cottages, but Lapidos shot him.

A couple of mounted police appeared within his view, and he made a bee-line for the first house. It was that of a labourer whose wife, hearing the noise of shooting and shouting as the pursuers came on to the village, ran out with her children to see what was happening. Covering the woman with his gun, the man made his way up the stairs into a front room.

Dixon and Eagle, the policemen, dashed upstairs and

took up positions on each side of the doorway. Flattened against the wall, in order to avoid exposing any vital part to the murderer, from time to time each man jerked his revolver into the room and fired blindly. Then Eagle cautiously left his position against the wall and silently crept up until he could get his hand round the door. In that position he fired a full magazine of his automatic. Then he stood away and both waited. No reply came from Lapidus.

Believing that he might have hit his man, Eagle, gun in hand, again crept to the door. The gunman staggered and fell across the bed dead.

I am glad to say that the late King Edward VII honoured both Dixon and Eagle by an interview, and conferred upon them the Police V.C. in the form of the King's Police Medal.

But other members of the gang were still active, and, by the end of the year, London woke up to learn of another terrible crime.

## CHAPTER XXI

The East End gang of alien criminal gunmen. Their attempt at robbery—the alarm. Arrival of five unarmed policemen. Escape of the gang. The finding of the ringleader dead on a bed in a house in Grove Street, E. The continued hunt for the others who had escaped. What the police found.

IN the late months of 1910 a further drama was enacted by this gang. The date was December 16th, 1910. Two weeks before this day some aliens had moved from 59, Grove Street, to 11, Exchange Buildings, Houndsditch, London, a house situated immediately behind a jeweller's shop.

The new-comers had been settled in a few days when the jeweller began to hear curious knockings, coming, he thought, from the adjoining house. He paid no attention to them, but on the night of the 16th they became so loud that he began to think that somebody was tunnelling into the back of his premises. He became thoroughly alarmed and prudently sent for the police.

In response to his call, five members of the City Police went to his shop. They were Sergeants Tucker, Bentley and Bryant, and Constables Woodhams and Choate. They made an investigation and, as they listened, they heard the muffled pound and thud of workers and the stifled crash of falling masonry.

Not unnaturally the police came to the conclusion that either some extensive work was going on next door, or that burglars were attempting to force an unusual way into the jeweller's shop.

So Sergeant Tucker went to the door of Number 11, to ask if there was any work going on there. The moment he knocked at the door the sounds stopped. No one answered him. He knocked again, louder and longer, and after a few moments a man cautiously opened the door and furtively looked out.

The officer asked him if work was going on inside. The man made no answer, but tried to shut the door. Slipping his foot in the opening, Sergeant Tucker repeated his question. Instantly the man turned on his heel and rushed upstairs. The Sergeant thrust open the door and walked into the dimly-lit hall to await his answer. He looked up and saw a tall, slim man coming down the stairs. The man was Yoska, the Killer.

Without saying a word and without the slightest warning, Yoska faced the officer, pulled a gun from his pocket, and poured into the body of the officer the full load of bullets. Sergeant Tucker fell dead.

The police waiting outside rushed to the door.

Meantime Yoska the Killer had been joined by Hardstein and Svaars. The three stood at the bottom of the stairs and calmly picked off Sergeants Bentley and Bryant, and P.C. Woodhams. It was sheer butchery as the three unarmed men crashed through into the hall. In two minutes four policemen had been shot.

Suddenly, a big, good-looking policeman, Constable Choate, hurled himself through the doorway and caught Gardstein by the throat. Together the two men crashed to the floor, and there, in that dim passage, they fought a desperate battle.

Over the bodies of his comrades the policeman and the crook rolled, then Yoska, the Killer, stood over

them smiling, and as Choate's back presented a target, he fired point-blank.

But Choate would not die. Yoska again pulled the trigger, but at that very instant Choate swung his man over and Gardstein received the bullet. But Choate had no chance. Shot after shot Yoska fired, and at last a bullet in the spine ended it, and he fell dead near the bodies of his murdered comrades.

At the subsequent inquest, it was shown that this man had fourteen bullet wounds in his body.

With the police thus disposed of, the gang raced off into the night. But they were handicapped since they took their wounded with them, and the dying Gardstein was a heavy burden to carry.

As may be imagined, the whole country was horrified at the news of these shocking murders and rose *en masse* to demand the arrest and punishment of the criminals. No other such event had happened in the lives of that generation, and on all sides the greatest indignation and the utmost admiration and sympathy for the police was expressed.

Every available officer of the Criminal Investigation Department, and every officer of the uniformed branch, was concentrated on the search for the gang. The whole of the East End was scoured, and at last news came to the police that a man, obviously an alien, was lying dead at 59, Grove Street. It was Gardstein. He lay on a blood-soaked bed, staring fixedly at the ceiling, and under his pillow were two heavy automatics and scores of rounds of ammunition.

There was a woman in the room, and as the police entered she turned, with a scream, from her task of burning documents and papers. She was arrested and

# CITY OF LONDON POLICE.

## MURDER OF POLICE OFFICERS.

# £500 REWARD

WHEREAS Sergeants Charles Tucker and Robert Bentley, and Constable Walter Charles Cheat, of the City of London Police, were murdered in Exchange Buildings, in the said City, at 11.30 p.m., on the 16th December, 1910, by a number of persons who were attempting to feloniously break and enter a Jeweller's Shop, and killed the officers to prevent arrest, and whereas, THREE PERSONS whose descriptions, etc., are given below, are wanted for being concerned in committing the said crime, viz.:-

FIRST. A MAN known as PETER PIATKOW, alias SCHTERN, alias "PETER THE PAINTER," age 28 to 30 years, height 5 feet 8 or 10 inches, complexion sallow, clear skin, hair and medium moustache black, otherwise clean shaven, eyes dark, medium build, reserved manner. Dress, brown tweed suit (broad dark stripes), black overcoat (velvet collar rather old), black hard felt hat, black lace boots, rather shabby. A native of Russia, an Anarchist.

### PORTRAIT OF THE SAID PETER PIATKOW.



SECOND. A MAN who gave the name of JOE LEVI, probably false, age 27 to 29 years, height 5 feet 6 or 7 inches, hair dark, supposed clean shaven, complexion somewhat pale, full round face, thickish lips, medium build, erect carriage. Dress, black overcoat, dark tweed cap. Foreign appearance, speaks fairly good English.

THIRD. A WOMAN, age 28 to 30 years, height 5 feet 6 or 7 inches, fairly full breasts, sallow complexion, face somewhat drawn, eyes blue, hair brown. Dress, dark three-quarter jacket and skirt, white blouse, large black hat (trimmed black silk), light-coloured shoes. Foreign appearance.

The above reward of £500 will be paid by the Commissioner of Police for the City of London to any person who shall give such information as shall lead to the arrest of these three persons, or in proportion to the number of such persons who are arrested.

Information to be given to the City Police Office, 28, Old Jewry, London, E.C., or at any Police Station.

City Police Office.

28, Old Jewry, London, E.C.,  
30th January, 1911.

J. W. NOTT BOWER,

Commissioner of Police for  
the City of London

WILLIAM LEA, Ltd. Photo Engraving Co. Ltd.

### THE REWARDS BILL

For the notorious 'Peter the Painter,' the East End murderer and for others associated with him





questioned ; but she refused to answer questions and, despite their cross-examination of her, the police failed to get the slightest information.

But the police soon discovered that the room had been rented by one named Piakon (alias Peter the Painter), and that Yoska had occupied it with Pola, with whom he had fled only that day.

"Find Yoska!"—that was the command. A fine-tooth comb of men was drawn through the East End. Every notorious character was questioned, every avenue of information was explored. Every house that offered a hiding-place was entered and searched, and a short time later, in a house in Gold Street, Stepney, a room was found which formed a veritable arsenal.

Boxes of cartridges, daggers and automatic pistols were hidden amongst huge quantities of anarchist literature. Oxy-acetylene apparatus, nitric acid, sulphuric acid, huge 6- and 10-foot crowbars, rope and tackle, drills, blasting dynamite, braces and bits—every description of implement necessary for burglary and safe-breaking on a large scale was in that room. It was the storeroom of a highly-organized gang of crooks.

Then another woman was arrested ; but she, too, had nothing to say. She refused point blank to give away her fellow-gangsters. But the police were active in a hundred directions, and on the 20th or 21st of December they trailed Peter the Painter, Yoska the Killer, and Fritz Svaars to a house in Jubilee Street. The place was raided—but the birds had flown.

It must have been at this time that Yoska and Svaars separated from Peter the Painter. Facts that came to light afterwards showed that Marx, Joe Levi, and Peter the Painter fled from London on December 21st.

It is thought that they caught the night train and reached the Continent, cleverly eluding the watchers at the stations and port.

This seems probable, because Charles Muggeridge, purser of the ill-fated *Sussex*, told me that on that night he remembers three men who crossed from Newhaven to Dieppe. Although he was not aware of their identity at the time, he was afterwards convinced, from the descriptions published, that these were the men wanted by the police.

This also links up with the events of later days, for there is no doubt that Piakon, Soudy, and possibly Dubonnet, were the heads of the Bonnet gang which began a series of desperate armed depredations in France a short time afterwards.

In the end, they were shot dead in a furious gun encounter with the French police, but they died only after killing two gendarmes, M. Jourin, the Assistant-Chief of the Sûreté, and Inspector Colmar.

## CHAPTER XXII

How Seal of the Yard found Svarrs and Yoska the Killer. The information he got from a woman named Pola. The police surround 100 Sidney Street. The shooting of Detective-Sergeant Leeson. The siege. The end of London's alien gunmen.

THE man who tracked down the two gunmen named Svarrs and Joseph (alias Yoska the Killer) was the late Detective-Sergeant Lawrence Seal, Special Branch, New Scotland Yard.

On December 19th, Lawrence Seal reported to headquarters that Svarrs and Yoska were being hidden by a woman (unknown), but that he knew a woman named Pola, and that he was certain that she would lead him to Yoska. On being asked why, he replied: "She's his mistress!"

From this date until the 2nd January Seal haunted the East End, disguised as a "down and out."

One evening he "picked up" Pola near Aldgate and "shadowed" her doggedly and cunningly for over three miles. She led him through alleys, courts and streets, sometimes doubling back to make sure the police were not following her, sometimes standing at the top of another street, looking to left and right and up and down before making any further move.

Seal managed to trail her to No. 100, Sidney Street, and, following her into the dark, open doorway, crept on his hands and knees along the floor of the black passage after her.

He had not the slightest idea into what room of the

house she had gone, and any moment a door on the ground floor might have opened and betrayed his presence. Hearing no sound, however, he groped his way along the wall till he reached the foot of the stairs.

He crept up the stairs one at a time until he came to the landing. There was a streak of light under a door, and inside the room he heard the deep intonation and higher pitched voice of a man and woman talking in Yiddish.

Slipping on a black stockinette mask and a pair of black kid gloves, to hide the whiteness of his face and hands, Seal waited — five — ten minutes — perhaps a quarter of an hour. Then the door cautiously opened and Pola peered furtively into the darkness of the landing.

Seal held his breath, for from where he stood, flattened against the wall, the light from the open door seemed to focus on him like the rays of a searchlight.

To him, from where he stood, the room and its occupants could be clearly seen. On the bed lay Levi, while Yoska was standing up, apparently saying farewell to Pola. There is no doubt that Seal was the last man to see the two wanted murderers alive.

Then the door closed, and with a swish of her skirt Pola passed within an inch of his body.

Allowing her sufficient time to clear the house, the young detective swiftly and noiselessly descended the stairs and hurried after her. Within a few moments he caught up with her, and their eyes met. "You know all." "Yes," was the reply. "Then believe me when I tell you," she said, "that it was my last farewell to him. They intend to stay there and fight. They have any amount of ammunition and revolvers. They

will kill the first and every man who comes near the place. They are never going to be taken alive."

This and much more he learnt, which was immediately wired to Headquarters, and then the authorities knew that the last act of the drama must be played.

About midnight on the 3rd of January, 1911, several Chiefs of the City Police and about a hundred officers of the City and Metropolitan Police in plain clothes, besides about fifty officers in uniform, all armed with revolvers, surrounded the neighbourhood of Sidney Street.

Each occupant of every house in Sidney Street was quietly induced to leave, and even the landlady of the room in which the men were hiding was got out.

She was interrogated by one of the Chief Police officers—I believe Sir William Nott-Bower. Like all the fraternity associated with this gang, she was hostile to the authorities. She swore that the men had only arrived that same night, about 11 o'clock.

Seal had seen them at 8, so it was obvious that she was lying and that no help was to be expected from her.

The men were strangers to her. On that point she was obstinate, and there the matter had to rest.

It was rightly decided not to allow any officer to go up the stairs. Any attempt to rush the room would have been unsafe, because even although the object might have been achieved, many valuable lives might have been lost before the murderers were over-powered.

A strong cordon of police was now drawn around Sidney Street, and everybody was refused admittance beyond that cordon.

About 7.30 a.m. Detective Sergeant Leeson of the

Metropolitan Police attempted to draw attention by throwing a stone at the first-floor window. The window-frame went up—a human arm shot out, in the hand of which was gripped a large blue Mauser.

Two reports detonated in the early morning silence.

Simultaneously Leeson fell in a huddled heap. The gunmen had given their answer and the battle of Sidney Street was begun.

With great heroism a local doctor and a young Jewish lad dragged Leeson to safety, an act for which both of them subsequently received the Carnegie Medal.

From this time onwards the murderers kept up an incessant fire, one from the back, the other from behind a curtain at the besiegers in front.

At 10.15 a.m. two squads of the Scots Guards turned up and, according to orders, took up points of vantage, some upon newspaper boards at the end of the street, others from doorways and windows at the front and back of the besieged house, while some sniped and fired from behind the cover of chimneys, into every window.

But, irrespective of the overwhelming forces against them, these two gunmen blazed away viciously upon all sides. There were several narrow escapes. One officer got a bullet through his hat, another through his foot, and a non-commissioned officer of the Guards was shot through the knee.

Every window in 100, Sidney Street was soon shattered. Dust went up from the brickwork all around, and bullets hummed and ricocheted in all directions.

A plain clothes man who had seen active service in the South African War tried very bravely to creep up to the back window from an adjoining yard, his advance

being covered by a concentrated barrage. It looked as though the ruse would succeed—when suddenly a bullet went through his hat. Then another spat up the earth near his feet. He had been seen. He dived for cover—only just in time—as about six geysers of dust danced round where he had just been kneeling.

It did not matter from which angle the besiegers fired—a reply came back from the besieged inside the house.

At about 1.30 p.m. the upper portion of the house was seen to be emitting smoke from the windows, and at this juncture the firing from the lower windows, back and front, broke out with renewed ferocity.

The Fire Brigade were soon on the spot—but the police would not allow them to concentrate upon putting the fire out. They resented the interference and appealed to the Home Secretary, Mr. Winston Churchill, who was present ; but he upheld the decision. Let the house burn down, but stand by to prevent the conflagration spreading.

The firing from inside then died down as the roar and crackle of the flames increased. Soon the place was in flames from top to bottom, and the whole building a veritable furnace. Now or never was anticipated upon all sides.

It was expected that both men would come out and make a final dash for freedom, in a fight along the open Sidney Street. Over fifty rifles and firearms were trained upon the door—now pouring out great tongues of flame and smoke—but Yoska and Levi never made that tragic exit. They died by suffocation in that inferno of flame and smoke.



When, eventually, the firemen went to work and got the flames under hand, they made a search of the gutted premises. They showed much bravery in doing so—five being seriously injured by a fall of masonry.

In the smouldering debris the Police and Salvage searchers subsequently discovered two skulls and some calcined bones—all that was left of these two desperate ruffians. One skull had a small circular hole upon two sides, whilst the other was intact.

So ended the first and second phase of our round-up. England had accounted for five of this murder gang.

It was in France that the culminating blow took place, making the third and last phase of Europe's International Gunmen.

I place upon record the casualty list of London's first and second murderous encounter with gunmen.

#### *Killed*

Police Constable Tyler .	. 413.	N. Division, London Metropolitan Police.
Ralph Joscelyn .	. Age 14 years.	
Police Sergeant Tucker .	. City of London Police.	
" " Bentley.	. " " "	
" Constable Choate	. " " "	

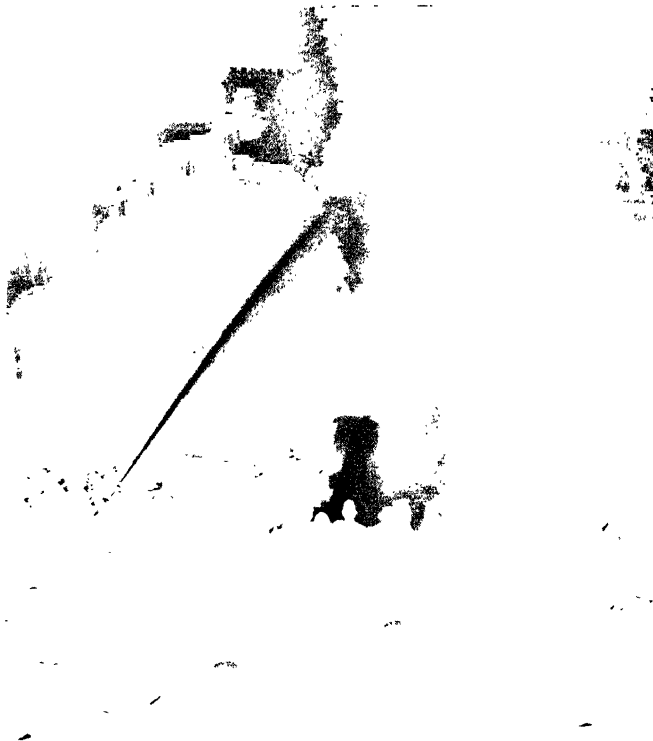
#### *Seriously Wounded*

Detective-Sergeant Benjamin Leeson . . .	. London Metropolitan Police.
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#### *Wounded*

Three police officers and fourteen members of the public, all being shot in the first gunman outburst at Tottenham, Tyler and Joscelyn being killed outright.

The casualty list of the gunmen, however, shows the heaviest death totalities and is as follows :



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**SIDNEY STREET EAST**

*Topical P*

The house on fire. Some time afterwards the remains of the two murderers were recovered from the fire.



*England*

Paul Hefeld . . . . .	} Killed by police near Totten-
Jacob Lapidar . . . . .	
Morountzeff (alias Gardstein) .	Found dead in 59 Grove Street, E.
Joe Levi . . . . .	Killed in Sidney Street, E.
Fritz S. Joseph (alias Yoska the Killer) .	Killed at Sydney Street.
Piakon (alias Peter the Painter, alias Bonnet) . . . . .	Escaped to France.
Marx (alias Dubonnet) . . . . .	” ” ”

*France*

Dieudonné . . . . .	Sentenced to death.
Calleman . . . . .	” ” ”
Mourier . . . . .	” ” ”
Garnier . . . . .	Killed by French police at Nogent-sur-Marne.
Vollet . . . . .	” ” ”
Marx (alias Dubonnet) . . . . .	Killed by French police at Choisy le Roi.
Piatkoff (alias Piakon, alias Bonnet, alias “Peter the Painter”). . . . .	” ” ”
Soudy . . . . .	” ” ”

## CHAPTER XXIII

The crime of Percy Topliss. A gunman who shot on sight—his violent end. The murder over the telephone. The gunman of Eastbourne. Death of an unarmed police inspector. Scotland Yard called in.

**D**URING the War I was engaged on intelligence work in France and for a time I was stationed at Etaples. My stay in this place was destined to bring me into touch with a gunman of a singularly ferocious type. His name was Percy Topliss.

I was searching for a deserter who had robbed civilians and burgled hostels. He was known to be a violent man, and he was particularly wanted for a brutal assault on an aged French peasant, whom he had beaten senseless and then robbed. My search occupied several days, and eventually I ran him to earth at a café in a little village called Rang-de-Fleur. Accompanied by a local regimental policeman, I went to arrest him.

As I stepped inside the establishment, I did not immediately see who was there, for I came from strong sunlight. Thus it happened that while I was still dazzled, the man I was after stepped from behind a curtain and covered me with an Army Colt revolver. I heard his "Got yer, you——!" and the click of the hammer of his gun.

Instantly I risked all and smashed my fist into his face. I closed with him and my teeth sank into the wrist of his revolver hand. My assistant rushed up to help and we overpowered him. We took him to the

prison compound for inquiry. And there he was identified as Percy Toppliss.

He was locked up, but during the night he made a particularly daring escape in company with another notorious character, who had been sentenced to death and was awaiting execution. The compound was surrounded by barbed wire fencing and sentries paced up and down throughout the twenty-four hours; but the two men managed, undiscovered, to tunnel under the sand.

The compound being situated on the bank of a tidal river, they were at once seen, but, nothing daunted, they dashed down the slope of the foreshore and plunged into the water. A strong current was flowing, but they swam across and, despite all efforts made good their escape into the woods in and around Le Touquet.

Eventually the condemned man was caught near Berk Plage. He had injured his ankle and, being exhausted, could get no further.

But Toppliss got away and succeeded in reaching Paris. There, with the aid of certain women, he lay low in the "underworld" until the Armistice. Then, as military restrictions and precautions were gradually relaxed, he was able to get to England.

In 1920 he began a series of armed depredations in the West of England.

A man named Sydney Spicer, who carried from £50 to £75 in cash on him, drove a taxi containing three passengers from Salisbury to Bulford, a place known to many thousands of ex-soldiers, on April 25th of that year. The passengers were two ladies and a man, who wore a soldier's uniform. He was about 30-35 years of age, about 5 feet 8 inches in height, smart, fresh

complexion, a somewhat ginger moustache, and several gold teeth, which he displayed as he talked. The journey was a pleasant one up to the time that the two ladies were set down.

Nothing is known of what actually happened afterwards, but on the evening of that day, in a lonely part of the plains known as Thruxton Downs, near Andover, a workman on his way home discovered the body of a man behind some bushes. One look was enough to tell him that he was dead.

The workman ran to the nearest police station, and in a short time the authorities were on the scene. In due course the body was identified as that of Spicer. The back of his head had been practically blown away, showing that he had been shot from behind, at close quarters. All his pockets had been turned out and all his possessions taken.

The police were very busy in their efforts to find the unknown murderer, and these efforts were intensified as the days passed. Scores of people were interrogated, and gradually, out of the mass of information obtained, came the fact that the movements of Percy Topliss on that day would be of great interest.

It appeared that the murderer—whoever he was—was undoubtedly the same man who had recently attacked a Bristol taxi-driver and, having stupefied him by chloroform and beaten him into senselessness, had stolen everything he possessed, including his cab. The Swansea police were on the track of this man and had secured the information that he had taken a ticket from Swansea Bay Station to a place some thirty miles away.

The police issued a description of Topliss and the

hue and cry after him became country-wide. But for some days nothing happened.

The reason was that, when he evaded the Swansea police, he undoubtedly doubled on his tracks and alighted at some small intermediate station. News of a man answering his description came in from the southern parts of the country, but Topliss managed to get into Cardiff and from there, in civilian clothes, travelled to London, believing it to be the best hiding place.

The police were now hard after him, but he was very lucky on several occasions. He was barely missed, first at Stepney, then in West Kensington, then in the East End, and then in the vicinity of the Waterloo Road. On the last occasion Topliss had taken alarm and fled only ten minutes before the detectives arrived to arrest him.

Frightened at the relentless activities of his pursuers, and no doubt so advised by his friends, Topliss decided to make one determined and conclusive bid for freedom. His preparations were speedily made and a careful plan thought out.

A faked passport was provided; he was given new clothes and a large sum in cash, together with a ticket for the Continent via Newhaven and Dieppe. Once in Paris, he knew many people who would doubtless rally round him, and in the haunts of Montmartre and other underworld quarters he would be safe.

So at quarter-to-seven of a late May evening, Topliss arrived at Victoria Station, confident that he had beaten the police. He was immaculately dressed, and, after asking some casual questions, he went forward towards the barrier.



Standing near the ticket inspector were two men who were deep in conversation. As one turned his head, Topliss with a sinking heart recognized the features of a well-known C.I.D. man.

Without waiting a second, he turned and beat a hasty retreat. Thus he sealed his own doom, for, had he kept his nerve and waited, he would soon have seen the police officer walk away. He had come to the station merely to see a personal friend off to Paris!

Topliss was desperate. For a time he lived off the Euston Road, staying indoors by day and coming out only at night. But soon he realized that London was too hot to hold him, and he decided to get away north.

By slow degrees he made his way to the East Coast, and it was at Skegness that he came under the notice of the police. A big car containing four men had been seen about the place. At night it was garaged locally and the owner of the garage began to suspect that it was a car he knew to have been stolen—altered somewhat, but still the same car. Moreover, he did not like the look of these four men, and lastly, he believed that one of them answered the description of Percy Topliss. So he told the police.

The Lincolnshire constabulary intended to take no risks. One evening, very unostentatiously, they surrounded the premises. About eleven o'clock the car containing the gang drew up, and the police swooped down upon them.

At once the crack of guns was heard. Every man fought for himself, but the police had been too quick for three of them. They were arrested and subsequently were proved to be crooks. But Topliss, after firing

some shots that fortunately hit no one, escaped in the dark.

Eventually he reached Upper Banffshire, in Scotland, and here he obtained a job as a labourer on a place near Tormintoul. With the idea of avoiding notice and gossip, he remained uncommunicative and surly with the villagers. This created just that atmosphere he wished to avoid. It was discovered that he was living by himself in an unoccupied shooting lodge near the Loch Moor, and a gamekeeper complained of this to Sergeant Griegg, of the Aberdeen Constabulary. Seeing smoke coming from the chimney, the sergeant decided to arrest the man for "breaking and entering."

The sergeant entered the place and challenged him. Topliss made no reply, but walked to an iron bedstead and drew a revolver from beneath the pillow. Instantly he spun round and, as the gun went off, the gamekeeper dropped. The sergeant rushed forward, and Topliss fired again, shooting him through the neck.

Then mounting a bicycle the murderer made off. News was flashed in all directions, but it was not until two days later that a police-constable, named Fulton, saw a man he suspected to be Topliss walking through the village of High Heskit, Cumberland. He was then wearing Royal Air Force uniform and was carrying a kit-bag.

The officer followed and, outside the village, challenged Topliss. He answered that he was on leave and had overstayed his pass, but that in any case it didn't matter. Then Fulton said purposely: "You resemble Topliss, the man wanted for murder."

The uniformed man's face changed instantly. Whip-

ping back, he dropped the kitbag, and a revolver was in his hand.

"Yes, I'm Topliss, put up your hands!" he snarled. "I'm the man that killed the taxi-driver at Salisbury, and it was me who shot the policeman and gamekeeper. Now walk on in front and if you don't clear off quick, I'll let daylight into you."

Discretion being the better part of valour, the constable obeyed, and for a time was forced to march ahead. A few minutes later, however, Topliss ordered him out of the way and made off. But he was at the end of his tether. A few hours later he was surrounded and died, still fighting.

Within the past few years, four men have been executed for murders committed in the environs of Eastbourne. In each case, Scotland Yard men have participated in the investigations, which have been completed by the arrest and eventual punishment of the guilty. There have been John Williams, the first cat-burglar, Patrick Mahon and Field and Gray. I shall deal with Williams here, as I was personally engaged in the case.

It was about 7.20 of an October evening in 1912 that the telephone bell rang in the bureau of the main police station at Eastbourne. P.C. John Luck was the officer on duty, and, as he picked up the receiver, a woman's agitated voice rang into his ear. She was, she said, speaking from 6, South Cliff Avenue, and she begged that an officer be sent instantly to that address as a man could be seen lying on the porch over the front door, as if waiting to break into the house by the bedroom window.

The officer at once telephoned to Inspector Walls,

whose office was on the Grand Parade, quite close to South Cliff Avenue. Inspector Walls was there, and he set out to see what was happening.

Three or four minutes later, another telephone message came through to P.C. Luck, and the same voice, excited but suppressed, asked if anybody was coming.

Again, within three or four minutes, the telephone bell rang, and this time as the officer took the receiver, the same voice screamed in terror-stricken tones :

“For Heaven’s sake, send somebody ! There’s not a minute to spare ! There’s murder being done ! There’s shooting ! Oh ! for God’s sake—— !”

In this manner was announced the murder of Parade Inspector John Walls, of the Eastbourne police.

The tragedy took place outside the residence of the Countess Eztoray, a wealthy Austrian lady, who had lived in this residence at South Cliff Avenue for some years. The house was one of a group of five biggish places, each of which was occupied by a wealthy family.

It was well known that the Countess possessed very valuable jewellery, and it is to be presumed that the murder was the outcome of an attempt to steal these jewels on the part of Williams.

On the night in question, the Countess was dining at the Burlington Hotel, and soon after seven o’clock a brougham called at the house to take her there. There was a small garden in front of the house and over the porch was a leaded ledge or portico, 4 feet away from which was the window to the Countess’s dressing-room.

The Countess entered the brougham, and just as the driver, John Potter, was moving off, he caught sight of a man lying upon this portico ; but being prudent and no fool, he drove off as if he had seen nothing.

A few yards down the road, however, he pulled up, dismounted from his box, and informed the Countess of what he had seen.

Promptly the lady ordered him to drive back. When they arrived, both were able to see the man still lying on the portico. The Countess descended and quite coolly entered the house and telephoned the police.

The coachman waited outside, and he was still waiting when Inspector Walls arrived. The Inspector spoke to the Countess in the hall, then returned to the garden. The coachman saw him look up at the porch and heard him say, "Come down, old boy, the game's up!"

They were the last words Inspector Walls ever spoke.

His answer was a stream of bullets from the crouching man.

John Potter saw the Inspector stagger and pitch forward on his face, as the gunman rose to his feet to jump down on to the lawn. Then the horses bolted, frightened by the shooting, and before Potter could regain control over them and bring them back, the murderer had escaped. Potter had, however, caught that one glimpse of the man, and he was able to give a rough description of him.

He was a man of slight build, age perhaps 30-35 wearing a dark jacket and a soft hat. That was all. When John Potter got back, the police had already arrived on the scene, and Inspector Pratt was bending over his dead comrade.

The police had very little indeed to work on, and this case stands out as one of the finest examples of detective work in the annals of criminal investigation.

The Eastbourne police promptly called in the assistance of Scotland Yard, and two C.I.D. men of high standing

were placed at their disposal. They were Chief Detective Bower and Inspector Hayman. Inquiries led Chief Inspector Bower to decide that the murderer had escaped from Eastbourne and was in London. It was obvious to the detectives that this was the work of one of the more daring types of criminal.

In addition, inquiries were continued with great energy at Eastbourne, and thus it was discovered that a man of the type for whom they were searching—slim, neat, dapper, small ; a man who could conceal himself, who could work his way through small apertures, who could jump and climb—had resided there for some time.

Two women notified the police that such a man had resided with his wife in their house. Their name was Seymour. Chief Inspector Bower came to the conclusion that Seymour was an alias and that this was the man he wanted. Positive proof, however, was still lacking, and many days slipped by before anything like real progress was made.

It is impossible for me to set forth the details of the Yard work in this or any other case. The Yard has its own peculiar methods and many sources of information. It has its facts and its surmises, and the Yard actually means 30,000 policemen working in every part of the country whenever necessary.

Among the sources of information there were many anonymous letters, some of which were useful, the vast majority of which were not ; but there was one in particular of which the contents, added to what had already been found out, caused the Chief Inspector to set every part of the machinery at work to find a man named John Williams.

It was discovered that, under the name of Seymour,

there had lodged in the Liverpool Road, King's Cross, a man known to the police as a daring and desperate burglar. He was known to be able to jump like a cat, that he always carried firearms, and that he came of a good family. He had lived in these lodgings with a woman named Florence, who was said to be his wife. He had left that district and had lived at Bournemouth for a time, then had returned to Finsbury Park, and thereafter had completely disappeared.

So, early one afternoon, I found myself loafing about the buffet bar of the Metropolitan Railway at Moorgate Street Station. About 2 p.m. I saw John Williams come in. He looked to me something like a jockey; not so much because of his height—he was about 5 feet 4 inches—but because of his tiny hands and feet, his alert expression, and a suggestion of concentrated strength about him.

Chief Inspector Bower hurried to the place in company with Inspector Hayman and Inspector Parker of the Eastbourne police, and, as they knew he might be armed, Bower and Parker walked into the bar through separate doors and closed on Williams left and right.

The man had his back turned and was just raising a whisky and soda to his lips. He remained composed, though his face paled, when, glancing to left and right, he realized that he was caught. Within five minutes he was in Moorfields Police Station, being charged with the wilful murder of Inspector John Walls.

The trial was held in October, and it was shown that six days after the murder a man and woman had been seen in the vicinity of a place called Redoubt Gardens at Eastbourne, apparently looking for something. They were followed and when they had found what they

wanted, they were arrested. The man was a certain Edgar Power, of London, the woman, Florence Seymour, the supposed wife of the prisoner. And the article they found was a five-chambered Colt revolver.

So the whole sordid story came out. Williams had murdered the Inspector, then had fled for his life. He left his hat at the scene of the murder and threw away his revolver as he rushed through Redoubt Gardens. For a short time he had stayed in Eastbourne, and from there had written a letter to his brother, which said :

“ If you would save my life, come here at once.  
Please bring some money.”

Flight to London, and then Edgar Power had gone down to Eastbourne to search for the revolver.

He was sentenced to death, and when he died the first “ cat ” burglar and gunman passed away.



## CHAPTER XXIV

Amazing career of "Cubine Jackson," the man who attempted to murder Eddie Guerin. The gunmen in the caves. Armed and desperate Army deserters and murderers. Gutteridge Murder Mystery. The drama behind the brutal murder of an Essex constable.

"STICK 'em up! Step lively! Hand over your Sgats!" The orders were snapped in a harsh, nasal tone as the chief gangster faced the bank staff in Philadelphia.

"Cubine Jackson," alias Charley Smith, whose real name was Robert Considine, was engaged on the biggest job he had yet undertaken in a short lifetime of petty crime. It had been so successful as to encourage him to take greater risks and go to more desperate lengths.

With him was "The Mouse"—a one-time notorious gunman who had fallen on evil days. They cleared the cashier's drawer of its contents, and, aided by a powerful motor-car drawn up outside, they were successful in getting clear of the pursuit.

It was in this manner that a man, who was to become notorious in four continents, came under the notice of the Pinkerton Detective Bureau.

"Cubine Jackson" and "The Mouse" separated, and for a time lay low in a slum quarter, sheltered from the inquiring police by crooks and receivers. Then, as the noise died down, "Cubine Jackson" was seen about, figuring always in quarrels and drinking scenes in low-down poker hells, boozing shops and other unsavoury "joints." At this time, it was noticed that

he used every spare moment to make himself more and more efficient with the revolver. There came the day when, at twenty-five yards range, he could fire over his shoulder and hit in succession each "spot" in a ten of spades. His quarrels became fewer, for nobody would argue with so expert a gunman.

His next "big job" was a train hold-up, but this time his getaway was not so clean as before. The detective forces of the States were relentless, and Smith decided to get out of the country. He went to South Africa, and in Durban soon found a welcome. He allied himself to two notorious crooks of the underworld of that city, and the three of them held up a pay-clerk who had come from a mine for the wages. They took £350 in gold from him, and cleared.

Next he was discovered at Kimberley, where he was suspected of illicit diamond buying—one of the major offences of South Africa. Only a very clever man can engage in this trade with any success, but such was Smith's ability that he made money. He quickly located the dishonest black labourers, and within a year or two had worked up a big trade.

As is known, black labourers are used in the diamond mines, and the supervision is extraordinarily strict. They are not allowed to leave without being searched, but Smith's black allies used to press the stones into tins of bully beef with which they were supplied as rations, and these they would toss on to a plot of vacant land adjoining the mine, where Smith would retrieve them.

But Smith was too erratic a character to stay long at any game. He might have made a fortune, but instead he gambled and drank his profits and altogether degenerated, until one day there was a quarrel in a saloon and

he shot his drunken opponent dead. He was promptly arrested, but got off with a sentence of four years' penal servitude owing to a difference of opinion as to which was the aggressor.

"Cubine" served his sentence on the terrible Cape Breakwater. In a little over three years he was released and at once left Cape Town. He went straight to what was then the Orange Free State, and met a new pal. They were both broke and desperate, so Smith went back to his old game—bank robbing. They got away with about £800.

But they were seen and followed, and they soon realized that they were up against it. Mounted on horses, they had left the town, when they found that a posse of Boers were riding after them. Crazy with fear—for they knew that a rope and a tree was their portion if they were caught—they dug in spurs and whipped up their horses. The maddened creatures dashed forward, and for the whole of that afternoon the furious race continued. Luckily for the crooks, their horses were both good and fresh, and at last they got across the border into Portuguese East Africa, where they were able to defy their pursuers.

They did not stay there, however, but at once took ship for Australia, hoping that they were done with South Africa for good. They had a fair amount of money, but this did not last them long in Sydney; for this type of crook must always be drinking and gambling and quarrelling. The inevitable happened.

One day they bought their last drink and faced the fact of poverty. Over that drink they decided on the impudent course of holding up the very bar in which they sat. It was the courage of drink that animated

them, and they discovered this when, the moment they began operations, a dozen guns sprang into hands in all directions, and they were themselves held up and handed over to the police.

The Australian authorities wasted no time, but transported them immediately to Cape Town. And at Cape Town other police were waiting. "Flash Ike," Smith's accomplice, was identified as the hero of a safe robbery in Durban, and Smith found that the American police wanted him. He fought extradition, but it was useless.

The only way he could be taken back was via England and at Southampton he slipped his escort and within a few hours was in London. It so happened that "The Chicago Mob" had made their way to Bayswater—leaving Chicago hurriedly for their own good—and Smith was soon amongst friends.

The first night he broke into an hotel and got the sorely-needed cash he desired, and then he settled down in the vicinity of King's Cross, and started to look round for something good. His description had been circulated, but he had so changed his appearance that he went scot-free, and the American police had to wait for him to incriminate himself again, as they knew he must sooner or later.

For a time "Cubine" doubtless found his new life irksome. London was an orderly place, with police at every street corner, who could not be squared, and who were only too anxious to get to grips with any crook who tried the spectacular.

Still, he had to get money, and there were plenty of houses in London which he could burgle. He settled on a mansion in Park Lane, and went to spy out the land. He was seen and arrested as a suspected person. They

remanded him to Brixton Gaol, and, of course, his expulsion from Sydney and Cape Town then came to light.

Once he met Eddie Guerin, whom he knew by reputation, and he asked his advice. Guerin at once gave it.

"You just tell the Judge, Sir Robert Wallace," said Guerin, "that you fell into bad company, and that you won't let it occur again if he'll give you a chance. You say you'll go back to America."

And the advice came off! To the consternation of the police, "Cubine Jackson" was acquitted!

Naturally, "Cubine" felt a great debt of gratitude to Guerin for his advice, and he felt that he must repay him—nothing he could do would be too much trouble.

When he came out of court he was introduced to May Churchill, alias "Chicago May," by the crooks who crowded around to laugh and congratulate him. He fell in love with May, and the two became great friends.

Unknown, perhaps to him, "Chicago May" was merely playing with him. She had heard of his prowess as a gunman, and he was just the person she required—to *kill Eddie Guerin*. And to this end she worked on Smith.

And on a night in June the drama was staged.

Guerin, in the company of a woman, was passing Russell Square Tube Station when the taxi in which "Chicago May" and "Cubine Jackson" had been searching for him arrived. Both occupants of the taxi were drunk. The result can be imagined.

With an oath, "Cubine" sprang from the taxi.

Crack! Crack! A stream of shots were loosed on the defenceless Guerin, whose only fault, so far as "Cubine" was concerned, was that he had befriended him in gaol. Fortunately, both for Guerin and Smith, the latter was too drunk to control his shooting, and the only bullet to reach a mark passed through Guerin's foot.

Late as it was, a crowd collected, and Smith half ran, half lurched off in the direction of Russell Square, and after him came two police constables.

"Cubine Jackson" realized, drunk as he was, that the game was up. He was in London, not Chicago. The thought sobered him as he turned to face the constables, who, he realized, would never let go so long as they lived.

He pulled his gun a last time and fired at the men who intended to arrest him. But the gun was empty, and in ten seconds they had him.

And on July 26th "Chicago May" and "Cubine Jackson" stood their trial at the Old Bailey, the woman as accessory, the man as principal, in an indictment of attempted murder.

I was there at the trial when Mr. Justice Darling passed sentence on "Chicago May" for fifteen years' penal servitude, and on "Cubine Jackson" for life.

I have stated elsewhere that during the War I was attached to the Intelligence. My duties were very largely similar to those of my Scotland Yard days.

It is probable that few people know anything whatever about the crime, and its detection, which went on in France. Towards the end of the War, especially, much trouble was experienced by the military authorities in all the great base camps and along the lines of com-

munication, through deserters, many of whom were desperate characters.

Conscription had been introduced—and among the honest men so enlisted were many undesirables. Some were criminals of the worst type, automatically roped in. If these were crooked under peaceful conditions, it is not difficult to understand that they reacted very poorly to discipline, and that in War-time their lawless natures were given extraordinary scope.

Your crook is generally a bully and a coward, and cowardice was the chief reason for the desertion of such men as I have described. Having deserted, they were unable to get back to England, so they started playing their old games in France.

The deserters had wide opportunity for concealment and when you consider that in and around these base camps were thousands of men, dressed alike, engaged on different duties—often separated from their units, either to take some course, to recover from wounds, or for a dozen other reasons—it will be appreciated that detection of criminals was a difficult task.

In the late months of 1917, I was attached to the Provost Marshal's Department of General Headquarters with my field of operations centred on Etaples, my area of action including such places as Camiers, Paris Plage, Berk Plage, and Le Touquet.

The Assistant-Provost Marshal was responsible for the rounding-up of deserters. His headquarters was at Etaples and he had charge of the huge military prison, called the Field Compound—a great square block of huts surrounded by wooden palisades, covered and interwoven with barbed wire entanglements of the most formidable character. Armed sentries guarded the

compound at night, and during the day military police kept armed watch over the prisoners.

Outside the compound was a big hut where the sergeant of warders received and dispatched all prisoners. All deserters and absentees were brought to this place, and from it they were dispatched with the armed escorts which had come to take them back to their units, who, of course, were responsible for court-martial and punishment.

There were many deserters and many of them lived on their wits. Robbery with violence was a common occurrence. A great game was to chum up with a decent soldier in some estaminet, find out his financial status, lure him away, knock him out and steal everything he had.

Wholesale thefts from officers', doctors' and nurses' quarters caused us endless trouble; but the greatest trouble of all was brought about by armed gunmen, who held up civilians and soldiers on the high road at night, and robbed them. It was quite in the manner of the Georgian highwaymen, except that horses were not used.

Percy Topliss, with whom I have already dealt, gave a lot of trouble over offences of this type; but the most notorious of the khaki gunmen, with the exception of Topliss, was a man known as "Anzac Gus."

His criminal career would fill a book, but in the end he made good and met his death on active service, near Amiens, a month or two before the Armistice.

"Anzac Gus" first came under notice at Rouen. In this case, along with another desperate deserter, he was dressed as a sergeant of the Army Service Corps. They stole a Sunbeam car, drove it forty or fifty miles



## SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD

away, broke into an army hostel, carried out the small iron safe containing a large sum in cash, and drove back to Amiens, where the rifled safe and deserted car were eventually found.

From Amiens he made his way towards Boulogne, and the next complaint was received from Wimereux, where an officer had been held up at the point of the revolver by another "officer," and relieved of his wallet.

A few days later, word came from Boranvilliers—this time through the French Liaison Department—that a British "officer" had held up a well-known local farmer with a gun and stolen a large sum of money he was carrying.

I was ordered to arrest the man, and after various attempts to get on his trail, I was successful.

In and about Etaples and Camiers there are a number of chalk caves. The Assistant-Provost Marshal from time to time raided these places, for they were not used by troops. Just before dawn a tender or a light-covered lorry would leave the compound, with about a dozen of us inside. Each of us would be dressed differently. I, perhaps as a Colonial, another as an infantry sergeant, a third wearing the glengarry and kilt of some Scotch regiment. Each of us carried a pair of handcuffs, truncheon, flashlamp, and loaded revolver.

We would proceed to the scene of the "comb-out," and, upon the word, we would enter, and by prearranged plan, sweep through the caves, challenging every person found there at the point of the revolver. We were fully justified in holding them up in this manner, for, obviously, they were up to no good sleeping or living in such places. Every man so found was arrested, handcuffed and removed to the lorry.

To return to England, one of the most shocking crimes of recent years was that committed by Browne and Kennedy. There is no doubt that the gunmen who murdered Police-Constable Gutteridge of the Essex Constabulary, in the dawn of September 27th, 1927, were two criminals of the worst type. I knew both of them, and I can testify to the deadly determination with which they went about their unlawful purposes. Browne was another about whom I had heard when I was attached to the Intelligence in the War. He had caused a great deal of trouble. He was intractable, brutal and at all times insolent in his demeanour. Yet, in some respects, he was a likeable man. The Americans would have called him a "he-man," and cold-blooded scoundrel that he was, he at least displayed absolute fearlessness upon every occasion. He was a boaster and a bluffer, but he carried things through. Again, it was well known that, despite all his unlawful activities, he was a man fond of home life. He never drank ale or spirits : he did not gamble ; he did not smoke. He kept his small home in decent comfort.

"Ginger" Kennedy, his accomplice, on the other hand, was a real "skunk." I have never been able to understand how they came to be associated in that terrible deed. Browne must have had a profound contempt for this drink-sodden worm of a man, and from what I have gathered and from my own knowledge of the two men, I am convinced that it was Kennedy who actually committed the final atrocity on the wounded constable as he lay helpless on his back that night.

I fancy that Browne shot the constable in the first place in order to get away—for he must have had a sheer horror of going to gaol again—and that Kennedy com-

pleted the murder with those two horrible shots which put out both eyes of the wounded man and made sure that he, at least, would never give testimony against his murderers.

Chief Detective Inspector Beret and Sergeant Harris, of Central Department New Scotland Yard, first saw the body of Constable Gutteridge in the early hours of the morning of September 27th.

Investigations showed that the dead man's flash-lamp was still in his pocket. There were tyre marks on the road, and as the crime had been committed in the very early hours, there must have been the lights of a motor-car available at the time of the murder. Two bullets were picked up close to the body, and a third was extracted from the dead man's brain by Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the Home Office expert.

Chief Inspector Beret quickly had his men out on different lines of inquiry, but it was six o'clock in the evening before anything of a helpful nature came along. That was when the Brixton police 'phoned Scotland Yard to say that in Foxley Road, Brixton, a man had that morning found a Morris-Cowley car which was hot, as if from a long, fast run.

The running-board of this car was splashed with blood and under the seat was found a used cartridge case which bore the mark R.L.6. This car was subsequently identified by Dr. Lovell of Billericay, who stated that it had been stolen from his garage some time in the early hours of the morning of the crime.

At this point police investigation seemed to have reached a dead-end—but only “seemed,” for actually Chief Inspector Beret and his lieutenant were intensely active. Provided with a list of criminals known to the

police as desperate characters, who were likely to use a gun when cornered, the whole of the criminal underworld was combed.

More than two thousand good, bad and indifferent characters were interviewed by the police and were gradually cleared off the list, until, at the end of many weeks, it had been reduced to four, whose whereabouts could not be traced. One of these four was Browne.

Both Chief Inspector Beret and Sergeant Harris were struck with the same idea when these names were considered. There was nobody quite on a par with Browne, who had proved enormously difficult during his period of previous imprisonment, and who was notorious indeed. But it was one thing having a theory. Proof was needed. And nobody knew where Browne was living.

Probably every man who had ever had any connection with the C.I.D. was on the look-out for this man, Browne, and it is simply amazing that he lasted as long as he did.

But now chance took a hand in the drama.

Some three weeks after the murder a man was driving a car down a street and he ran under a narrow railway arch. As he did so, another car containing two men came racing towards him. To avoid an accident, he pulled right under the wall, and in so doing damaged a wing. The other car mounted the footpath and swept past, but not before the driver had noted the number, and he reported the facts to the first constable he met.

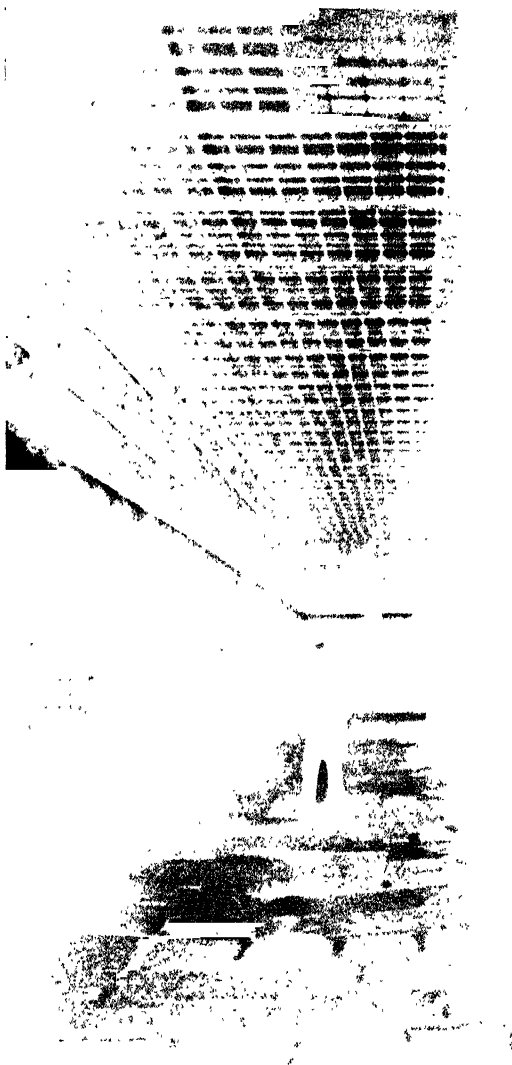
That afternoon the policeman stopped a car bearing the number in question, and questioned the driver and his companion. As a pure formality he looked at the driver's licence and made a note of the address. The

name was Paterson and the address was one in Clapham, but both name and address proved to be fictitious. Search was then made for the car licensed to carry that number, and it came out that it was a taxicab which that day was plying for hire on the streets of London.

These facts were most significant. Here was a car with a fictitious number being driven about the country by a man with a faked licence. This was worth investigating. It happened that the Sheffield policeman, named Ward, had recognized the driver's companion as a Sheffield man whom he knew. He started a search for him, and when he found him the man was interrogated by the Sheffield police and also by Scotland Yard. He disclosed the fact that the driver was Frederick Guy Browne and that he was running a garage at Northcote Road, Clapham Junction.

Now Scotland Yard were getting something very well worth attention. Soon it was known that Browne was in touch with Kennedy—both crooks, both motor-thieves—Browne, indeed, had only left prison six months before after serving a sentence for motor-stealing. Chief Inspector Beret's theory began to assume a definite shape. Browne would have been questioned in any case as one of the final four on that list, but the Sheffield line of inquiry precipitated matters.

The position of Chief Inspector Beret was difficult. *He had to get proof.* Would Browne have on him or in his possession any property which could be identified? What had happened to the surgical instruments stolen from the car—none of which had been traced by the ordinary methods? And what of the revolver with which the murder had been committed? Was it possible that he would have kept it?



### "DEADMAN'S WALK"

This part of Old Newgate until its final demolition, was reputed to be haunted. Six feet beneath these slabs executed murderers were buried



These and other considerations faced the Chief Inspector, and many anxious hours they must have caused him; but he had at least the definite knowledge that Browne had stolen a Vauxhall car, and he made up his mind to arrest him on that charge.

Knowing his character, armed detectives hid secretly and awaited his return to his garage. Browne drove up and was permitted to enter the garage. He was in the act of leaving his office when Detective-Inspector Barker challenged him. Browne answered defiantly and denied the theft of the car, but other officers had closed round him, making escape impossible.

A search was made, which resulted in the discovery of a faked driving licence, a pair of medical forceps, mask, some skeleton keys and some revolver ammunition. His car was searched and in it was found two fully loaded Webley revolvers with ammunition bearing the mark R.L.6. There were also another pair of forceps, a jemmy and a flash-lamp.

Meantime a search was being made for "Ginger" Kennedy. He had been traced to Huguenot Place, Wandsworth, where, on Browne's recommendation, he had gone to live with his wife; but the day after Browne's arrest a telegram was received which caused the Kennedys to run for it. A man was found who had helped Kennedy to pack his luggage.

Luggage is a difficult thing to trace if it is taken away by hand, but in this case the luggage was a sugar-box, and a porter at a terminus remembered it and the man who had booked for Liverpool. "Ginger" was well-known there.

Detective Inspector Kirchner and Detective Sergeant Duncan raced after him, but it was two days before



they found where he was living, and then, by some means still unknown, Kennedy got to know that they were right on his heels, and tried to slip away.

He was stopped, however, and, his gun mis-firing when he tried to shoot down Detective-Sergeant Mattinson of the Liverpool police, he was arrested without bloodshed.

## CHAPTER XXV

Gentlemen crooks, arch-impostors and master minds, card-sharpers and confidence men. Crime and insurance.

**B**EHIND the scenes of crime there lurk sinister figures, master-minds, who direct the operations of various gangs and secret criminal organizations.

No man has greater claim to the title of "The King of Bluffers" than the late Stephanie Otto, or, to be precise, Stephen Victor Joseph Noel Otto, alias Otto de Beney, alias "Stephanie the Gent."

This arch-impostor was a past master in high-class bluff. He perpetrated one of the most sensational hoaxes of modern times and made all Europe laugh by his exploits. Had he only played his cards more wisely, he could have retired from criminal life at an early age, as a rich man.

"Stephanie the Gent" they called him in Gangland. He was Raffles in real life: not only in his appearance, but in his cool nerve and charming personality.

A Belgian by birth, he was a wonderful linguist and spoke six languages fluently. His origin was humble, but his education was sound. He was exceedingly handsome, possessed of great charm, and at the age of thirty he had achieved world-wide notoriety by the daring hoaxes which he perpetrated upon people of rich and high rank.

The world was his oyster and his escapades were carried out in U.S.A., Great Britain, and all over Europe.

In one part of the North of England he posed as a Belgian peer, renting a large estate with a shooting lodge. His entry into London society and his gaiety of manner had won him a large circle of semi-friends. Many well-known figures in English society visited his Scottish estate as guests, to "shoot a few pigeons," as he laughingly said. Actually, they were the "pigeons" and Count Otto "plucked" them.

He also lived in the grand style at the Ritz, Claridges, the Savoy and Hyde Park Hotels, where he entertained royally and to good purpose. Out of a long list of many daring hoaxes, the Coblenz episode of 1919 was his greatest achievement. Before this audacious bluff even the feats of the pre-War German master-masquerader Koepenick pale into insignificance!

Assuming the title of Major Vicomte Joseph Otto de Beney, Attaché to the Court of King Albert and Special Emissary, he gave out that he had been sent by the Belgian King to honour General Allen, commanding the American Army of Occupation, with the Croix de Guerre.

In reality, the medal, like the uniform and all the decorations resplendent upon Major Vicomte Joseph's breast, had been stolen. He was feted upon all sides. The officers made much of their "distinguished visitor" from the Belgian King. Then Otto started his little tricks. He so impressed one officer that he cashed a large cheque for the Major as settlement over cards. The gaming debt being £200—Stephanie the Gent paid this debt of honour by giving a cheque for £400, receiving the balance in cash, just as a mere loan. His cheque was, of course, worthless. The following day, the whole of the Command being assembled for full

dress parade, the "distinguished visitor" pinned the medal on General Allen's breast, before cheering thousands. Amid great jubilation the Major departed in the glittering automobile (for which he never paid a penny!).

Stephanie the Gent found fresh fields of exploitation. He was next heard of in Constantinople, again in the glittering uniform of an Emissary of the Belgian Court, upon a special mission to the Turkish Government.

This time he had forged credentials, which gained him access to the Foreign Legation.

He entertained lavishly, was most liberal in his hospitality, and spent money upon all sides. By means of various forged papers, which purported to be options for huge contracts and orders, he gained large sums of money by playing upon the credulity, cupidity and curiosity of many influential and good-class people. Unfortunately for Otto, one of the members of a certain Legation became suspicious, telegraphed to London and engaged the services of a well-known ex-Scotland Yard detective to confidentially check up on the career and integrity of the Belgian Count.

The intuitive Otto, anticipating just some such move, made a rapid and inglorious exit to Paris by the Simplon Orient Express. The French and English police just missed him by a few hours, because of a delay in the information.

This brings me up to the year 1922 in the history of Stephanie, London being now the scene of his activities. He was posing as an agent, with big orders to be placed for aeroplanes. He lived in style, at the Hyde Park Hotel. Always dressed impeccably, he

visited aeroplane works in the South of England, and throughout this period his growing list of financial coups for unsuspecting victims was an indication that Otto was well supplied with ready money.

Then Stephanie the Gent made his last big bluff, the final blaze before his meteoric career came to an end. Resplendent in uniform, with decorations jingling, he called at Buckingham Palace to interview the Duke of York upon aerial matters. This was his undoing. The "watching eyes" of New Scotland Yard penetrated his disguise and the startled masquerader was arrested and ignominiously escorted to Bow Street Police Station, charged with an old offence under an existing warrant, and sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment with hard labour. Upon his release he went to New York, and started his old line of graft.

This time, he was a Colonel of the British War Office, with lots of prestige, money and influence. He duped so many rich folk that after a stay of six months he had accumulated over £20,000. He made New York too hot to hold him and fled to Buenos Ayres, where once again the same fraud, on a more elaborate style and system, was carried out with success.

In 1927 his total of victims exceeded belief. He had by this time exploited every capital city of the world. He once passed himself off as a well-known peer, authorized to buy a large estate in Italy for the Prince of Wales. His roles were numerous—but always on a grand scale.

Had Stephanie the Gent not decided to commit suicide in Brussels, there is no knowing to what extent he might have gone.

He was, undoubtedly, the most picturesque adventurer and impostor of recent times, and here comes the curious

trait in his career, which makes his history wonderful from the criminologist's point of view. Stephanie the Gent always worked alone, and, although one of the most handsome and fascinating of men, no women ever appeared in his life.

A group of professional card-sharpers won large sums of money at baccarat at the Monte Carlo Sporting Club by playing with marked cards. Seven persons were arrested on this charge.

One of the accused men, a Spaniard, had a manner of marking cards which was invisible to the naked eye, but the marks could be easily seen by anyone wearing a pair of tinted glasses.

This man, accompanied by two others, a Chilean, and another Spaniard, came to Nice and got into touch with a croupier from Monte Carlo, who abstracted several packs of cards from the Casino safe and brought them to Nice, where the backs of the eights and nines were treated with chemicals to show one colour, and the backs of the face cards to show another. The cards were then repacked and returned to the Casino safe.

Two other accomplices went to the Casino. One of the men sat opposite the croupier and did the betting, while the other, who wore tinted glasses, sat near the banker who distributed the cards. By secret signs the second man let his companion know in what manner to play.

The swindle would have gone on for years if another member of the gang had not tried to double-cross his companions by introducing, unknown to them, a third man, to whom he had confided the secret.

A dispute arose between several members of the gang, resulting in one of them telling the police.

According to all accounts the gang won nearly £200,000, but the police based their charge on a single transaction, involving £1,500.

There are many types of Card Sharpers, from the man who works the liners to the man who works the clubs, and the man who works that popular, old-time friend, the "three card trick," on the race-course or in the train.

All are brothers under the skin. All are clever. But there is a strong line of demarcation as to their respective methods.

The well-dressed, educated gaming cheat is a fascinating figure to the student of human nature. He profits by the slowness of his fellow-being's vision, or, to use a well-known truism, "the quickness of the hand deceives the eye."

Generally speaking, card sharpers work in coteries or cliques. As their victims are to be found mostly among the educated and rich classes, it is essential that one or more of the gang must have a good *entrée*. Personality, presence, poise, good clothes, good manners and an Oxford accent make up the outfit necessary to work hotels, liners and good-class clubs.

Some of the "gentlemen crooks" are clever and likeable men. Their wardrobes are extensive, containing as many as two lounge suits for each day of the week, with sports clothes, overcoats, evening dress, dinner-suits and morning coats, colonial suits, hats, footwear, and everything which goes to enhance the illusion of wealth and station. Sometimes women are partners in the card-sharpping coteries. They prove most useful decoys.

Liners are a favourite field for exploitation.

Generally three card-sharpers work in collusion, so at a given time they decide to take a transatlantic trip. All take separate tickets and board the liner as strangers. On board, a few days at sea, the social barriers thaw and the "card-sharpers," still outwardly strangers to each other, mingle with the passengers, make themselves agreeable, and select the victims for the voyage.

Some card-sharpers, travelling between Australia and England, net many thousands of pounds, and the same thing occurs on the transatlantic liners.

Marked cards, as a rule, is the system by which the "gentleman crook" works. It is as old as the hills, yet it hardly ever fails. Some systems are the essence of simplicity. But all clever things are simple—*when one is once wise to the facts.*

It would not be possible to outline every system in use; there are so many ingenious methods. The "Design" and "Clock" system seem very effective and the code is worthy of description. In each corner of the pack of cards is a design. For explanation let us imagine they are Roses. These Roses are in circles of ten, and each circle is on the right and left hand corner of the pack. To the card-sharp, the former indicates the suit and the latter the value of the card.

For instance: the right circle of Roses, working from one to four, *when marked*, indicates Hearts, Diamonds, Clubs, Spades. So, if a line is drawn against one upon the *suit circle* and another vertical line from one to six on the *value circle*, the "gentleman crook" knows that the *suit* is Hearts and the *value* of the card is an Ace.

Let me explain the system further. Kings are marked



from Rose two to six, Queens from Rose three to seven, Jacks from Rose four to eight. Cards can be marked by dye. One method is to place a soaked piece of suede under the lapel of a dinner jacket, near the first button. The sharper can, by touching the black suède with his finger-tip, mark a card upon the back. Another method is to prick a card by the wearing of a signet ring, the exterior of the band under the finger being cunningly filed to a point. Mirrors have been found in cigarette cases and the bowls of pipes; in fact, the schemes and tricks of sharps are manifold. No gambling frauds are more numerous than those with cards. Thousands of combinations are possible with them. An adroit dealer, in collusion with unscrupulous associates, can perform endless tricks upon the unwary.

Card-sharppers of the "gentleman crook" variety are met with in every country, in every community, in every class, amongst the highest.

In the fortunately-born section of humanity, called Society, card-cheating is the unpardonable sin. It means utter disgrace, humiliation and social ostracism. Often scandals are hushed up, but now and again the full glare of press publicity is focused upon such instances by exposure in the Courts of Law.

A really first-class "gentleman crook" is not always a "confidence man," but a really first-class "confidence man" is always a "gentleman crook."

How does the confidence man work?

The explanation is in the name. He inspires good faith towards his scheme upon the part of his victim. He inspires confidence. Confidence is his keynote.

Strangely enough, he generally appeals to the cupidity, greed or selfishness of his dupe. He puts up a scheme

whereby some gain is obtained for little or no expense, in fact, "something for nothing"; and generally the scheme is "semi-crook." In cases of this description the victim, if a respectable man, is caught in the toils of his own duplicity—greed being his downfall.

The cuter the victim, the better. In fact, it is the hard, shrewd, big business-man type that appeals to the "con-man." Rich fools, however, are always welcome. But invariably the fool is dangerous, as he, when "rooked," flies to the police; whereas the shrewd man who imagined himself "foolproof," is so disgusted at his own stupidity that he cuts his losses and refuses to prosecute, simply because he could not face the ridicule of having been swindled.

As an actor, the really good confidence man stands supreme; in his time he plays many parts.

"Con-men" usually work in twos and threes; there are many accomplices who can be obtained in the underworld, willing to take a hand in a "confidence trick." Many clever confidence men I know—and some of them, crooks or no crooks, are clever—have police convictions against them all over the world. But there are a few super-men known to the Yard, to certain members of the crime-writing section of the British press—and, incidentally, to myself—WHO HAVE NEVER BEEN CAUGHT. Not that they are not suspected, or because they are not known, but simply because they are just one point ahead in being able to beat the police.

Women crooks seldom work the confidence trick. There are, of course, exceptional instances, but very, very few and far between.

A case is reported from Paris, in 1929, of a woman

"confidence trickster," which bears out that there is no rule without an exception. While the "Golden Arrow" boat train was rushing through Amiens at 76 miles an hour, *en route* from Boulogne to Paris, a signalman retrieved a message thrown from a window by a dining-car attendant.

The message requested that the Paris Sûreté, or French Scotland Yard, be telephoned to await the arrival of the train at the Gare du Nord, as a robbery had been perpetrated on two American tourists by a young man. Upon arrival at Paris no trace of the certain young man was forthcoming. But, at the barrier, a very stylishly-dressed and pretty girl aroused the suspicion of the attendant who had made the complaint.

By a ruse he hid some of her baggage, which gave the detectives a chance. While she was complaining about her loss, they opened her suitcase and found a *complete masculine attire*, including the immaculate check-suit worn by the well-dressed "young man," who had tricked the two unsuspecting Americans.

Upon learning that the "young man" was a woman, the two victims gallantly refused to prosecute, saying it was well worth the experience to be robbed at cards under such melodramatic circumstances.

The Sûreté, however, declined to be so gallant, as many complaints of a similar nature had been received about the same "young man," on the Simplon-Orient, the Rome, and Madrid Expresses—and, as this young English girl's description when in masculine attire fitted to that of the most evasive "young man" they had ever wanted—well, they held her, and she went away for a long term of imprisonment.

This particular girl specialized in male tourists on all the long-distance Continental routes. Dressed as a man, she worked her trick time after time, upon many trips. She had worked the trick once before on the same journey between Calais and Paris, when the same attendant was on duty, and this was her undoing; the attendant was observant—and had not forgotten. So, when she tempted fate the second time, between Amiens and Paris, he acted in the manner I have described, by warning the police.

It was obvious she manœuvred to work her trick off between these two places; then, taking her suitcase to the toilet room, would change into her real female attire, completing the rest of the journey by paying excess fare in the Pullman Car.

The small tradesman who makes a little bonfire in his shop is a type of swindler that causes insurance companies endless trouble.

Such amateurish attempts, though they figure frequently among an insurance investigator's cases, are, as a rule, easily detected.

The professional "fire-bugs," however are a different proposition. Among them are some of the smartest criminals alive, and so cleverly are their coups executed that, however firmly convinced the insurance company may be that the fire is a put-up job, it is often impossible to bring the swindlers to book.

Usually they work in gangs. One of the gang rents a warehouse, stocks it with cheap goods, and takes out an insurance policy against fire—for a sum far in excess of the real value of the stock.

As soon as the insurance has been arranged, more goods—second-hand or damaged stock, often salvaged

from some other fire—bought at knock-out prices—are moved in by night, unpacked, and spread about the place. And a few days later there is a fire and a heavy claim against the insurance company.

It is impossible for an assessor to tell whether the goods were damaged by the fire or not ; books, receipts and invoices—supplied by crook firms who work with the gang—are produced to prove that the stock had been delivered to the claimant, and often, since everything appears to be in order, the fraudulent claim has to be paid.

It might be thought that a “fire-bug” would not play the same trick twice. But it is always possible to assume an alias, and half a dozen men working together can have a crop of profitable fires without seeming to repeat themselves.

One of the most audacious “fire-bugs” that ever engaged the attention of the police and insurance investigators was a certain Joseph Engelstein ; however, since surpassed in record—although one of his gang—by Leopold Harris. I know of no other man who went in for fire-raising in so business-like a way, and caused so much trouble and expense to insurance companies before he was laid by the heels.

Engelstein, a Polish Jew, ran a small workshop in the Shoreditch district, just scraping together a bare living by making cheap furniture, which he sold at sweated labour prices to the big dealers. With the end of the War, however, came a big boom in furniture, and Engelstein, who was nothing if not clever, saw his chance and took it.

His prosperity grew apace. In a short time he was rolling in money and moved his home from Shoreditch to a large house on the outskirts of London, which had

once belonged to a titled lady. He engaged a staff of servants and began to live on the most lavish scale. Ten thousand pounds a year is a modest estimate of what he must have spent.

Then came the crash. The furniture boom was followed by a furniture slump, and Engelstein soon found himself in severe financial difficulties. Unless big money could be raised quickly, he would have to leave his house, return to Shoreditch, and live much as he had lived before.

Engelstein decided to raise the big money. He staged a cleverly arranged burglary at his house and claimed £2000 from the insurance company. Although there were grave suspicions about the genuineness of the claim, it was impossible to prove that Engelstein had ransacked his own rooms and himself broken down the door with a jemmy, and he eventually received his money.

This £2000 did not last long. No doubt his highly-successful burglary had opened Engelstein's eyes to the possibilities of insurance as an easy means of raising big money and he set about planning another profitable coup, taking into his confidence an old friend of his Shoreditch days, who was as badly in need of money as himself.

The first result of the partnership came almost at once. A fire occurred at Engelstein's factory. It was caused, so Engelstein said, by some workman accidentally dropping the lighted stub of a cigarette, and although the investigators were convinced that there had been nothing accidental about the blaze, nothing could be definitely proved, and Engelstein pocketed £1200 from the insurance company.

Shortly afterwards his confederate's workshop was the scene of a serious outbreak of fire, which brought in £2000, and from that time the two men embarked seriously on the fire-raising business.

The confederate's job was to find the clients, and, since almost everyone in the furniture trade was then in financial difficulties, they were not hard to find.

"No money?" he would say. "Why not have a fire, my boy? I know a man who'll arrange it for you, and you needn't pay him until you get your insurance money. Leave it to me."

Many of them did, and Engelstein and his friend soon had more business than they could cope with.

Their method of working was always the same. Engelstein and his partner would enter a workshop just before it closed for the night, remain in hiding until all the hands had left, and then set about their business.

They began by placing the furniture in such positions that it was bound to get burnt when the fire was started; and if their client did not possess sufficient furniture to ensure a good blaze, Engelstein would have some cheap pieces taken along previously.

The rest was easy—a pile of shavings, a drop of petrol, a lighted match—and long before the alarm was raised the two conspirators had slipped from the building and discreetly disappeared in the maze of dark, narrow streets.

Thousands of pounds were received by them as fees from satisfied clients, and Engelstein, though he was given plenty of broad hints that it was time to drop the game if he wanted to avoid gaol, seemed to imagine that he could keep it up for ever without being caught.

The insurance companies, however, were becoming

less and less inclined to pay claims for fires which they knew to be the work of clever fire-bugs, though they could not prove it, and their investigators redoubled their efforts to unmask the culprits. Eventually, too, Scotland Yard began to show an interest in the constant Shoreditch blazes.

But Engelstein did not distress himself. He had bested the police too often to worry about them now. He went on booking orders for fires, and drawing handsome fees for doing the jobs.

One day he received a visit from a man who was introduced by a former client, as a fellow-countryman from Poland. He was in the furniture trade, he said ; business was terrible bad, and he did not know how he was to avoid bankruptcy.

"Have a fire, my boy ! " laughed Engelstein jokingly.

The man took it seriously. He would do anything, he said, to get out of his difficulties. But how could he have a fire ?

"Easy," Engelstein assured him. "Leave it to me."

Eventually it was arranged that for £1000, to be paid on receipt of the insurance money, Engelstein should do the job.

"As soon as possible," Engelstein assured him. "But I'm very busy. Perhaps I can manage it next month."

Unfortunately, while engaged on one of his jobs, Engelstein got so seriously burnt on his arms that he was obliged to lie up for a while ; business got sadly in arrears, and at the end of the month his fellow-countryman from Poland returned to inquire why he had not yet been provided with the promised fire. He noticed that Engelstein's hands were bandaged, and asked what was the matter.



"Nothing much," said Engelstein. "I upset a kettle and scalded myself."

He was not aware that, since the occurrence of the fire at which he had been injured, the police had been searching for a man with burnt hands, or that he had been seen hurrying from the building just as the alarm was raised.

"You shall have your fire within a week," he promised, and his visitor left.

Within a few minutes, however, he returned, striding into the room with two stalwart companions.

"You must come along with us, please, Mr. Engelstein," he said.

Engelstein paled.

"But I thought—you told me—don't you want your fire?"

"We want you, Engelstein," said the detective, "for a whole lot of fires. Come along!"

Engelstein was defended at the Old Bailey by one of the ablest lawyers in the country; but even he could not save Engelstein from a sentence of six years' penal servitude, to be followed by deportation.

While on the subject of fraud and swindle a particularly barefaced attempt at such a fraud was brought to light in a case which I investigated recently. The claim was made by a wealthy woman, and well-known in society.

Her jewel-case, containing a priceless rope of emeralds and other valuable jewellery, had, she stated, been stolen while she was travelling on a continental Express, and she claimed compensation from the insurance company, to the tune of nearly £22,000.

There was just a shade of doubt as to the accuracy of

some of her statements. It came to light, for instance, that her husband, who, she said, was in Scotland at the time of the theft, had not been there.

This mis-statement might mean nothing or something—and the company was running no risks. So, when I was instructed to investigate, I started on the husband. She had wanted us to believe that, while she and her jewels were on the train, he had been in Scotland. Why?

After considerable trouble, I discovered that the very day his wife had left for Madrid, he had gone to Holland. I followed, traced him to Cherbourg, and found that he had sailed for America. The case looked suspicious and I caught the next boat for New York.

There I made exhaustive inquiries into the husband's movements. He had travelled here, there and everywhere—perhaps on legitimate business, perhaps to throw just such a person as myself off the scent. Eventually he reached Florida, where I discovered that his wife had joined him.

By this time, however, she had returned to England and the husband had gone to New York, where he was the guest of some rich and fashionable people.

I seemed to have reached a dead end. The claim, I was convinced, was fraudulent, but how could I prove it? The man's host and hostess were influential people and without getting into their circle—which seemed impossible—there was no means of pursuing my inquiries.

Finally I visited a detective, told him the name of the man's host, and asked his advice.

"That guy!" he exclaimed. "Sure, boy, I know

him. If those jewels were scented, I reckon you're near enough now to smell 'em ! ”

The host, he exclaimed, was a wealthy man, with huge interests in the jewellery business. He was also a “financier,” who lent money to impecunious society people on the security of their jewellery. He did a big business with the British aristocracy, and family histories were his speciality.

This was very interesting, but how could I get definite proof that here were the jewels which were supposed to have been stolen on the train ?

“ Ah, that's easy ! ” laughed my friend. “ Leave it to me ! ”

Through him I got in touch with the butler at the house, and discovered that the husband had, in fact, arranged a huge loan on his wife's jewellery. The butler had heard his master talking about it to his wife over coffee, and the jewellery, according to him, was in the safe at the house.

Perhaps it was. But, if the insurance company was to refuse to pay the claim, I must have definite proof. I said I wanted to see the jewellery and check it with the list of “ stolen valuables ” given me in London. There was a rope of emeralds, a priceless heirloom with certain unmistakable characteristics, that I could not fail to recognize if I saw it.

The butler hesitated—said what I wanted was impossible. I understood what he meant, and, after a little bargaining, he agreed that if I called that evening, with £300, he would try to get the key of the safe and show me the jewellery while his master was at dinner.

I turned up as arranged. The butler had secured the

key, and when we had both removed our shoes—he insisted on that—we crept upstairs to the library.

On the walls hung several oil paintings. One of these the butler moved aside, revealing the door of a safe.

A few seconds' manipulation and the door was open. The safe was full of jewellery, and the first thing that caught my eye was the magnificent rope of emeralds. I began to check my list, and in a few minutes discovered that every single article said to have been stolen from the train was in that safe.

I returned to England and reported to the insurance company. A few days later the lady who had made the claim was requested to call on the company's solicitors. The interview was brief and to the point. She was bluntly informed that the true facts of the case were known.

She denied the whole thing, declared that unless she received a full apology and immediate payment of her claim, she would at once institute legal proceedings, and left the office in a fury of indignation.

A few days later, however, the solicitors received a communication from her, saying that she had withdrawn her claim. The jewels had been found, she said, by her husband at the bottom of one of his trunks in New York. She was very sorry for all the trouble caused by the "mistake."

Incidentally, she had caused the insurance company considerable expense. Including my trips to the Continent and America, and the £300 to the butler, it cost nearly £1700 to prove that the claim was fraudulent. But if it hadn't been proved, the affair would have cost somewhere in the neighbourhood of £22,000!

Claims for jewels said to have been stolen during

transit by post are common tricks of the insurance swindlers. One such claim, for a sum of £30,000, was recently made on an insurance company. The claimant stated that the jewels had been dispatched by registered post from London to South Africa, but that, when the package reached its destination, and was opened, it was found to contain only small pebbles and loaf-sugar.

The package must have been tampered with *en route*—and he was entitled to compensation.

Inquiries were made, but unsuccessfully. It seemed as if the claim would have to be met. Then, almost at the eleventh hour, the detective in charge of the investigations had a bright idea. After consulting his employers, he caught the boat for South Africa, obtained the actual parcel, which had been preserved, and brought it back to England.

With exact details of the stolen jewellery—given willingly by the claimant—to guide him, he now set to work to get together a collection of gems of precisely the same weight as those said to have been dispatched to South Africa.

He discovered that this collection would cost considerably more to send to South Africa, by registered post, than had been charged on the package actually dispatched. Since the charge for the package sent was correct for its weight, it was obvious that, when handed to the post office, its contents were the same as when it reached its destination—viz., lump sugar and pebbles.

Less the cost of a trip to South Africa, this brilliant bit of work saved the insurance company £30,000.

I investigated a still more audacious attempt at fraud a few years ago. A certain lady claimed £20,000 for a

miniature said to be the work of a famous artist, which had been lost or stolen.

As a result of my inquiries, I discovered that the miniature in question had at one time belonged to one of the oldest families in England, and that there were only eight such miniatures in the world, all of which I was able to locate.

I reported this to the insurance company, and the lady was informed that her claim would *not* be paid, and that criminal proceedings would probably be taken against her.

She did not attempt to argue. She left England the same day.

The Ascot Gold Cup was stolen as the result of an absurd joke—a wager.

I am in the position to throw a light at last on this twenty-four-year-old mystery. It has been stated in a certain weekly newspaper that a very well-known “crook” accomplished this daring theft. I know that so-called daring “crook.” The only thing he ever stole in his life, of any consequence, was an umbrella out of an open door from the vestibule of a restaurant.

The trophy was being displayed on the usual table on the lawn at the back of the Grand Stand. In attendance, on guard, was a policeman and a representative of the jewellers who designed it. Tens of thousands saw and admired it during racing hours—celebrities, race-goers, sightseers, Press, the general public, and even Royalty.

This was on the first day of the Royal Ascot meeting, namely, June 19th, 1907. The time, from 12 noon to 4.32 p.m.

At 4.35 p.m. the custodians gasped; turned white—

possibly green—who knows! *The Ascot Gold Cup had vanished.*

As two of the principal actors in this amazing drama of High Society life are dead, and the other, under an assumed name, is living abroad, I will, for the first time on record, tell the inside story of why and how the Cup was stolen.

. . . . .

During my career in the British Secret Service, I came across a deserter in a dug-out near Camiers, in Northern France. He had been absent from his unit nearly nine months. Upon searching him I found the autographed photograph of a scion of one of our oldest houses of nobility—one who had been killed in action, gallantly leading his men.

Four days later he passed from my sight, accompanied by an armed escort, *en route* for his unit.

The reader is probably wondering what all this has to do with "How the Ascot Gold Cup was stolen." That is soon explained.

. . . . .

In the August of 1929 I was standing in the vestibule of the old Café Royal, when an immaculately dressed man accosted me.

"Pardon me, we have met before, sir," he said.

"Very well, then you know my name?" I answered.

He smiled. "Yes, I do know your name. I have never forgotten it; and, what is more, you know mine. You are, or were when I knew you, Sergeant Woodhall. I am, or was, Private 'So-and-So.'"

Immediately he mentioned his name the recollection of our meeting and its circumstances came rushing back

to my memory. Here was *the nobleman's servant—the deserter!*

"I have been eager to meet you," he said. "In fact, I engaged a firm of private detectives to trace your whereabouts. There's something I want to tell you; must tell you, because in a few days I am leaving the Old Country to take up a position in the Colonies. I have made up my mind to change my name, to drop my identity. I have money. Lord X saw to that."

I accepted his invitation to lunch. During the meal he suddenly asked me the following question:

"You are not the sort of man that betrays a confidence?"

"I might in a case of murder," I laughingly replied.

"Mine is not a case of murder, but it has haunted me nearly as much. . . . You recall the photograph I had upon my person when you arrested me in France? Well, as you know, that was Lord X. When he was killed, something snapped in my brain. His sudden death played on my mind. I was stark raving mad. That was why I deserted. You found me. Your kind treatment touched me. When I got back, my Commanding Officer gave me another chance. I got my commission for bravery under fire. I made good. Yet, though I was a thief, I am not a bad man."

He hesitated, then made the dramatic statement:

*"I am the only living man who knows about the secret of the stolen Ascot Gold Cup."*

"You recall the Rt. Hon. Z, killed on the Somme? He was the only other living witness, with Lady X, who died abroad before the War. My master and he were bosom friends. You recall their racing colours? Two of the greatest sportsmen and noble gentlemen that



ever graced our English Society. Do you recall the lovely aristocratic Lady X? She used to lease some of her racing stock. Some of her thoroughbreds won many classic events, but never under her name. She was always impecunious. Both of these gentlemen loved her. Ah, yes, some women get all the luck! But she favoured my master.

"Two or three days before Ascot Week of 1907, her ladyship and his lordship were dining at a select party given by my master. Over the champagne, wagers were made for the forthcoming events at Ascot. Lady X, in a moment of levity, said that she would never die content unless the Ascot Gold Cup was hers—by fair means or foul.

"I was waiting upon them at the time. There were only the three present: my master, Lady X, and Lord Z.

"Drink was taken by the two young noblemen—not wisely, but well. Suddenly my master exclaimed, 'You shall have the Gold Cup, darling.'

"Lord Z, no more sober, immediately challenged him to a £5000 wager. The bet was accepted, all three clinking glasses to seal this absurd, verbal contract.

"But the honour of some of these people on a sporting wager is an obsession. The next day my master questioned me about the incident. I asked him to repudiate the bet. 'You were all drunk,' I said respectfully. He turned on me as if I had struck him. 'You, Thomas, to say we were drunk. You—knowing me so well, to infer that—I!—Me!—Lord X!—should repudiate a wager! Get out of my sight.'

"'But, my lord—it's impossible. You have no horse running, neither has her ladyship.'

"'Never mind,' he said. 'I shall borrow the Cup.'

I shall steal it. But I shall return the damn thing when the outcry has died down. It would never do to let Lord Z have the laugh of me. No, not if I can help it !’

“By the time Ascot opened I had fallen in with my master’s plan. I would have followed him to hell. If ever it was possible for a man to love another, I loved him. I have, since my master’s death, ceased to wonder why I did it. I simply had to help him because he wanted my help. ‘Get it, Thomas ! Do not fail me !’

“Luck favoured me that day. All the afternoon I passed and repassed the alluring object, waiting for my favourable moment to lift it off its pedestal. But it was too risky. It was too well guarded.

“Suddenly my chance came, just before the 4.30 race. I saw the plain-clothes man walk off towards the Grand Stand. But the policeman was still on guard. He looked at me in a questioning way, as though he were about to speak.

“At that moment I was only a yard from the table, when three ladies—one a titled woman—came up and asked the policeman a question, obviously about the meeting, for he turned his head away and bent over their race cards. That was my chance !

“I lifted the Gold Cup off its pedestal. Walking leisurely away, I wrapped it in my mackintosh that was slung across my arm.

“Any amount of people were around me. Yet no one saw a stranger pick up the Gold Cup. The 4.30 race occupied all eyes.

“The plain-clothes man was coming back from the Grand Stand. My heart was thumping. But between

him and the table were several groups of people who obstructed his line of view.

"By this time I was at the entrance of the Grand Stand, where my master's car was waiting. Within ten minutes I was racing in the car towards his town flat, with the Cup in my possession.

"Lord Z paid my master the wager—but the result of their escapade had its reaction. They all got scared to death. The public outcry was too much for their nerves to stand, *so the Ascot Gold Cup was given to me to hide.*

"Two months afterwards Lord Z and Lady X were on my master's yacht. It was a lovely moonlight night.

"'Thomas, have you got the gladstone bag?' 'Yes, sir.'

"'Have you placed that 56 lb. weight inside it?' 'Yes, sir.'

"'Very well, let me help you heave it overboard.' Splash!

"In that brown leather bag, with the 56 lb. weight, went the original 1907 Ascot Gold Cup. Well, that's all I can tell you of the affair, but it will clear up a mystery."

## CHAPTER XXVI

**Types.** The story of the "Colonel" or female swindler. The gang or decoy women. Stories of clever "coups."

**I** HAVE, during a detective experience of over a quarter of a century—I am forty-six next birthday—known, met, and encountered some remarkable women belonging to the "crook" fraternity.

But between the "high-flyers" or "artists" in crime, and those of the "lesser fry" there is a strong line of, shall I say, demarcation.

Some women are constantly in and out of prison, for the ordinary offences of petty thefts and other sordid matters; while others work again in the company of other accomplices, shop-lifting, stealing money off men, and picking pockets, or some again work in collusion with males, by robbing houses in the capacity of decoys, or by getting employed upon the premises as domestic servants. Of this class of women-crook there is little or nothing to record of interest. But of the more dangerous type, such as blackmailers, masqueraders, well-dressed women who work with "confidence-men," card-sharpers, drug-traffickers, white-slavers, and safe-breakers, their histories, when fully revealed upon the cold light of police-files and dossiers, give food for reflection, that justifies the old saying that "One half the world does not know how the other half lives."

What can be said of a woman who made £20,000 in a little over two years, and at the time of her arrest, in a common little cheap room off the Edgware Road, barely had the price of her next meal?

She was a woman of the upper classes, who used to work what is known as the "society lark"—answer advertisements for large furnished houses, mansions and huge estates—then, by a system of forged references, charm of manner, and a cash deposit in Bank of England notes, get possession, and as soon as the coast was clear she, in turn, would advertise the place for several thousands—then clear out.

Before she was caught she had sold several places throughout the country; one place in particular, in Scotland, being sold for £8000; that was for the furniture only, she having put this inducement forward as a kind of premium to obtain the mansion, estate and vast acres, on a three years' agreement, very cheap. The rich American "fell" for it. When the real owner came back from South Africa, he was sadly disillusioned, and I am afraid went back to the States with very fixed ideas about English "lady crooks."

Three outstanding women criminals of the last twenty years were May Churchill, alias "Chicago May"; Sophie Lyons, and Norma Dupont, alias "The Maid."

"Chicago May," however, was a very common woman, but with a remarkable audacity, as was also Sophie Lyons; but in regard to "The Maid," she was, in the opinion of all who knew her history, a very accomplished, beautiful and charming sinner of the "Star" variety.

I have not the time nor space in this chapter to write much about the criminal careers of the two women,

Churchill and Lyons, except that at the zenith of their notoriety their names swayed the entire world, by virtue of their audacity and sordid wickedness. Both died in the States: Lyons, very wealthy, and Churchill comparatively rich; while Norma Dupont, the most daring and clever of the trio, died last year in Paris at the age of thirty-six, broken in health, poverty stricken, and deserted by the one and only man she ever loved.

When I first saw Norma it was in the old Café Royal. She was pointed out to me by the late Superintendent Hawkins of the "Big Five"—at that time my Inspector. "You see that girl over there talking to that man at the far table—well, she's the greatest 'woman crook' on the continent of Europe." I looked again, and saw a remarkably beautiful girl. "That girl there," and I described in detail the one I was looking at, in case of mistake. "Yes! that same innocent-looking little girl—and that man with her is Archie Vox, alias George Bryder, alias a long string of other names, alias 'The Mouse.' His speciality is safes, and big jewellery, and money hauls. She's his woman, and works in harness with him."

Six months afterwards I was to learn the reliability of this great detective's knowledge and wide experience.

In Washington, U.S.A., in the year 1911, a very rich woman took back with her to America a charming lady's maid she had engaged in London.

After three weeks at home she sent for her jewellery from a large Safe Deposit in New York, which had been placed there for safety, pending the construction of a very powerful combination safe she had ordered.

One week from the date of her valuables being placed in it—the "last word" in burglar-proof safes—they

were gone, and so had her "priceless" new maid, with over £15,000 of gems and money.

Needless to state, the English maid she had brought over from Europe was Norma Dupont, alias "The Maid." She had got the combination, passed it on to her accomplice, "The Mouse," and during the night he was admitted by her and did the job they had planned and set out after.

Some time afterwards they pulled another big job off, near Paris, getting away with over £7000 in ready cash.

Early in 1913, a very wealthy woman, in the North of Devon, engaged a new maid from London; a fortnight afterwards £1800 in money was stolen from the safe. The next day, after the local police had been called in, the new maid disappeared. Immediately it was known at the Yard, from the *modus operandi* employed and the description furnished, that "The Maid" and her accomplice "The Mouse" were at work in England. All ports were informed by wire at once, in case they tried what the Yankees term a "get-away."

The following day after the Yard had received information, I went along Regent Street, and the very first person I recognized that morning, getting out from a taxi near a large firm of jewellers, was the ONE woman in all London I was most anxious to meet. Which proves there's a lot of luck in detective work. It was Norma, "The Maid." Lovely Norma, in the flesh, all smiles, radiantly gowned, perfectly composed, and bubbling over with personality. I asked her if she would like to retain the services of the taxi-cab; she sweetly smiled and said, "If you have no objection." I had none. So we drove off to Cannon Row Police Station, where she was held, pending arrival of the local police.

Owing to certain technical flaws in the local police evidence and the absence of her accomplice, and, incidentally, the £1800 in cash, plus her remarkable personality, plus a very clever counsel—now an eminent titled K.C.—Norma was discharged.

Her luck was in.

As she left the Court in a car, she waved her hand to me in farewell. I waved back. Why not? What man with blood in his veins would not; especially when he knows he has been beaten in a game of wits by a clever woman—and that woman an exceptionally beautiful one.

In May, 1914, however, she started again with "The Mouse," once more in Paris, and from the mansion of a wealthy French manufacturer's wife, where she had become employed as a French-speaking English maid, they pulled off a deal of many thousands of pounds in uncut diamonds, rubies, emeralds and cultured pearls. I was told, long afterwards, they were bought in Amsterdam off "The Mouse" by a man acting for three companies in London, Berlin and New York, for £20,000.

After the War I heard about her escapades from time to time. Once in 1921 in this country. Then again in the same year in the Argentine, and in 1922, France and Holland.

Fate, however, deserted the fortunes of Norma in the States, for they were both caught and sentenced, the man to five years and she to three.

I know little of her subsequent fate, except from the account of a Pinkerton detective, a friend of mine, who was in this country some time ago. He told me "The Mouse" got all her money, which she had deposited in



several large amounts with various big New York Corporations. He wheedled it all from Norma, left her "flat" (penniless) in Paris, and went off with another woman. Norma Dupont, alias "The Maid," as I have said, died last year in Paris.

She must have been in her way a very rich woman, because during her career she was mainly instrumental in pulling jobs off all over the world. Jobs that possibly the police do not know of. In any case she died a poor woman. From my heart I consider she was deserving of a better fate. But—there it is. It's life!

The account of the "Colonel" or the Female Swindler, whom I once saw at the Derby held on the famous Epsom Downs racecourse, reads like fiction, and reveals her as the most elusive and versatile exploiter of human weaknesses known to the entire detective force of the world.

When I saw her I did not know she was a woman, but I have learnt the fact since.

This handsome, immaculate, clever, cool, and "hail-fellow-well met" Colonial, who smiled "himself" into the confidence of men all over the world and the hearts of the opposite sex—is, in reality, a WOMAN.

The name by which this notorious "confidence trickster" went was generally Val Edwin Lancaster, and his military existing papers carried were in that name, and showed Lancaster to have lived in various parts of South America, the United States, and Australia for a considerable time.

Soon after the Anzac Corps had effected a landing north of Gabe Tepe, in Gallipoli, on the 25th of April, 1915, official news came through that a soldier named Lancaster had been "killed in action." But some time

afterwards the Australian Provost Corps in France received information that a man of that name was believed to be a deserter, had escaped to Egypt, thence to Marseilles, and was believed to be in hiding in Paris.

Search was made right throughout the zone of the British armies in France—but Lancaster always eluded them, and the Armistice gave him the chance of extending his operations over the frontiers into Belgium, Spain, Italy, and other countries, and then to England.

In Kensington and the West End, during the year 1921, "he" was well known as a wealthy New Zealand sheep farmer, with a flair for promoting business of a lucrative nature abroad upon a large scale.

Lancaster then worked the great ocean-going liners for some time, but of that period of his career there is much to tell, which is not the subject of this story.

Once in the Near East "Colonel Lancaster," with forged papers and testimonials, claimed to the Turkish authorities that he had been sent to Europe by the Commonwealth Government to negotiate for ground on Gallipoli, to use as the last resting-place of the Anzac Dead, who were to be transferred at the request of the Australian Government.

He impressed many important people by his distinguished bearing and appearance, the Turkish authorities making a great deal of him.

He went to the extent of pulling off a "master coup" upon a multi-millionaire. By some plausible means, he pretended that the negotiations with the Turkish Government were on the verge of breaking down, as the £10,000 was not forthcoming in time from the Commonwealth, required as a deposit.

The famous international financier, usually a man of

iron in business, for some unknown reason advanced the money.

After this, however, he excited the suspicion of a British authority at the Porte, and inquiries were made. Lancaster found this out, and immediately departed, taking with him several large sums of money.

In regard to women who formed the majority of his victims, Lancaster had a way all his own. He became engaged to at least twenty women from time to time, of various ages and stations of life—deserting them all after he had obtained much jewellery and money.

The humorous part of it all is that not one of his victims suspected the handsome "Colonel" was a woman—the widow of the original Lancaster, who WAS, IN FACT, KILLED IN EGYPT. The rare physique of Mrs. Lancaster, so unusual in a woman, was her main asset. She was of the tall, full type, with a fine round face, beautiful curly hair, and a magnetic charm of manner.

She was married to Lancaster, and went over to Paris when he left for the East.

The easy life attracted her, and she no doubt fell a victim to the "Underworld" when she heard of her husband's death. News came through to her from his friend, the only man who knew anything about their past lives. He also was killed. All her husband's personal correspondence, photographs, and actual identity papers had been left in her possession prior to his last good-bye. She decided to assume her dead husband's role and name of Lancaster.

Hence the mistake upon the part of the authorities in thinking that Lancaster was a deserter. She masqueraded as Lancaster—that was all,

The Paris police stumbled on the secret first in a very ordinary way. The "Colonel," Mrs. Lancaster, had fallen in love with a handsome American in Paris. She had confided her secret to him, and he confided her secret—this time to one of her own sex—a Parisian woman who was in love with him—fiendishly jealous, naturally; *she* told the police.

I was present in Court at the Old Bailey last year, when a pretty young woman was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. It was alleged she was the victim in the hands of an international gang.

At the time of her conviction she was charged with receiving articles of jewellery worth £850, which was partly the proceeds of robberies from big West End hotels.

In 1925 she was sentenced to twenty-one months' hard labour, on charges involving the theft of a tremendous quantity of jewellery from hotels in Kensington and the West End. At the time of arrest she was wearing a fur coat worthy fifty guineas, and for her flat, in an exclusive neighbourhood, she paid £200 a year. Accounts were also found there totalling her household expenditure over £600 a year.

Her method was to enter a hotel boldly as a guest, immaculately attired as she always was, and enter rooms while the guests were down below.

On finding jewel cases or handbags, she would go to the bathroom, lock herself in, extract all the valuables, and walk out.

For more than two years she had been a tremendous source of trouble to the police.

"Our difficulty," said the detective, "has been the description given of the thief."

Some had said they saw a *blonde* and others a *brunette*.

This was accounted for by her wearing false hair such as this. The detective then produced two fair-coloured side-pieces and explained that, when worn under the modern type of close-fitting hat, these gave the impression that the "lady crook" was a *blonde*; without them she was a *brunette*.

It was estimated that the total value of all her "lady-like" escapades, in total value of the property in thefts attributed to her, was between £4000 and £5000.

This, then, is one out of many cases that I know of which centres around the eternal and fascinating question of the Woman Criminal.

It is not by any means pure chance that brings one here and another there.

On the contrary, there are definite and well-organized gangs: their members all over the world, ever *plotting, watching, reporting, consulting*.

The trouble is one can rarely get at the *leaders*.

Men are always behind the woman. The archives and dossiers of all the detective bureaux of the entire world cannot produce more than a score of really daring women working on their own. Strategy of crime is governed by men—the tactics of men to overcome men is left to women.

Strange logic: but I will stake my reputation as a trained detective, I speak the truth.

Let me give an instance. Some few years ago a rich American manufacturer, whom I will call "Velvet," probably a millionaire many times over, came across to London for a few weeks preparatory to a tour of the Continent. His departure I subsequently found was reported from Chicago, by a man whom I never knew

before, called "D," to a man in New York whom I certainly did know. This name was Percy R. R—; he was a very suave, pleasant-mannered man of about forty years, known in the "craft" as a good "confidence man." He plays a fine game of bridge, and I have seen him play poker very well too; but I do not think he "sharped" at cards. Although I have watched for it, I have never seen him put any "work" into a card game, such as the various tricks of cutting, palming, ringing changes, marking, and a hundred and one others in which such characters are usually highly expert.

His prime mission is to meet his man, "pal" him up, get him into a card game or some other activity, and others are there to do the rest.

Well, Percy R—, advised of the journey of the millionaire, immediately booked a saloon passage in the same great liner on which the marked-down victim was to travel. I have a copy of his code—or his "brief"—as he would call it, which I append:

"Velvet" travelling to Europe on S.S.—Thursday. Might do Broads, keen on the Juliets, won't race, carries no groin. Aim at a kite. Take Lettie—she'll land him. If you can't touch at broads, try the black but not in England.

This somewhat cryptic and curiously-phrased document testifies to the fact that the millionaire was known to enjoy the society of the fair sex, by reference to the word Juliet, that he might play cards, that he carried no jewels of any value, and that R— must aim at getting a cheque from him. The note assured him that the millionaire would not go racing, but as a last resource he might be manoeuvred into a compromising situation with the aid of "Lettie"—and blackmailed. Signi-

ficantly, you will notice that the blackmail had not to take place in England, an instruction due to the tightening up of sentences for blackmail in this country.

The journey began and R—— set off. Travelling as his sister was "Lettie," who was the most dangerous little hussy in the two hemispheres.

According to American detective agency files, her history can, in my crude or trite way, be written as follows :

"Lettie" is the daughter of a great Methodist minister of the Middle West, and first distinguished herself when she was twelve years old, by stealing the horse of a visiting holy man and selling it to a travelling tinker. She was then sent from home by the outraged father, and ultimately entered a convent after some terrible adventures. A frightful scandal arose at the convent. She had hoaxed the nuns into believing that they saw the Madonna, whom she had impersonated. She was removed elsewhere, but escaped, and at fifteen she was admitted into a New York maternity hospital where she had a baby, which died.

Sent into a home, she escaped again, and when next she appeared she was taking part in a train hold-up. She was recognized, but escaped. Then at sixteen, she led a gang of bandits, whose daring exploits included three mail robberies and one bank raid. Rounded up, the gang were sentenced to varying terms, and "Lettie" to a heavy term of imprisonment. Four months afterwards she escaped.

Ravishingly pretty, with a pair of eyes that would turn Hollywood green with envy, "Lettie" was slim, rather diminutive, with wonderful ways and a simply overwhelming smile. She landed "Velvet" in two days.

One of the American detectives travelling on the boat recognized "Lettie" and cabled for instructions. Either R—— or "Lettie" recognized him as well. During the journey the millionaire refused to be drawn into a card game and Cherbourg was approached without serious incident. As "Lettie" was travelling to Southampton, it was decided to take proceedings there, and arrest her as she left the boat, rather than risk the chance of instructions not coming through in time at Cherbourg.

When the boat left Cherbourg to go on to Southampton "Lettie" was missing. Search as they would, the bird had flown. Nothing could be done of course. The ship was carefully searched; R—— swore that the girl was his sister, and that the particulars on her passport were true. There the matter had to end. No steps could be taken against R——, and he proceeded to London.

The next thing that happened was that I received an instruction to go to a great West End hotel to meet Mr. "Velvet." I went. The millionaire was in a terrible state. He had parted with £8000 in blackmail and was now being threatened in America with divorce proceedings, which would break up his home. The facts were that "Lettie" had told him that she was secretly married to a man who was meeting her at Southampton—a man she loathed.

She intended to leave the boat at Cherbourg and make her way to Wimereux, near Boulogne, where she would be very *lonely* but, at any rate, free from the hateful husband.

"Velvet" swallowed the bait like a conger. He was on his way to Belgium by air the next day. There had followed a wonderful week at Wimereux for the millionaire in a snug little villa. Then the crash had come. The "husband" arrived, fortunately enough with his



"solicitor." No need to stress the painful scene. "Lettie" hysterical, the "husband" storming, the "solicitor" talking law and publicity, and, alas! "Velvet" shivering with terror at the consequences of his peccadillo. Then days went by, and the same demand was made and met. Now he was confronted with a demand for £100,000. Added to all this, the conspirators had done their work with diabolical cunning, for, amongst other proofs of the Wimereux incident, was a series of intimate photographs taken by another of the gang, WHO ACTED AS MAID. The photographs were unanswerable, and it was suggested that one be sent on to America to his wife.

I begged him to call in the Yard and take immediate criminal proceedings—but he wouldn't dream of it. He wanted to be rid of the gang and their menaces, but he would not stand for any proceedings at all. Not a possible risk of publicity would he run.

"I want those plates," he kept on repeating, referring to the photographic negatives. "I don't mind what I pay."

An appointment had been arranged for the millionaire to go to meet the "husband" and the "solicitor" at Wimereux when he returned after making arrangements to get the money in London.

I arranged to take his place. It was to be a game of bluff, and I determined that all the bluff would not be on one side. Armed with what looked like a warrant, and accompanied by two assistants, including the American agency man, I arrived at the villa, and I assure you a pretty little sight met my eyes.

"Lettie" was not there, but the "husband" was, and I recognized a very old friend indeed.

The "husband" was known to me, and had a very

distinguished and brilliant criminal record standing to his account. Beside him sat another old "friend"—a seventy-six-year-old renegade barrister, who had served three terms of penal servitude since he changed his mode of living. A pretty argument followed. The "husband," seeing no official Scotland Yard man, took a chance and attempted to bluff matters out. The lawyer talked gravely and quietly of misapprehensions. "Where were the proofs?" he asked.

"Time is pressing in this case," I said. "My client wants to get back home, and we are not going to have the delay of the extradition proceedings, or a trial in Belgium under the tortuous Code Napoleon. I've got a little vessel out there, and, *legal* or not *legal*, I'm going to take the pair of you to England now and answer the legal questions afterwards."

I signed to my two operatives. One is a man who often works for me in auxiliary "special missions," where drastic action and NOT diplomacy is the most essential qualification. In fact, in his time he has aspired to championship honours, having "lifted" more chins than cups. He looked at the outraged "husband"—that was all. The lawyer made a pathetic attempt to run away. Within two minutes both men were cowed.

"We will wait here until nightfall," I said.

I positively believe that the "husband" would have faced it out and called the bluff, but his confederate soon cracked up. He wept bitterly and begged to be given another chance. He didn't want to go to gaol again at his age. He revealed where the camera was, and the plates, which I seized together with all printed copies. He told me where the money was deposited—everything.

“Lettie” got away with £20,000, or a substantial share of it. I have never seen or heard of her since.

If people only knew the misery that blackmail causes, the broken lives, and in some cases, alas ! suicide, of the victims of these merciless sharks of the criminal sea, I think they would brave all and prosecute. I hold the view that greater secrecy than that even now existing should surround blackmail trials, although the recent improvement was a big step in the right direction.

Blackmail can only be stamped out by rigorous and *secret* prosecution, followed by the absolute maximum penalty.

To give the devil his due, the professional crook has no time for that class of criminal. Ninety per cent. of crooks look with loathing on the blackmailer.

## CHAPTER XXVII

Modern science comes to the aid of the law. The Rouse case. Crime seldom pays.

**I**N the preceding chapters I have attempted to throw some light on the manifold duties that fall to the lot of a serving police officer. The unending fight between the law and the law-breaker goes on, with the odds always against the criminal.

In recent years, however, modern science has come to the aid of the law, and the odds have slightly lengthened. In Chapter XVII I have touched on this aspect of the matter, and I shall now describe in some detail how scientific knowledge was applied to a particular case, and how the evidence of the chemist and the analyst helped to send yet another murderer to the gallows.

On the 5th of November, 1930, an unknown man met his death in a small saloon car in a lonely lane near Northampton. Nearly three months later, on the 31st of January, 1931, Alfred Arthur Rouse was sentenced to death for his murder.

Circumstantial evidence and his own foolishness led to his arrest, while scientific evidence was largely responsible for his ultimate conviction.

Rouse was born in 1894, and his life, apart from a certain aptitude whilst at school both for work and games, was without distinction until he reached the age of twenty. Four days after war broke out he joined the Army, and was severely wounded in the following May,

being subsequently discharged as being no longer fit for active service. A medical report of September, 1918, showed that he was still complaining of the effects of the head wound received three years previously.

Between 1920 and 1930 he formed associations with three women, associations that involved him in such appalling difficulties that he finally decided to end matters by a single bold stroke. By two of these women he had had children, and the pregnancy of the third no doubt lent force to his decision to be free.

At the date of the crime he was a commercial traveller, and it was in the course of his rounds, whilst visiting a certain public-house at Whetstone, that he first met the unfortunate man who was destined to be his victim.

Rouse chose Guy Fawkes night as being a time when a blaze was least likely to attract attention. It was a case of loose reasoning: a little reflection would have convinced him that it was possibly the worst day in the whole year; more people are abroad on that night up to late hours than at any other time.

The blazing car, the finding of the body and Rouse's subsequent arrest are features of the case well known to everyone. They do not concern us here, and are fully and admirably retold in the Famous Trials Series, and in Miss Normanton's well-known book on the Rouse Trial.

Rouse was arrested at Hammersmith on the evening of November 7th, 1930, and he then made the statement to which he clung so tenaciously all through his trial. "I picked up the man," he said to the Hammersmith police, "on the Great North Road. He asked me for a lift. . . . I gave him a lift. He got in and I drove off, and after going some distance I lost my way. A policeman spoke to me about my lights. I did not know anything about

the man, and I thought I saw his hand on my case, which was in the back of the car. I later became sleepy and could hardly keep awake. The engine started to spit, and I thought I was running out of petrol. I pulled into the side of the road. I wanted to relieve myself, and said to the man, 'There is some petrol in the car; you can empty it into the tank while I am gone,' and lifted up the bonnet and showed him where to put it in. He said, 'What about a smoke?' I said, 'I have given you all my cigarettes as it is.' I then put the petrol can, which I had opened, back in the car with the top slightly on and walked 200 to 250 yards up the lane to be well out of sight for my purpose. Just as I had finished I saw a blaze and realized the car was in flames. I lost my head."

The story was improbable; science proved that it was not only untrue but, as to some part of it, any rate, also physically impossible.

The body of the unfortunate victim was found lying across the front seats face downwards, with the right arm resting on the back of the driver's seat, the left leg being drawn close up under the body with knee and hip flexed, whilst the right leg was stretched out over the near-side chassis frame. Particles of smoke deposit were found in the man's nostrils, proving conclusively that he had breathed after the fire had started. A sudden and intense heat had set up what was described as "heat rigor," and Sir Bernard Spilsbury was able to demonstrate that the man had lived for a few seconds in that position, although unable to move, before he succumbed to the shock of the heat. Rigor had prevented the movement of his limbs, and it was tolerably certain that the leg was outside the car when the fire started, and that the man himself was unconscious. A mallet, which Rouse

admitted he might have used in opening the petrol can, was found nearby, and upon this were discovered three hairs. Microscopic examination showed that the medutra, or core, of one of these indicated human origin.

The dome of the skull was consumed by the flames, and Mr. Justice Talbot warned the jury to disregard the question of how the victim lost consciousness—it is interesting to note that in his “confession,” written after conviction, Rouse claimed to have throttled him. Next, and of no less importance, was the expert evidence of Colonel Buckle, called on behalf of the Crown. He found, on examining the car some weeks after the fire, that part only of the windscreen frame had been burnt through by the fusing of the brass of which it was made. This indicated a source of heat very much greater than was possible in a fire caused by the ignition of loose petrol vapour, and so directed his mind to some more local source. His suspicions were confirmed by finding a loose petrol union under the dash of the car, which he contended could not have been caused by vibration or the accidental application of a man’s foot. There was a considerable conflict of opinion on this point between Colonel Buckle and Mr. Bamber, the expert called on behalf of the prisoner, but they were both agreed that the intense heat, which also fused part of the carburettor itself, was in all probability due to the lid of the float chamber being off when the fire started. This was a very significant fact when it was explained that there are vents in the lid to prevent gas becoming compressed and ignited in such a way as to blow off the lid against the spring clip. This resulted, as it was bound to result, in a very strong inference that the carburettor was deliberately tampered with. The condition of the flywheel casing also indicated,

according to the experts, that the first source of *fire* was from inside the body of the car, and could not have originated from an accidental ignition of petrol by a cigarette or other means whilst filling the tank with petrol.

In a trial of the length of Rouse's a great deal of evidence, scientific and otherwise, was given which it is impossible and unnecessary to reproduce in these pages. The cumulative effect of that evidence was to destroy and render improbable the story put forward by the prisoner. We shall never know what was in the minds of the jury when they arrived at their verdict, and, whilst it is highly unlikely that Rouse would have been convicted on the scientific evidence alone, that evidence undeniably went a long way to removing any doubt that the fire and death of the victim were caused accidentally.

Human blood is another subject in which modern science can assist the law. So far in this country Scotland Yard has produced no case of murder where blood was the vital point at issue. In fact, we have only one case so far where it has happened; and in this crime the City of London Police tried the experiment.

A young typist called Annette Friedman was murdered in a City building office by a man named Maurice Freedman. He killed the girl with a razor, cutting her throat and escaping. The police, however, arrested him soon after, but he possessed no weapon. Later a blood-stained razor was found on an omnibus, no doubt placed under the cushion where it was hidden by the murderer.

The evidence against Freedman—bar this fact—was pretty conclusive, but the police, in the interests of justice, wanted to make the chain of evidence complete by making this vital fact certain.



For this purpose Doctor Roche Lynch, the Home Office analytical chemist, was called in to prove the fact by science. At the trial he gave evidence never before revealed at the Old Bailey in a case of murder. He proved that the blood of the murdered girl and that on the razor were the identical group. Further, that the blood group was "AB," this blood being the rarest group known to science, only three people out of every 100 in England owning it.

Freedman did not dispute this claim on the part of the Crown. He confessed to the crime and was duly executed.

Success in modern crime demands such a combination of qualities as is seldom vouchsafed to those whose mode of life renders crime the seemingly inevitable course.

Crime seldom pays ; science is making it less and less profitable.

**Q** Readers of "Secrets of Scotland Yard" will be interested in the following details of four other books published by the Bodley Head, dealing with crime and the criminal. Together they present fascinating and instructive contrasts, being written, as will be seen, from the viewpoint of both the wrong and the right side of the law.

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